McCLURE'S
JUNE 191
Fifteen
Cents
Edith Wharton
Sophie Kerr
Burton E. Stevenson
Marie Manning
Frederic Dorr Steele
Dana Gatlin
J.M. Flagg
Wallace Morgan
Cleveland Moffett
Anna Steese Richardson
C.L. Chambers
W.H.D. Koerner
Richard Le Gallienne
F. Walter Taylor
Hildegarde Hawthorne
Porter Emerson Browne
Clarence F. Underwood
Drawn by
Neysa Moran Mc Mein
Julian Street on THE BEACH
Sophie Kerr's Greatest Political
In this Number

All He Needs to Do

Just pour in oil—that's all your driver needs to do to lubricate a Timken-Detroit Worm Drive Axle.

He fills the housing to the level of the oil vent—replaces the cap—the job is done.

The lower half of the worm wheel turning constantly in a bath of oil carries the lubricant *to every moving part*. Even the bearings which support the worm and worm wheel set up a pumping action that accelerates the circulation of the oil.

But simplicity of lubrication is only one of the advantages of Timken-Detroit Worm Drive Axles. Consider the small number of working parts—their method of installation in an *oil-tight, dust and dirt-proof housing*—the freedom of all working parts from vibration and driving stresses, and last but not least, the accessibility of every part should an accident make replacement necessary.

These are the things that brought worm drive into leadership as the simplest and best method of power transmission in use today under commercial cars.

Recently a prominent truck builder checked up the service records of 32 of his trucks equipped with worm drive. The owners reported that these trucks had run 1,179,620 miles, an average of 36,863 per truck. The greatest distance mentioned was 79,500 miles, the least was 14,000.

And not one had had any trouble with the worm drive or required any attention except occasional lubrication.

Go over a list of the big successful truck manufacturers with an established output. *Sixty-seven of these makers build worm drive trucks exclusively and 43 of that 67 use Timken-Detroit Worm Drive Axles.*

The total number of trucks having Timken-Detroit Worm Drive Axles now number into the tens of thousands, *yet not one has ever worn out a Timken Worm and Worm Gear.*

Authentic mileage records ranging from 75,000 to 150,000 miles with the original Timken Worm Gearing still giving perfect service without repair or replacement is a record we believe no other form of power transmission has ever approached.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

To insure Victor quality, always look for the famous trademark, "His Master's Voice." It is on every Victrola and every Victor Record. It is the identifying label on all genuine Victrolas and Victor Records.

Victor Supremacy

means–the greatest music by the greatest artists

It is indeed a wonderful thing to have the greatest artists of all the world sing and play for you right in your own home.

The instrument that accomplishes this inevitably stands supreme among musical instruments.

And that instrument is the Victrola.

The greatest artists make records for the Victrola exclusively. They agree that only the Victrola can bring to you their art and personality with unerring truth.

The Victrola is the logical instrument for your home.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles, from $10 to $400, and there are Victor dealers everywhere who will gladly demonstrate them and play any music you wish to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Important Notice. All Victor Talking Machines are patented and are only ***licensed,*** and with right of use with Victor Records only. All Victor Records are patented and are only ***licensed,*** and with right of use on Victor Talking Machines only. Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically coordinated and synchronized by our special processes of manufacture; and their use, except with each other, is not only unauthorized, but damaging and unsatisfactory.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

"Victrola" is the Registered Trade-mark of the Victor Talking Machine Company designating the products of this Company only.

Warning: The use of the word **Victrola** upon or in the promotion or sale of any other Talking Machine or Phonograph products is misleading and illegal.

Victrola XVII, $250
Victrola XVII, electric, $300
Mahogany or oak

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

A CREAM OF TARTAR

With eggs at prices that make them a luxury in many homes it is important to know that they may be reduced in number and in some recipes omitted altogether by using an additional quantity of Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted. Try the following recipes, which are practical illustrations:

Popular at breakfast table, most appetizing when freshly made at home and served hot.

Coffee Cake

2 cups flour — 2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup milk — ½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons shortening

DIRECTIONS:—Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add melted shortening and enough milk to make very stiff batter. Spread ½ inch thick in greased pan, add top mixture and bake about ½ hour in moderate oven.

TOP MIXTURE

2 tablespoons flour — 4 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon cinnamon
4 tablespoons shortening

DIRECTIONS:—Mix dry ingredients; rub in the shortening, and spread thickly over top of dough before baking.

(The old method called for 2 eggs)

A good cake to adopt for a regular standard dessert; delicious and will please everybody.

Chocolate Layer Cake

2 eggs — 1 teaspoon vanilla — 1½ cups sugar
¼ teaspoon salt — 2 cups flour — 1 cup milk
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

DIRECTIONS:—Beat egg yolks until thick; add sugar gradually and beat well. Add vanilla, milk and stiffly beaten whites of eggs; add flour, baking powder and salt, which have been sifted together. Bake in three greased layer cake pans about 15 minutes in hot oven.

Chocolate Icing

¾ cup cold water — 1 teaspoon vanilla — 3 tablespoons cocoa
1½ cups granulated sugar — 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

DIRECTIONS:—Mix sugar, water, baking powder and cocoa in saucepan and boil without stirring until mixture makes soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove from fire and when bubbling has stopped, pour out on wet platter. Cool, add vanilla and work up with knife until thick enough to spread between layers and on top of cake.

(The old method called for 3 eggs)

Appetizing and wholesome as well as economical. Will keep for 2 or 3 weeks.

Eggless, Milkless, Butterless Cake

1 cup brown sugar
1¼ cups water
1 cup seeded raisins
2 ounces citron, cut fine
½ cup shortening
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups flour
5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

DIRECTIONS:—Boil sugar, water, fruit, shortening, salt and spices together in saucepan 3 minutes. When cool, add flour and baking powder which have been sifted together. Mix well; bake in loaf pan about 45 minutes.

(The old method (Fruit Cake) called for 2 eggs)

Booklet of practical recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients mailed free on request. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., 139 William Street, New York. Royal Baking Powder is made from Cream of Tartar, derived from Grapes and adds none but healthful qualities to the food.

ABSOLUTELY PURE **NO ALUM**

Neōlin Soles are Better Soles—and Why?

"Mark that mark—stamp it on your memory: Neōlin." On every Neōlin Sole that name is stamped.

It represents the better-than-leather shoe-sole whose success has brought many imitations—which do not imitate. And it is better-than-leather on *many* counts.

Leather quality is declining. Neōlin quality is fixed and standardized.

Leather is unyielding and foot-troublesome. Neōlin has a built-in pliancy you can prove on your foot in the store.

Leather drinks water and absorbs damp, but Neōlin dry-proofs feet. It grips as invariably as leather slips.

And it lasts, lasts, lasts. So it saves, saves, saves many unnecessary shoe-bills—and particularly children's shoe-bills.

Neōlin is the same in quality on any price of shoe. Try it for knock-about vacationing or for every-day wear.

In all sizes. In black, white, tan. To avoid the imitations *mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Better than Leather

McCLURE'S

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *President*
HOLLAND S. DUELL, *Vice-President*
ARTHUR S. MOORE, *Secretary*
HORACE W. PAINE, *Treasurer*

Contents for June

A Palm Beach Movie . . . . **Julian Street** 11
Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

A King in Babylon . . . **Burton E. Stevenson** 14
The great new mystery novel
Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

Have You Stopped Growing? **Carroll Dean Murphy** 17
A straight talk to the young business man

No Clue . . . . . **Marie Manning** 18
A murder story that keeps you guessing
Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

Stolen Evenings . . . **Hildegarde Hawthorne** 20

Another Primer for Pacifists **Porter Emerson Browne** 21
Old Woodcuts by Rea Irvin

Not a Cent in the House [*I*] **Anna Steese Richardson** 22
The confessions of a pioneer bride
Sketches by Thomas Fogarty

Summer [*Serial*] . . . . **Edith Wharton** 24
Illustration by F. Walter Taylor

Love's Mirror [*Poem*] . . **Richard Le Gallienne** 24

More About Husbands and Better Children
Cleveland Moffett 26
Illustrations by Willard Fairchild

High Explosive . . . . . **Sophie Kerr** 28
The most exciting story yet in this big series of political yarns
Illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood

Wild Roses . . . . . **Dana Gatlin** 30
A charming love story
Illustration by C. E. Chambers

Mr. Ponton Was Not Convicted 30

The Bugles [*Poem*] . . . **Daniel M. Henderson** 32

Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs
Professor Lewis B. Allyn 61

Judging by Appearances . . **Albert W. Atwood** 62

The Automobile of 1951 . **Waldemar Kaempffert** 69

Cover Design by Neysa McMein

Published Monthly. Entered as Second-Class Matter at New York, New York. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Canada. Entered at Stationer's Hall, London. Copyright, 1917, by The McClure Publications, Incorporated, New York, Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street, New York. All dramatic, moving picture, and other reproduction rights reserved. Subscription terms: In the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions $1.50 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union $2.50 per year. An order blank with the magazine is notice that your subscription has expired. The Editor assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, but he will use all due care while they are in his hands.

The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York

Executive and Editorial Offices, Berkeley Building, New York

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The Great "Going-Away" Convenience

Planning vacation?

During your recreation days there will be frequent necessity for writing.

Develop the "going-out-of-doors-to-write" habit. Don't be a slave to the ink-well dip. Don't let vacation notes be marred by a sputtering, scratchy steel pen.

Know the ease, smoothness and pleasure of *comfortable* writing — anywhere you happen to be —by equipping yourself with a Waterman's Ideal.

This pen will serve you faithfully in your travels—and when you return will prove a source of satisfaction and convenience at home or in the office.

From the extensive Waterman's Ideal line you can select the pen point that suits EXACTLY your hand and writing. It is important—both to you and to us—that you get it.

The Appropriate Gift for Graduates

Waterman's Ideals are made in all types—Self-Filling, Safety, Regular and Pocket. $2.50, $4.00, $5 and up.

Sold at the Best Stores

Avoid Substitutes *Folder on Request*

L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, New York
Boston Chicago San Francisco Montreal

The END of the sale of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica printed on genuine India paper Is Here

On May 26th (possibly earlier) **the last** remaining set of the "Handy Volume" Issue of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, printed on genuine India paper, **will be sold.**

We have now so few sets left, and these are going so fast, that there is no time to write for information.

THEREFORE—In order that everyone may ***make sure,*** *before ordering, that he will find the Encyclopaedia Britannica* ***useful,*** *we have arranged with merchants in 305 cities to show sets in each style of binding.*

Go TODAY to the store in your city, listed on this page or page opposite, and examine the volumes. Make certain that the Britannica will prove *useful* and *helpful* to you and then ORDER AT ONCE.

For each set that we can deliver we could sell ten if we could get them. BUT—two essentials for *making* genuine India paper—flax from Belgium, Germany or Ireland and Russian hemp—are absolutely unobtainable.

When the last set is sold you will not be able to buy a set at any price

If you cannot go to one of these stores, use the "Reserve" Order Form on next page.

Alabama

BIRMINGHAM—Book Dept. of Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
MOBILE—L. Hammel Dry Goods Co., 7-15 S. Royal St.
MONTGOMERY—Montgomery Fair

Arizona

PHOENIX—Adams Pharmacy, in the Adams Hotel Bldg.

Arkansas

FORT SMITH—Arthur H. Morrow, 715 Garrison Ave.
LITTLE ROCK—Allsop & Chapple, 307-309 Main St.

California

LOS ANGELES—A. Hamburger & Sons, Inc., Broadway, 8th & Hill St.
OAKLAND—Kahn's, Broad—16th—San Pablo
PASADENA—Pasadena Grocery & Dept. Store, 141-5 E. Colorado St.
SAN DIEGO—Holzwasser, Inc., Broadway at Sixth
SAN FRANCISCO—The White House Sutter, Grant Ave. & Post Sts.
SAN JOSE—Winch & Marshall, 80 So. First St.
SANTA BARBARA—J. A. Walton Co., 819 State St.
STOCKTON—Tredway Bros., 516 E. Main St.

Colorado

COLORADO SPRINGS—Hardy's Pueblo—Pueblo Store Co.

Connecticut

BRIDGEPORT—Chamberlin & Shropshire
HARTFORD—Sage, Allen & Co., Inc., 890 Main St.
NEW BRITAIN—Dickinson Book Store, 169-171 Main St.
NEW HAVEN—The Henry A. Beebe Co., 193 Church St.
NEW LONDON—J. Solomon, 44 Main St.

Connecticut—Continued

NORWICH—Porteous & Mitchell Co.
WATERBURY—Davis & Nye, 114 Bank Street

Delaware

WILMINGTON—E. S. R. Butler & Son, 421 Market St.

District of Columbia

WASHINGTON—S. Kann Sons & Co., 8th St. & Penn'a Ave.

Florida

JACKSONVILLE—The H. & W. B. Drew Co.

Georgia

ATLANTA—Cole Book Co., 85 Whitehall St.
AUGUSTA—J. B. White & Co.
MACON—Wood-Peavy Furniture Co.
SAVANNAH—Leopold Adler, Dept. Store

Idaho

BOISE—Golden Rule Store

Illinois

AURORA—M. C. Sawyer, Fox & Water Sts.
BLOOMINGTON—W. B. Read & Co.
CHICAGO—The Fair, State, Adams & Dearborn Sts.
DANVILLE—Woodbury Book Co., 125-7 N. Vermilion St.
DECATUR—Linn & Scruggs Dry Goods & Carpet Co.
ELGIN—Kennell Bros., 160 Chicago St.
EVANSTON—Rosenberg's
GALESBURG—Temple & Carroll, 136 E. Main St.
JACKSONVILLE—Lane's Book Store, West State St.
JOLIET—Joliet Book & Stationery Co., 206 N. Chicago St.
KANKAKEE—Kankakee Book Store
MOLINE—Carlson Bros., 417 15th St.
PEORIA—Jacquin & Co., 321 Main St.
QUINCY—Hallbach-Schroeder Co.
ROCKFORD—Ashton Dry Goods Co.

Illinois—Continued

ROCK ISLAND—The Stationery Shop, 118 Eighteenth St.
SPRINGFIELD—Coe's Brothers Book Store, 5th & Monroe Sts.

Indiana

ANDERSON—The Fair Dept. Store
ELKHART—H. B. Sykes Co.
EVANSVILLE—The Party Shop, 311 N. Second St.
GARY—"Tribe of K," Inc., 676 Brdwy
HAMMOND—Summers Pharmacy, Hohman St., near State
INDIANAPOLIS—The Kautz Stationery Co., 116 N. Pennsylvania St.
MUNCIE—W. A. McNaughton Co.
RICHMOND—Nicholson Bros. Book Shop, 729 Main St.
SOUTH BEND—The Herr & Herr Co., 111 W. Washington Ave.
TERRE HAUTE—A. Herz
VINCENNES—Duesterberg & Kramer, 3rd and Main Sts.

Iowa

BURLINGTON—John Boesch Co.
CLINTON—John D. Van Allen & Son, Inc., 5th Ave. & 2nd St.
COUNCIL BLUFFS—Joe Smith & Co.
DAVENPORT—E. White, 406 Brady St.
DES MOINES—Younker Bros., Inc.
DUBUQUE—Roshek Bros. Co.
FORT DODGE—Gates Dry Goods Co.
KEOKUK—Ayres & Chapman
MARSHALLTOWN—McBride & Will Drug Co., Corner Main & Center
OTTUMWA—Parks Drug Store, Corner Main & Court Sts.
SIOUX CITY—Anderson Furniture Co.
WATERLOO—Warwick's Book Store, 208 East 4th St.

Kentucky

COVINGTON—The John R. Coppin Co., Madison & 7th Avenues
LOUISVILLE—W. K. Stewart Co., Inc., 425 S. 4th St.
OWENSBORO—Grant's Book Store
PADUCAH—Wilson's Book Store, 306 Broadway

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS—Maison Blanche Co., Canal & Dauphine Sts.

Maine

AUGUSTA—J. Frank Pierce Store
BANGOR—F. C. Cunningham, 126 Main St.
LEWISTON—B. Peck Co.
PORTLAND—Loring, Short & Harmon, 474 Congress St.

Maryland

BALTIMORE—The Norman, Remington Co., 308 N. Charles St.
CUMBERLAND—White & Ankeney, 16 No. Centre St.

Massachusetts

ATTLEBORO—Allen's Book & Stationery Store, 65 Park St.
BEVERLY—John H. Newell, 220-224 Cabot St.
BOSTON—W. B. Clarke Co., 26-28 Tremont St.
BROCKTON—James Edgar Co.
FALL RIVER—R. A. McWhirr Co., 165-193 S. Main St.
FITCHBURG—The Morris Store, 15 Blossom St.
GLOUCESTER—Almy, Bigelow & Washburn, Inc., Gloucester Store
HAVERHILL—Simonds & Adams, 42-54 Merrimack St.
HOLYOKE—The Fitzgerald Book & Art Co., 196 High St.
LOWELL—G. C. Prince & Son, Inc., 106-8 Merrimack St.
LYNN—The R. S. Bauer Co., 33 & 35 Central Square
NEW BEDFORD—The Star Store
NEWBURYPORT—The Bon Marche, Pleasant St.
NORTH ADAMS—The Boston Store
NORTHAMPTON—A. McCallum & Co.
PITTSFIELD—T. Cooney, Jr., Miller Bldg.
SOMERVILLE—Gordon's Department Store, Union Sq.
SPRINGFIELD—Meekins, Packard & Wheat, Inc.
TAUNTON—Peck-Leach Furniture Co., 37 Main St.
WALTHAM—Clifford S. Cobb Co.
WESTFIELD—Joseph F. Geehern, Main St.
WORCESTER—Denholm & McKay Co.

Michigan

ADRIAN—Swift's Book Shop, 24 Maumee St., East
ALPENA—C. R. Hawley
BATTLE CREEK—E. C. Fisher & Co., 12-14 Main St., West
BAY CITY—Wilton & Mack, 208 Center Ave.
DETROIT—John V. Sheehan & Co., 260-262 Woodward Ave.
FLINT—M. E. Carlton & Co., 510 So. Saginaw St.
GRAND RAPIDS—E. Higgins Co., 138 Monroe Ave.
JACKSON—Hyndman & Way, Main & Mechanic Sts.
KALAMAZOO—Geo. McDonald Drug Co., Main & Burdick & 113 So. Burdick
LANSING—Dancer-Brogan's
MUSKEGON—Brundage Drug Co., 34 W. Western Ave.
PORT HURON—The David MacTaggart Co., 935 Military St.
SAGINAW—J. E. Anderson, 119 S. Jefferson Ave.

Minnesota

DULUTH—Boyce Drug Store, 331 W. Superior St.
MINNEAPOLIS—Edwin R. Williams Stationery Co., 415 Hennepin Ave.
ST. PAUL—St. Paul Book Exchange, 9 E. Sixth St.

Missouri

ST. LOUIS—Buxton & Skinner Ptg. & Stat'y Co., 306-8 N. 4th St.
SPRINGFIELD—Brownie Book & Sta. Co., 307 South St.

Montana

ANACONDA—Post Office News Stand, Roach & Smith, Props.
BILLINGS—McDowell Co., 112 North Broadway
BUTTE—Post Office News Stand, 25 W. Park St.
HELENA—The New York Store
MISSOULA—The Office Supply Co.

Nebraska

LINCOLN—Miller & Paine
OMAHA—J. L. Brandeis

Nevada

RENO—Mott Stationery Co., 133 Virginia St.

New Hampshire

MANCHESTER—Goodman's Book Store, 25 Hanover St.
NASHUA—Philip Morris & Co., 83 Main St.

New Jersey

ATLANTIC CITY—R. T. Chapman, 1404-1406 Atlantic Ave.
BAYONNE—Berkowitz Bros., Broadway & 20th St.
CAMDEN—Bleakly Bros., 532-4 Federal Street
ELIZABETH—Goerke-Kirch Co., Broad & West Jersey Sts.
HOBOKEN—The Lining Store, 412-414 Washington St.
JERSEY CITY—Perlmutters, 175 Newark Ave.
NEWARK—P. F. Mulligan, Inc., 927 Broad St.
NEW BRUNSWICK—W. R. Reed, 380 George St.
PASSAIC—Stemmerman Co., Main and Jefferson
PATERSON—Quackenbush & Co.
PERTH AMBOY—Albert Leon, Corner Smith & State Sts.
TRENTON—Clayton L. Traver, 108 S. Broad St.

New York

ALBANY—John Skinner's Book Store, 44 N. Pearl St.
AMSTERDAM—Seely Conover Co.
AUBURN—Irving S. Colwell, 99 Genesee St.
BINGHAMTON—Hills, McLean & Haskins, Court & Chenango Sts.
BUFFALO—The Wm. Hengerer Co., 457-471 Main St.
CORNING—L. T. Goodridge, 18 E. Market St.
ELMIRA—MacGreevy-Sleght-DeGraff Co., 313 E. Water St.
ITHACA—The Corner Book Stores, Taylor & Co.
JAMESTOWN—Frank Marvin Clark
LOCKPORT—A. J. Laux Co., 45 Pine St.
MIDDLETOWN—The Book Shop, 55 North Street
MT. VERNON—Genung, McArdle & Campbell
NEWBURGH—George W. Green, 65-67 Water St.
NEW YORK—Gimbel Brothers, 32d St., Broadway, 33d St.
Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue
Henry Malkan, 42 Broadway
NIAGARA FALLS—Niagara Dry Goods Co., Inc., 114-120 Falls St.
OGDENSBURG—Nathan Frank's Sons Dept. Store
OLEAN—The Cramer Lynch Co.
PLATTSBURGH—A. Sharron, 98-102 Margaret St.
POUGHKEEPSIE—Luckey, Platt & Co.
ROCHESTER—Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., 21-23 State St.
SARATOGA SPRINGS—Robson & Adee
SCHENECTADY—The Wallace Co.
SYRACUSE—Wolcott's Book Shop, White Memorial Building, Vanderbilt Square
TROY—G. V. S. Quackenbush & Co.
UTICA—Grant's Book Shop, 127-9 Genesee St.
WATERTOWN—Sterling's Book Shop, 111-113 Washington St.
YONKERS—Biber Bros., Inc., 46 Warburton Ave.

North Carolina

CHARLOTTE—Brockmann & Co., 224 So. Tryon St.
RALEIGH—James E. Theim, 125 Fayetteville St.
WILMINGTON—C. W. Yates Co.

North Dakota

FARGO—O. J. deLendrecie Co.
GRAND FORKS—R. B. Griffith Co., The Ontario Store

Ohio

ALLIANCE—Valentine's Book & Wall Paper Store, 420 E. Main St.
ASHTABULA—Cook's Drug & Book Store
CAMBRIDGE—The Potter-Davis Co.
CANTON—The News Exchange, 223 Tuscarawas St., West
CINCINNATI—Stewart & Kidd Co., 121 E. Fifth St.
CLEVELAND—Book and Art Exchange, Taylor Arcade
COLUMBUS—Green-Joyce, Corner Chestnut & High Sts.
DAYTON—Rike-Kumler Co., N. W. corner Main & Second Sts.
EAST LIVERPOOL—The Sloan-Buchan Co., 519-23 Washington St.
ELYRIA—Central Book Store
HAMILTON—The Forbes & Todd Co., 217 High St.
LANCASTER—Lancaster Book Shop, S. F. O'Grady & Co., 120 S. Broad St.
LIMA—The Deisel Co.
LORAIN—Eldred & Co., 534 Brdway
MIDDLETOWN—Johnson Drug Co., 109 Third St.
NEWARK—The A. L. Norton Co., 26 Arcade
PIQUA—Rankin & Zimmerman
PORTSMOUTH—Anderson Bros. Co.
SANDUSKY—The Herb & Myers Co.
STEUBENVILLE—The Hub
TOLEDO—Newcomer's Drug Store, 319 Summit
YOUNGSTOWN—McNally's Book Store, 20 W. Federal St.

Oklahoma

ENID—E. H. Naylor
GUTHRIE—Rucker-Burton Dry Goods Co.
MCALESTER—McAlester Book & Stationery Co., 110 E. Choctaw Ave.
OKLAHOMA CITY—Westfall Drug Co., 204-206 W. Main St.
SHAWNEE—The Public Drug Co.
TULSA—Vandever Dry Goods Co., 109-111 S. Main St.

Oregon

PORTLAND—The J. K. Gill Co., Third & Adler Sts.
SALEM—H. W. & M. L. Meyers

Pennsylvania

ALLENTOWN—H. Leh & Co.
ALTOONA—Bartle's Stationery Store, 1327 10th Ave.
BRADFORD—Barney Garbarsky
BEAVER FALLS—Reeder's Book Store
BUTLER—Eyth's Book Store, 103 So. Main St.
CHESTER—Spencer Stationery Co., 523 Market St.
CONNELLSVILLE—Penn Office Supply Co., 113 W. Crawford Ave.
EASTON—Nixon's Book Shop, 240 Northampton St.
ERIE—Trask, Prescott & Richardson Co., State at 9th St.
GREENSBURG—A. E. Troutman Co.
HARRISBURG—Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart
LANCASTER—The Donovan Company
LEBANON—Harpel's New Store, 757-759 Cumberland St., Sons of America Bldg.
MEADVILLE—Ballinger & Siggins, The Rexall Store
MCKEESPORT—J. D. O'Neil Co.
NEW CASTLE—New Castle Dry Goods Co.
NORRISTOWN—Warner's Dept Store
OIL CITY—W. K. George, 224 Seneca Street
PHILADELPHIA—Gimbel Brothers, 9th & Market Sts.
PITTSBURGH—Joseph Horne Co., Penn & 5th Ave.
POTTSTOWN—Chas. J. Custer, 206 High St.
SCRANTON—Hagen & Wagner Co., 205-7 Washington Ave.
SHAMOKIN—Bee Hive Dept. Store
WEST CHESTER—Fath, 22 N. High St.
WILKES-BARRE—MacWilliam's
WILLIAMSPORT—Horace Y. Otto, Market Square Book Store
YORK—Barnhart's Book Store, 35 W. Market St.

Rhode Island

NEWPORT—Carr's, Daily News Bldg.
PAWTUCKET—A. A. Lupien, 24 Broad St.
PROVIDENCE—The Boston Store, 239 Westminster St.
WOONSOCKET—Harris & Mowry's

South Carolina

CHARLESTON—Louis Cohen & Co.
COLUMBIA—The State Book Store, State Bldg.

South Dakota

ABERDEEN—The Salisbury Book Store, Cor. Main St. & 3d Ave.
SIOUX FALLS—The Cataract Book & Stationery Co.

Tennessee

MEMPHIS—Bry-Block Mercantile Co., Main St. & Jefferson Ave.
NASHVILLE—Presbyterian Book Store, 415 Church St.

Texas

AUSTIN—Jno. E. Keller, 716 Congress Ave.
BEAUMONT—E. Szafir & Son Co.
DALLAS—Hargreaves Printing Co., 1012 Elm St.
EL PASO—Popular Dry Goods Co., Inc.
FORT WORTH—The Fair
GALVESTON—Ohlendorf's Book Store, 2015 Market St.
HOUSTON—Teolin Pillot Co., 409 Main St.
WACO—Goldstein-Migel Co.

Utah

OGDEN—Bramwell Book & Stationery Store, 2362 Washington Ave.
SALT LAKE CITY—Sunday School Union Book Store, 44 East on South Temple

Vermont

BURLINGTON—The W. G. Reynolds Co.
RUTLAND—The Tuttle Co., 11 & 13 Center St.

Virginia

LYNCHBURG—J. P. Bell Co., Inc., 816 Main St.
NORFOLK—William Freeman, 304 Main
PETERSBURG—T. S. Beckwith & Co.
RICHMOND—The Bell Book and Stationery Co., 914 East Main Street

Washington

ABERDEEN—Benson Office Supply Co., Wishkah & H Street
BELLINGHAM—E. T. Mathes Book Co., 110 W. Holly St.
EVERETT—The Grand Leader Dry Goods Co.
SEATTLE—Lowman & Hanford Co., First Ave. & Cherry St.
SPOKANE—Kemp & Hebert
TACOMA—Cole-Martin Co., 926 Pacific Ave.
WALLA WALLA—The Book Nook

West Virginia

CHARLESTON—The S. Spencer Moore Co., 118 Capital St.
HUNTINGTON—Zenner-Bradshaw Co.
WHEELING—Stone & Thomas

Wisconsin

APPLETON—The Pettibone Peabody Co.
BELOIT—Cleveland's, On the Bridge
EAU CLAIRE—Eau Claire Book & Stationery Co.
FOND DU LAC—J. W. Burnton Book Store
GREEN BAY—Eckhart Bros., 223 N. Washington St.
JANESVILLE—Jas. Sutherland & Sons, 12 S. Main St.
KENOSHA—C. H. Ernst & Co., 271 Main St.
MADISON—University Co-operative Co., 504-508 State St.
MARINETTE—Krueger's Drug Store, 1904 Hall Ave.
MILWAUKEE—Gimbel Brothers
OSHKOSH—Hurn's Book Store, 147 Main St.
RACINE—S. H. White, 504 Monument Square
SHEBOYGAN—City News Depot, 809 N. 8th St.
SUPERIOR—Russell Bros., 1128 & 1130 Tower Ave.
WAUSAU—Winkelman's Dept. Store

Wyoming

CHEYENNE—Klein's Music & Stat'y Store, 202 W. 17th St.
SHERIDAN—Jackson Stationery Co.

Canada

BRANDON, MAN.—I. S. Jory, 817 Rosser Ave.
BRANFORD, ONT.—E. B. Crompton & Co., Ltd.
CALGARY, ALTA.—Young & Kennedy, Ltd., 715 First St., West
EDMONTON, ALTA.—A. H. Esch & Co., Ltd., Jasper Ave. at 104th St.
FORT WILLIAM, ONT.—Walker's, 417-419 Victoria Ave.
HALIFAX, N. S.—Nova Scotia Furnishing Co., Ltd., 72-76 Barrington St.
HAMILTON, ONT.—Robert Duncan & Co., James St. & Market Square
KINGSTON, ONT.—The College Book Store, 160-162 Princess St.
LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.—The Red Cross Drug & Book Co., Ltd.
LONDON, ONT.—Hay's Stationery Store, 173 Dundas St.
MONTREAL, QUE.—Goodwin's, Ltd.
MOOSE JAW, SASK.—Robinson McBean, Ltd.
NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.—New Westminster & Fraser Valley Dept. Store
OTTAWA, ONT.—James Hope & Sons, Ltd., 61-63 Sparks St.
PETERBORO, ONT.—Trebilcock Bros., 417 George St.
QUEBEC, QUE.—John E. Walsh, Reg'td, 11 St. John St.
REGINA, SASK.—Canada Drug & Book Co., Ltd.
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.—McLaren & Co., Ltd.
ST. JOHN, N. B.—Saint John News Co., 22 Canterbury St.
SASKATOON, SASK.—J. F. Cairns
SHERBROOKE, QUE.—Ansell's, Drugs
SYDNEY, N. S.—Crowell's, Ltd.
TORONTO—McAinsh & Co., Ltd., 4 to 12 College St.
VANCOUVER, B. C.—O. B. Allan, Corner Granville & Pender Sts.

If you cannot go to one of the above stores, but know that the Encyclopaedia Britannica will be useful to you, sign and mail this Reserve Order Coupon today.

Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago, Ill.

Please reserve me a set of the "Handy Volume" Encyclopaedia Britannica, printed on genuine India paper. I enclose $1.00 as first payment. Send me an order form which I agree to sign and return immediately.

Name_____

Street and Number_____

City_____

State_____

bh-30

P. O. Address_____

McCLURE'S School Directory

CAMPS—SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN WASHINGTON, D. C., CONNECTICUT, GEORGIA, ILLINOIS, INDIANA, KENTUCKY, MARYLAND AND MASSACHUSETTS

CAMP RONCEVERTE
ON THE GREENBRIER

For Boys **Ronceverte, W. Va.**

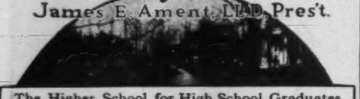
IN the heart of the Alleghanies—elevation 1600 feet—12 miles from White Sulphur. Complete new equipment. Thirty-acre camp and athletic fields. All field and water sports. Military training optional. Trap-shooting, Boxing and Fencing. Fine fishing. An invigorating life in the open supplemented with instruction in Grammar and High School branches—competent supervision. Rates full term, 8 weeks, June 28th to August 22nd, $155; Half term, $85. Booklet.

Until June 1st, Box 153, Staunton, Va.
After June 1st, Ronceverte, W. Va.
GIBBES LYKES, West Point,
H. GRADY ACKER, The Citadel, } **Directors**

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.
Chevy Chase School (Formerly Chevy Chase Seminary). A school for girls. Social advantages of the national capital combined with a thoroughly modern education. Catalog on request.
FREDERICK ERNEST FARRINGTON, Ph.D., Headmaster, Washington, D. C.

DIST. OF COL., Washington, 1535 Eighteenth St.
Colonial School For girls. Exceptional advantages for study in the National Capital to those whose plan to study in Europe has been delayed. College preparation. Music, Art, Travel, Secretarial. Special Courses for High School and Seminary graduates. Languages. Athletics. Catalog.
MISS JESSIE TRUMAN, Associate Principal.

National Park Seminary for Girls
James E. Ament, LL.D., Pres't.



The Higher School for High School Graduates
20 minutes from Washington, D. C. Ideal climate, 65-acre campus, 50 instructors, 30 buildings, division of girls into small home and social groups, limited classes and specialized instruction. Home economics, diploma course. Floriculture. 2 years' collegiate work.
For catalog address
REGISTRAR, BOX 152, FOREST GLEN, MD.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.
National School DOMESTIC ART AND SCIENCE
Two and three-year courses, including Language, Literature, Music and Art. New fireproof model-home Dormitories, with supervised practice in household management. 11-acre campus. Faculty of 32 specialists. Catalogue U.

DIST. OF COL., Washington, 1601 Connecticut Ave.
Martha Washington Seminary

For Young Women. Located in the finest residential section of the National Capital, overlooking Dupont Circle. Delightful school life combined with Washington advantages. Two years' course for high school graduates. General and special courses. Department of Domestic Science and Household Arts. Music, Elocution, Art and Modern Languages. Outdoor Sports. Sight-seeing each week. $600 a year upward.
EDWARD W. THOMPSON, Principal.

CONNECTICUT, Greenwich.
The Ely School for Girls In the country, one hour from New York City. 25 acres, modern equipment. College preparatory and general courses. Household arts. Horseback riding. Outdoor sports. A separate department for girls under 15. ELY COURT.

WYKEHAM RISE
A Country School for Girls
Situated in the heart of the beautiful Berkshire Hills at 1000 feet elevation. Bryn Mawr Preparatory course. Certificate of school admits to other colleges. Outdoor and indoor sports of every description. Catalogue sent on application.
FANNY E. DAVIES, L. L. A.
Box 6 H Washington, Conn.

THE ROSENBAUM SCHOOL
Prepares boys for college. No prescribed course. Each boy's needs analyzed and his study organized to make him efficient in all work. **471 boys prepared for college in 4 years. All entered except 5.** Outdoor life of a country school. School building, laboratory, residence and gymnasium. Address
The Secretary, Box B, Milford, Conn.

GEORGIA, Gainesville. Box S.
Brenau College-Conservatory Non-Sectarian. Highest altitude of any college for women east of the Mississippi; largest number regular college students any college for women in Georgia. Music and oratory unsurpassed. For catalog and illustrated book address BRENAU.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE offers a special school service free of charge to its readers. The purpose of this service is to assist you in the selection of a school or college. Read all the announcements in this directory. If you have difficulty in finding the school which just meets your requirements, write to the School Service Department, McClure's Magazine, McClure Building, New York City, giving location and purpose of the school required, whether for boy or girl, previous education and the sum you are planning to spend. McClure's School Service Department will see that you receive the information you desire.

ILLINOIS, Chicago, Michigan Ave. at Adams St., Dept. 39
Art Institute of Chicago Summer School, June 25th to Sept. 15th, 1917. Courses in all branches of art including Normal Art Methods for Supervisors and Teachers of Drawing. A six weeks course with certificate. For catalog, address.

Learn a Paying Profession
that assures you a good income and position for life. For twenty-two years we have successfully taught
PHOTOGRAPHY
Photo-Engraving and Three Color Work
Our graduates earn $20 to $50 a week. We assist them to secure these positions. Learn how you can become successful. Terms easy—living inexpensive. Write for catalogue—NOW.
ILLINOIS COLLEGE of PHOTOGRAPHY
945 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Illinois

ILLINOIS, Mt. Carroll, Box 608.
Frances Shimer School For Girls and Young Women. 2 years College, 4 years Academy. Music, Art, Elocution, Home Economics, Secretarial and Teachers' Course. Certificate privileges. 35 acres. 8 buildings. 64th year. Separate building for 1st and 2nd year academic students. Catalog.
REV. WM. P. McKEE, Dean.

The University of Chicago
HOME STUDY in addition to resident work, offers also instruction by correspondence.
For detailed information address
29th Year U. of C. (Div. B) Chicago, Ill.

Mitchell Tower

CULVER Military Academy
A Culver-trained boy is a national asset either in peace or war. These vital preparatory years will make or break your son as a man. Let Culver training give him a flying start. The catalog explains its unmatched features. Address
The Military Secretary, Culver Military Academy
Culver, Indiana *(On Lake Maxinkuckee)*

Kentucky Military Institute
with a Winter Home in Florida
Boys at K. M. I. are thoroughly and efficiently prepared for college. The two homes offer a variety of climate and a chance for outdoor sports all year round. The equipment is magnificent, including new laboratories, buildings, machine and woodworking shops. "Honor School" by the War Dept. Terms $550. Address **The Supt., K. M. I. Lyndon, Ky.**

KENTUCKY, Shelbyville.
Science Hill School An English and Classical School for Girls. College Preparatory Course with certificate privileges at Wellesley, Vassar, Smith, Mt. Holyoke. 93rd year. College-trained teachers. Piano, Violin and Voice Instruction. Domestic Science, Basketball, Tennis, Horseback riding. Rate $350.
MRS. W. T. POYNTER, Principal.

MARYLAND, Frederick, Box M.
Hood Seminary for Girls Affiliated with Hood College. Preparatory courses with certificate privilege to Hood, Mt. Holyoke, Wellesley and other colleges. Diploma courses. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science. Gymnasium. $330. For catalog address JOSEPH H. APPLE, LL.D., Pres.

MARYLAND, Baltimore, Charles Street Avenue.
Notre Dame of Maryland A College for Women—conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame to train the body, mind and spirit—to develop true womanhood. Magnificent buildings in a beautiful park of 70 acres. Rowing, basketball, tennis, hockey. Instructors all specialists. Regular and elective courses. Music, Art. Write for catalog.

1853 Maryland College for Women 1917

COURSES	ADVANTAGES
College Preparatory	63 Years' History
College	Strong Faculty
B. A.	Girls from 32 States
B. L.	10 miles from Baltimore
Domestic Science	500-foot elevation
B. S.	Near Washington
Teacher's Certificate	Fireproof Buildings
Music	Swimming Pool
B. Mus.	Private Baths
Teacher's Certificate	Set Bowls
Expression	Non-Sectarian
B. O.	Ideal size
Teacher's Certificate	Personal care

Address Box N, Lutherville, Md.

RIDING CLASS

LASELL SEMINARY
For Young Women
A six years' course of study, the last two years consisting of advanced work for high school graduates, is offered.
Individual needs are met by the election of home economics, music, art, secretarial or college preparatory courses.
Exceptional training is given in all phases of home economics, including food values, marketing, cooking, the art of entertaining, house furnishing and management, sewing, dressmaking and millinery.
The location of the school, surrounded by places of historic interest and near Boston with its many advantages, its music and art, gives unusual opportunity for general culture.
Twenty acres, twelve buildings, gymnasium, swimming pool, tennis, boating, basketball, horseback riding, sled hockey and skating. *For catalog address*
GUY M. WINSLOW, Ph.D., Principal
112 Woodland Road, Auburndale, Mass.
Ten miles from Boston

TYPICAL COOKING CLASS—WHERE THEORY AND PRACTICE MEET

Bradford Academy for Young Women
BRADFORD, MASS. 114th Year

Thirty miles from Boston, in the beautiful Merrimac Valley. Extensive grounds and modern equipment. Certificate admits to leading colleges. General course of five years and two years' course for High School graduates. Address
Miss LAURA A. KNOTT, A. M., Principal

HOWARD SEMINARY
A Famous Old New England Country School
25 miles from Boston. College Preparation. General Courses. Domestic Science and Home Management. Art. Music. Modern Languages. Interior Decorating. The school, home and gymnasium are each in separate buildings. Horseback riding, canoeing, trips afield. Extensive grounds for tennis, golf, hockey, basketball and other sports. $600-$700. Upper and lower school. 50 pupils. For catalog address **MR. and MRS. C. P. KENDALL, Principals, West Bridgewater, Mass.**

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 42 St. Botolph St.
American School FOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Two years' thorough training in essentials of Educational Gymnastics and Manual Therapy. Much individual attention. Personalities studied, developing successful teachers. Increasing demand for our graduates.
DR. MARY R. MULLINER, Director.

MASSACHUSETTS, Ashburnham.
Cushing Academy
A School worth knowing. $350-$400. Six-payment plan. Send for catalog.
H. S. COWELL, A. M., Pd. D., Principal.

MASS., Boston, Huntington Chambers.
Emerson College of Oratory
Largest School of Oratory, Belles-lettres and Pedagogy in America. Summer Session. 37th year opens Sept. 24th. Address
HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS, Dean.

MASSACHUSETTS, Norton. (40 minutes from Boston.)
House In The Pines A school for girls. Preparatory and finishing courses. Languages—native teachers. Music, Household Arts. Every attention, not only to habits of study, but to each girl's health and happiness.
MISS GERTRUDE E. CORNISH, Principal.

PINE MANOR
A School for Home Efficiency
A TWO-YEAR course for the graduates of Dana Hall and other secondary schools. Higher cultural studies with emphasis on all subjects pertaining to the management of the home. Country life and sports. Fourteen miles from Boston. Catalog on application.
MISS HELEN TEMPLE COOKE
Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS, Cambridge, 29 Everett Street.
The Lesley School of Household Arts
Courses given by Harvard educators. Prepares for home efficiency. Residence and house mother.
MRS. EDITH LESLEY WOLFARD,
MISS LUCY MACINNES, Principals.

MASSACHUSETTS, Cambridge.
Mass. College of Osteopathy
Chartered 1897. Right to confer Doctor's degree given by the legislature. Faculty of 60 physicians. One-hundred-thousand-dollar college and hospital just opened. Send for catalog and booklet, "Success of Our Graduates."

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 779 Beacon Street.
Posse Normal School of Gymnastics
29th year. New building. Courses of one, two and three years. Positions for graduates. Similar courses in Medical Gymnastics and Playgrounds. Apply to
THE SECRETARY.

Powder Point School For Boys
DUXBURY, MASS.
25 miles from Boston
Through wise guidance your boy's personality and character are brought out. Initiative is developed because he thinks and works out things for himself. Your boy will respond because he is not fitting into a ready-made plan.
Teachers who are counsellors are selected and courses in study and athletics are governed by one idea—the effect upon the boy's life and success to come. Upper and lower schools. Thorough preparation for college and business. Illustrated catalog.
Ralph K. Bearce, A.M., Headmaster, 82 King Caesar Road

MASSACHUSETTS, Worcester, 158 Institute Road.
Worcester Domestic Science School
One and two-year Normal and Home-making courses. Trains for teachers of cookery, sewing, matrons, dietitians, housekeepers. Graduates occupy good positions. Opens Sept. 18th, 1917. Address MRS. F. A. WETHERED.

McCLURE'S School Directory

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN MASSACHUSETTS, MICHIGAN, MISSOURI, NEW JERSEY AND NEW YORK

Mount Ida School

6 miles from Boston

Send for New Year Book

FOR GIRLS

We send students to Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Univs. of Mich., Ill., Cal., Minn., and other colleges on certificate. **Many girls, however, after leaving high school do not wish to go to college.** But often they desire **advanced** work in a new environment with competent instructors, and to select studies best meeting their tastes and interests.

We offer just these opportunities. Students take English, or Literature, but the course otherwise is **elective.** All subjects count for diploma.

Graduation from high school not necessary for entrance. No examination required.

Special work in voice, piano, violin, cello, harp and pipe organ with **eminent** Boston masters. A finely equipped school. New building (6 in all) with **new pipe organ;** gymnasium and swimming pool.

All outdoor sports. All the opportunities of Boston in Music, Art and historical associations are freely used. Domestic Science, Art, Elocution.

A girl, after leaving **grammar** school, can **begin** her studies at Mount Ida and continue them until she has an education equivalent to **two years** in **College,** taking through her whole course an **elective program.**

There are some rooms with hot and cold water. Students for 1917–18 are being accepted in the order of their applications.

Special car from Chicago, September 26th, for Chicago and Western girls.

Exceptional opportunities with a delightful home life.

66 SUMMIT ST., NEWTON, MASS.

WORCESTER ACADEMY

FOUNDED 1834

IS WIDELY PATRONIZED. Boys enrolled in 1916 from 18 states and 7 countries.
IS EFFICIENT, with its faculty of 20 experienced men.
HAS ACHIEVED, by sending 160 boys to college in last four years.
IS EQUIPPED with Megaron, Infirmary, New Gymnasium, Dining Hall, Playing Fields and Dormitories.

SEND FOR CATALOG

D. W. ABERCROMBIE, LL. D., Prin., 100 Providence St., WORCESTER, MASS.

MICHIGAN, Detroit, 4505 West Grand Boulevard.

Thomas Normal Training School

Devoted exclusively to equipping young men and women to teach Music, Drawing, Home Economics, Physical Training, Manual Training, Industrial Arts and Penmanship. One and two-year courses. 28th year we have been placing graduates in paying positions. Dormitories. Strong faculty, beautiful location, adequate equipment. For catalog and full information address

THE SECRETARY.

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

BOONVILLE, MO.

SEVENTY-FOURTH year. Highest rating by War Department. Certificate of graduation admits to leading universities and colleges.

Kemper is a school home where the special needs of each student are found and met. Instructor to every ten boys. Supervised athletics. Buildings modern, fine gymnasium. New $100,000 fireproof barracks under construction. Strong in manual training. Tuition $480.

For catalog, address

COL. T. A. JOHNSTON, Supt.
714 Third Street **Boonville, Mo.**

MISSOURI, St. Charles, Box "G"

Lindenwood College

St. Charles, Mo. 87th yr. Beautiful surroundings, modern equipment, homelike atmosphere. Wide range of studies. All Athletics—new natatorium and gymnasium. 30 minutes from St. Louis. For catalog address

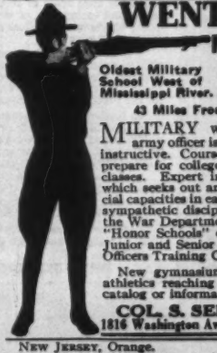
DR. J. L. ROEMER, President.

The "Big Brother" Plan at Missouri Military Academy

Increased enrollment 33 1-3 per cent. Each instructor is a "Big Brother" to the students in his immediate charge. Dry town. Main R. R. Lines. Recognized by U. S. War Dept. Address

COL. E. Y. BURTON, Pres., Box 102, Mexico, Mo.

WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY



Oldest Military School West of Mississippi River. **Lexington, Mo.**

43 Miles From Kansas City

MILITARY work under active army officer is real, interesting and instructive. Courses of study thoroughly prepare for college or for life. Small classes. Expert individual instruction which seeks out and develops the special capacities in each boy. Strong, but sympathetic discipline. Designated by the War Department as one of the ten "Honor Schools" of the United States. Junior and Senior Divisions of Reserve Officers Training Corps.

New gymnasium, and a system of athletics reaching every student. For catalog or information, address

COL. S. SELLERS, Supt.
1816 Washington Ave. Lexington, Mo.

NEW JERSEY, Orange.

Miss Beard's School for Girls

A country school, 13 miles from New York. College preparatory, special courses. Music, Art, Domestic Arts and Science. Supervised physical work in gymnasium and field. Catalog on request. Address MISS LUCIE C. BEARD.

BLAIR ACADEMY FOR BOYS

SEPARATE BUILDINGS FOR JUNIOR SCHOOL

Upper school prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Liberally endowed. Terms $550, including all school activities. Campus 100 acres in highlands near Delaware Water Gap. Eight stone and concrete buildings. Athletic fields, lake, gymnasium, swimming pool. Sixty miles from New York. 70th year.

Address JOHN C. SHARPE, LL. D., Headmaster
Box T, Blairstown, N. J.

NEW JERSEY, Bordentown

Bordentown Military Institute

Thorough preparation for college or business. Efficient faculty, small classes, individual attention. Boys taught *how* to study. Military training. Supervised athletics. 33rd year. For catalogue, address

REV. T. H. LANDON, A.M., D.D., Prin.
COL. T. D. LANDON, Commandant.

Dwight School

For Girls Englewood, New Jersey

Suburban to New York city. Combining best features of College Preparatory and Finishing School. Special advantages for postgraduate work. Domestic Arts and Science. Certificates accepted by Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, and Wells. Spacious grounds for outdoor games. Tennis. Riding.

MISS CREIGHTON and MISS FARRAR, Principals.
Address Box 605.

FREEHOLD Semi-Military SCHOOL

For Sixty Select Young Boys

The school with the *personal* touch. Enough of the military training to inculcate habits of obedience, promptness, orderliness, cleanliness, and self-reliance. Our boys do not need the more severe system. Study and play carefully supervised. One teacher to eight boys. A school where the boys' comforts, pleasures and sports are as carefully considered as their mental training. All sports—healthful location. Buildings remodeled and refurnished. For catalog and information address

Major CHARLES M. DUNCAN,
Box 69, Freehold, N. J.

Peddie A School For Boys

Meets the parents' requirement of modern equipment, high scholastic and moral standards and a rational, healthful school life. It secures the enthusiastic co-operation of the boy because of its expert faculty leadership, its body of 300 students, its fine equipment for athletics and all outdoor sports, and the general policy of keeping its students busy in worth-while ways.

¶ Peddie Institute is located nine miles from Princeton, midway between New York and Philadelphia. Modern school buildings. Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Athletic Field, and 60-acre campus. Its certificate is honored by all colleges accepting certificates. Endowment permits moderate rates. 52nd year. Catalog. Summer Camp.

R. W. SWETLAND, LL.D., Headmaster
Box 6G, Hightstown, N. J.

WENONAH MILITARY ACADEMY

Your boy at Wenonah will be a man in the making—a storehouse of fine possibilities. He will be individually studied. He will be taught *how* to study—*how* to learn. There will be a drawing-out of intellectual, moral and physical qualities. The boy responds because the Military System brings out all that is good and manly.

Wenonah is healthfully situated in a solely residential town, 12 miles from Philadelphia—with the usual Academic, Classical, Special and Business Courses. A catalog for the parent and a view book of athletic and military life for the boy will be mailed upon request.

Dr. Charles H. Lorence, President
Major Clayton A. Snyder, Superintendent
Box 407, Wenonah, N. J.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Franklin H. Sargent, President

33rd Year

Detailed catalog from the Secretary Room 146, Carnegi Hall, New York

Connected with CHARLES FROHMAN'S Empire Theatre and Companies

Glen Eden

On-the-Hudson

In the Highlands *Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*

Boarding School for Girls. 4 modern buildings, 32 acres. Academic, Finishing and two-year Collegiate Courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. Social training. No entrance examinations. 2 hours from New York City. Out-of-door life; sports; riding. Address for illustrated booklets, *mentioning this magazine,*

Frederic Martin Townsend, Director

The Holbrook School for Boys

Briarcliff Manor. 500 feet elevation. Commanding a 40-mile view of the Hudson. 30 miles from New York. Complete equipment. All sports. College preparatory. Character references required. Catalogue on request. Address

Ossining-on-the-Hudson New York

NEW YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson. Box, 912.

Irving School

For Boys 25 miles from New York, in the beautiful, historic "Irving" country. 81st year. 26 years under present Head Master. New site and buildings 1904. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Individual instruction. Athletic field. Swimming Pool. Gymnasium. J. M. FURMAN, A. M., Headmaster.

Ithaca Conservatory of Music

Offers a complete musical education and unique advantages for those who look forward to concert or educational work. Graduates are eligible to teach in the New York State Public Schools without State certificate and the Conservatory maintains several companies in the Lyceum field. All instruments. Singing, languages, painting, dramatic art. Physical education. Commodious buildings, concert hall and dormitories. Summer School, 5 courses. Terms moderate. Catalog.

Address—The Registrar, 9 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

Manlius Schools and Summer Military Camp

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, Manlius, offers the most successful application of the Military principle to preparation for college or business. 15 buildings, 120 acres, 11 miles from Syracuse.

VERBECK HALL, a separate school for boys, 8 to 14 years, fitting for St. John's or other preparatory schools.

SUMMER MILITARY CAMP with extraordinary advantages. Send for circular.

Gen'l Wm. Verbeck, Box H, Manlius, N. Y.

The Castle

Miss Mason's School for Girls

A country school in the Westchester hills overlooking the Hudson, forty minutes from New York. Graduate and preparatory courses with certificate privilege to leading colleges. Catalogue on request. Address

MISS C. E. MASON, LL.M.
Box 708 Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN NEW YORK, OHIO, PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTH CAROLINA AND TENNESSEE

PEEKSKILL ACADEMY

Founded 1833 85th Year Military since 1887

Junior School, 8 to 13, separate building. Upper School prepares for College and Business. New buildings. Address

J. C. Bucher, A.M., or C. A. Robinson, Ph.D., Prins.

Peekskill-on-the-Hudson, New York

NEW YORK, Poughkeepsie, Box 806.

Putnam Hall Vassar Preparatory School. Certificate privilege for all leading colleges. Special two year course for High School graduates. Music, Art and Domestic Science. Tennis, Horseback riding. Sleeping Porches. Separate house for younger children. Address ELLEN C. BARTLETT, A.B., Principal.

Russell Sage College of Practical Arts

Founded by Mrs. Russell Sage in connection with Emma Willard School

Designed for the vocational and professional training of women. Secretarial Work, Household Economics and Industrial Arts. Special students admitted. B. S. Degree. Address Secretary.

Russell Sage College of Practical Arts, Troy, N.Y.

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY SCHOOL

Prepares boys for college, certificate privileges. Every modern facility for best mental, moral and physical training. Splendidly equipped buildings. Gymnasium and athletic field. Sympathetic faculty. Military discipline. JUNIOR HALL, a separate school for boys under 13. For catalog address

WILLIAM RANNEY, A.M., Ph.D., Prin. Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson, N.Y.

OHIO, Glendale.

Glendale College

For Women. Suburban to Cincinnati. Catalogues and particulars sent upon application.

A Cultural and Practical School for young women. Twenty-three minutes from Philadelphia. Rooms with private baths. Moderate terms.

Beechwood Inc.

COLLEGE Preparatory and College Departments. Conservatory of Music, Arts and Crafts, Art, Oratory, Elective courses in Domestic Arts and Sciences, Secretaryship, Normal Gymnastics, Normal Kindergarten. Swimming, Athletic Field, new Gymnasium. Catalog.

M. H. Reaser, Ph. D., President, Box 401, Jenkintown, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA, Bellefonte.

Bellefonte Academy Preparatory school for boys in foothills of Alleghanies. 11 teachers. Spring water. 8-acre athletic field. Gymnasium and swimming pool. 4 buildings. Rates moderate. Limited to 100 boys, 15 years and upwards. Catalog. JAMES M. HUGHES, A.M., Headmaster.

THE BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL

FOR GIRLS Founded 1853

"The Mountain School"

Healthful, invigorating location amid picturesque surroundings. School park land of 100 acres. Six modern home-like buildings for 90 girls and 14 teachers. Thorough college preparation and courses for girls not going to college. Music, dancing, practical domestic science and athletic training. New $30,000 building with gymnasium, swimming pool and sleeping porch. On Main Line Penna. R. R.

Write for illustrated catalog

A. R. GRIER, Pres., P. S. MOULTON, A.B., Headmaster
Box 103, Birmingham, Pa.

Bishopthorpe Manor

A SCHOOL for girls in preparation for college or for life. Certificate privileges. Two-year cultural course for High School graduates. Music, Art, Domestic Arts and Sciences, Arts and Crafts, Expression, Outdoor sports. Junior Department. Address

CLAUDE N. WYANT, Principal
Box 233, South Bethlehem, Pa.
New Gymnasium and Swimming Pool

PENNSYLVANIA, Wayne, 900 Kennett Square.

Cedarcroft School

This school combined with St. Luke's School, at Wayne, Pa. Send for further information and catalogue.

JESSE E. PHILIPS, A.M.

FRANKLIN and MARSHALL ACADEMY, Lancaster, Pa.

Founded 1787. Prepares boys for leading colleges and technical schools—41 graduates last year and every one admitted to college—also Academic Courses. Beautiful elevated grounds. Modern equipment and buildings. Good library. All athletics. Terms $400. Personal inspection invited. Catalog. Box 402. School not conducted for profit.

THADDEUS G. HELM, A.M. and EDWIN M. HARTMAN, A. M., Prins.

Miss Cowles' School For Girls

(Highland Hall)

Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Miss Emma Milton Cowles, A. B., Head of School.

Prepares for Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, Smith, Mt. Holyoke and Vassar. Certificate privileges. Also strong general course, Music, Art, Domestic Science. Healthful location. Modern improvements—all rooms connect with bath. Gymnasium, swimming pool and sleeping porch. Resident instructors. Catalog. Address THE SEC'Y

DEVON MANOR

Training Girls for Tomorrow

Devon Manor, anticipating the new and wider demands on the woman of tomorrow, trains a girl to assume with ease her larger role within and without the home. Its equipment is complete. Situated sixteen miles from Philadelphia, it enjoys the cultural advantages of that city, while commanding the finest possible country surroundings that make for quiet nerves and concentration of interests.

College-trained faculty. In addition to the usual college preparatory and Junior College courses, training is offered in Social Service, Secretaryship, Household Arts and Sciences, Journalism, Music, Art, Expression, Kindergarten.

Five buildings, sixteen acres. Outdoor classrooms and sleeping porches. All outdoor sports. Three artesian wells on grounds. Resident physician, nurse and dietitian. The catalog describes the details. Address

DEVON MANOR
Box 867 Devon, Pennsylvania

FRANCIS R. LOWELL, A. B., President
EDITH SAMSON, Principal

Schoolhouse—One of two new buildings now being constructed

MARY LYON SCHOOL

Definite college preparation in an interesting, attractive way. The very best training in all the fine arts and individual specialties. Unusual facilities for playtime—riding, canoeing, swimming, aesthetic dancing and all athletic sports. Seven Gables, our home for little girls. Catalog on request.

H. M. CRIST, A.B. FRANCES L. CRIST, A.B., Prins.
Box 1501 Swarthmore, Penna.

Mercersburg Academy

Mercersburg, Pa.

Aim of the School—A thorough physical, mental and moral training for college or business. Spirit—A manly tone of self-reliance, under Christian masters. Personal attention to each boy. Location—On the western slope of the famous Cumberland Valley, one of the most beautiful and healthful spots of America. Equipment—Modern and complete. Magnificent new Gymnasium. Write for catalogue and "The Spirit of Mercersburg." Address Box 109.

WILLIAM MANN IRVINE, LL.D., Headmaster

PERKIOMEN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Instruction in small groups—personal care. Development of character and training for efficient service in life. Prepares for colleges, technical schools. Separate Junior Department—complete equipment. Gymnasium and twenty-acre athletic field. Carnegie Library. Moderate rates. Catalog.

Oscar S. Kriebel, D.D., Prin., Box 104, Pennsburg, Pa.

"Nazareth Hall is a character builder—not a mere trainer of the mind." — *George B. Cortelyou.*

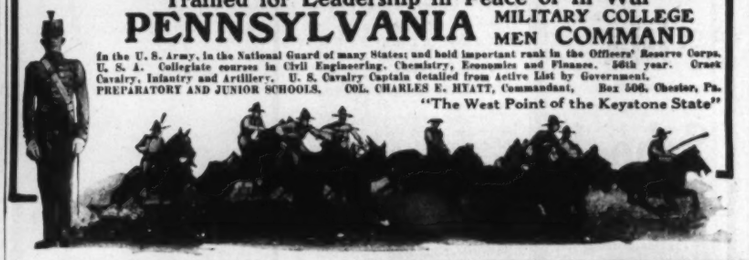
Men like former Secretary George B. Cortelyou, former Attorney General Wickersham and other graduates know well the high standard of Nazareth Hall training. Nazareth Hall Military Academy is one of the oldest schools in America, founded 1740—healthfully located, high above the sea, between the South and Blue Mountains. Easily reached from New York or Philadelphia. Senior, Intermediate and Junior Departments. Prepares for college and business. Boys are always in direct touch with their professors. Boys receive Military and Athletic Training. Moderate rates. Nonsectarian.

For information address Executive Officer, Nazareth, Pa.

Lincoln's Birthday Celebration

Trained for Leadership in Peace or in War

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY COLLEGE MEN COMMAND



In the U. S. Army, in the National Guard of many States and hold important rank in the Officers' Reserve Corps, U. S. A. Collegiate courses in Civil Engineering, Chemistry, Economics and Finance. 56th year. Crack Cavalry, Infantry and Artillery. U. S. Cavalry Captain detailed from Active List by Government. PREPARATORY AND JUNIOR SCHOOLS. COL. CHARLES E. HYATT, Commandant, Box 506, Chester, Pa.

"The West Point of the Keystone State"

PENNSYLVANIA, Chambersburg, Box J.

Penn Hall School for Girls. College Preparatory and Special Courses. Certificate privileges. May each year spent at Atlantic City. Work continues without interruption. New gymnasium and swimming pool. Rates, $500. Catalogue and views. Address FRANK S. MAGILL, A.M., Principal.

Swarthmore Preparatory School

A well established school of limited numbers. Modern, well equipped buildings, recreation and refined surroundings. Junior School for younger boys. Booklets, "The Vision of Swarthmore" and "A Mother's Letter and What Came of It," will interest every parent who has a son to educate. Catalog. A. H. TOMLINSON,
Headmaster, Dept. 106, Swarthmore, Pa. (11 M. Phila.)

THE YEATES SCHOOL

At Yeates your boy will be individually studied because there is one master to each eight boys. 110 acres. All sports. Two athletic fields. Gymnasium. Swimming pool. Write for catalog.

JOHN H. SCHWACKE Headmaster Box 424, Lancaster, Pa.

Porter Military Academy

A NATIONAL SCHOOL Founded 1867

Military science taught by U. S. Army officer. College Preparatory, Business and Music. Gymnasium and Swimming Pool. 206 boys enrolled from 18 states and 4 foreign countries last year. Unusually liberal terms. All sports. Out of doors the year round. A broader preparation than the public school can give. Catalog. Rev. Walter Mitchell, D. D., Rector, Box C, Charleston, S. C.

Tennessee Military Institute

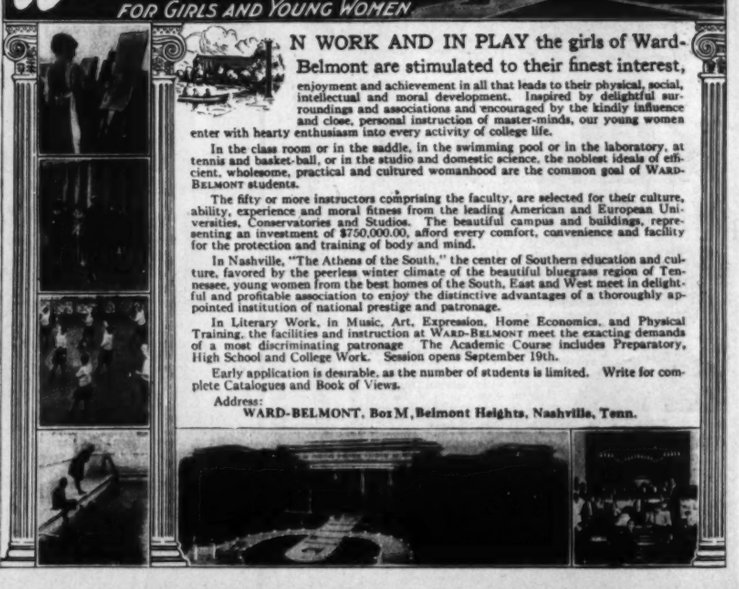
The School With National Patronage

SWEETWATER, TENN.

Develops leadership, resourcefulness, initiative. Dominated and controlled by Christian men. Prepares for universities, Government academies, business. All athletics. Cinder track. Established 1876. Beautiful, healthful location. Moderate charges. $490 covers every expense. Special rates to band-men. For catalog address Box 70, Captain R. M. Raehman, Registrar or Major Chas. N. Hulvey, Commandant.

Ward-Belmont

FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN



IN WORK AND IN PLAY the girls of Ward-Belmont are stimulated to their finest interest, enjoyment and achievement in all that leads to their physical, social, intellectual and moral development. Inspired by delightful surroundings and associations and encouraged by the kindly influence and close, personal instruction of master-minds, our young women enter with hearty enthusiasm into every activity of college life.

In the class room or in the saddle, in the swimming pool or in the laboratory, at tennis and basket-ball, or in the studio and domestic science, the noblest ideals of efficient, wholesome, practical and cultured womanhood are the common goal of WARD-BELMONT students.

The fifty or more instructors comprising the faculty, are selected for their culture, ability, experience and moral fitness from the leading American and European Universities, Conservatories and Studios. The beautiful campus and buildings, representing an investment of $750,000.00, afford every comfort, convenience and facility for the protection and training of body and mind.

In Nashville, "The Athens of the South," the center of Southern education and culture, favored by the peerless winter climate of the beautiful bluegrass region of Tennessee, young women from the best homes of the South, East and West meet in delightful and profitable association to enjoy the distinctive advantages of a thoroughly appointed institution of national prestige and patronage.

In Literary Work, in Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics, and Physical Training, the facilities and instruction at WARD-BELMONT meet the exacting demands of a most discriminating patronage. The Academic Course includes Preparatory, High School and College Work. Session opens September 19th.

Early application is desirable, as the number of students is limited. Write for complete Catalogues and Book of Views.

Address:
WARD-BELMONT, Box M, Belmont Heights, Nashville, Tenn.

SCHOOLS—VIRGINIA, WEST VIRGINIA AND WISCONSIN

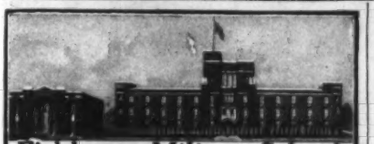
STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

375 Boys from 45 States last session. Largest Private Academy in the East. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.

1,600 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the famous proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring waters. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Fine, shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic park. All manly sports encouraged. Daily drills and exercises in open air. Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our tutorial system. Standards and traditions high. Academy fifty-seven years old. New $200,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges $400. Handsome catalogue free. Address

COLONEL WM. G. KABLE, Ph. D., Principal, Staunton, Va.



Fishburne Military School

WAYNESBORO, VA.

38th year will open in its new $60,000 fireproof building. Complete modern equipment, splendid campus, beautiful location near Blue Ridge Mountains. Altitude 1300 feet. A home-like school with high standards of scholarship and morals. Classes are kept small so each boy may receive individual attention—one teacher to each 10 cadets. Annual Spring encampment. Rate $375. Catalog.

Maj. MORGAN H. HUDGINS, Principal, Box 402.

Southern Seminary

50th Year

FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

In Blue Ridge Mountains, rare health record. College Preparatory, certificate, privileges; Special for High School graduates; Expression; Art, Music, Pipe Organ; Domestic Science; Business; Personal attention to manners, character, Sports; Large grounds. Students from every section. Rate $295. Catalog.

SOUTHERN SEMINARY, Box 982, Buena Vista, Va.

VIRGINIA, Winchester.

Fort Loudoun Seminary

In beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Literary and Business Courses. Music, Art, Languages. Athletics. Opens September 20th. Terms $350. Address

MISS KATHERINE R. GLASS, President.

VIRGINIA, Woodstock, Box 4.

The Massanutten Academy

For Boys. Inculcates finest traditions of the Old Dominion. 100 miles from Washington. Prepares for college and business. Music, athletics. New $25,000 Dining Hall and Dormitory. $300. Address HOWARD J. BENCHOFF, A. M., Headmaster.

VIRGINIA, Bedford.

Randolph-Macon Academy

For Boys and Young Men. Fits for college, scientific schools or business. Work endorsed by colleges and universities. Beautiful and healthful location. Athletic grounds; gymnasium. Terms $300. No extras. For catalogue address E. SUMTER SMITH, Prin.

WEST VIRGINIA, Berkeley Springs, Box B

Old Dominion Semi-Military Academy

At the renowned health resort. Prepares for University and business. Boys from 31 states and countries. Rate $260. Upper and Lower School in separate buildings. Catalog. E. E. NEFF, Ph. D., Principal.

VIRGINIA, Petersburg, 207 College Place.

Southern College

Historic Junior College. Girls and Young Women. 55th year. $250 to $350. Social Training. Two-year College Courses. Preparatory and Finishing Courses. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Tennis, Basketball, Gymnasium. Students from many states. ARTHUR KYLE DAVIS, A.M.

VIRGINIA, Staunton.

Stuart Hall

Formerly Virginia Female Institute. Founded 1843. Diocesan School for Girls, in Virginia Mts. General and College Preparatory Courses, Music, Art and Expression Dept. New equipment including pianos. Gymnastics and field sports. Catalogue.

JANE COLSTON HOWARD, A. B. (Bryn Mawr), Principal.

VIRGINIA COLLEGE

FOR WOMEN ROANOKE, VA.

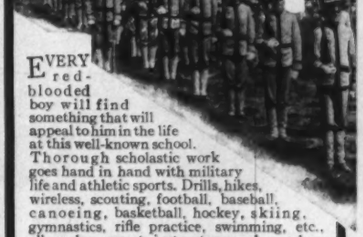
One of the leading schools in the South. Modern buildings. Extensive Campus. Located in the valley of Virginia, famed for health and beauty of scenery. Elective, Preparatory and College Courses, Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, under the direction of European and American Instructors. Supervised athletics. Students from 32 states. For catalog M, address

Mattie P. Harris
President

Mrs. Gertrude Harris Boatwright, Vice-President

St. John's Military Academy

(Episcopal) The American Rugby



EVERY red-blooded boy will find something that will appeal to him in the life at this well-known school. Thorough scholastic work goes hand in hand with military life and athletic sports. Drills, hikes, wireless, scouting, football, baseball, canoeing, basketball, hockey, skiing, gymnastics, rifle practice, swimming, etc., all under expert instructors and coaches. Rated an Honor School by U. S. Government. For illustrated catalog address

St. John's Military Academy
Box 4-F, Delafield, Waukesha County, Wis.

Woodberry Forest School

FOR BOYS VIRGINIA

Standards in scholarship high. Graduates successful in colleges and universities. In June, 1916, 18 degrees were conferred upon men prepared at Woodberry Forest: Univ. of Va. (9), Columbia (2), Harvard (1), Yale (1), Princeton (1), West Point (1), Univ. of N. C. (1), Auburn (1), Univ. of Texas (1). Equipment complete. Athletic sports emphasized. Football and baseball fields, tennis courts, golf course, large gymnasium, swimming pool. For catalog address

Headmaster, Box 100 - - Woodberry Forest, Virginia

Your School Problem

will be solved if you will merely state your case to the

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE BUREAU

Write us (1) Kind of School. (2) Location preferred. (3) Amount you desire to spend.

An expert, who has made personal investigation of the leading schools and colleges of this country, will help you choose the school best adapted to your needs.

Our information is absolutely free.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE BUREAU
Chicago, Illinois

NORTHWESTERN MILITARY AND NAVAL ACADEMY

The proper time to select a school is while it is in session. Northwestern will appeal to discriminating parents and boys. Open to visitors at all times

An abundant outdoor life on the shores of beautiful Lake Geneva. Thorough preparation for college is the serious purpose of the school. Every known improvement in sanitation, heating, light and fireproofing. A fixed flat price which covers board, tuition, uniforms and all necessary expenses, including pocket money. For catalog, address

Col. R. P. DAVIDSON, Superintendent, Lake Geneva, Wis.

McClure's June Bulletin of Pure Foods and Toilet Preparations

THE following food products, beverages and toilet preparations, advertised in McClure's, have been investigated and approved by Professor Lewis B. Allyn, Food Editor of The McClure Publications. In recommending these goods to McClure readers through this Bulletin each month we believe that we can help you safeguard your buying. All have been advertised in McClure's Magazine within the past year. Others will be added to the list each month. Watch this list and use it as a buying guide.

Baby Foods

Borden's Condensed Milk Co. (Page 54)
Great Valley Mills Whole Infant Foods
Mellin's Food (Page 9)

Baking Powders

Royal Baking Powder (Page 2)

Beverages

Walter Baker & Co.
Postum

Candies and Confections

American Chicle Co. (4th cover)
Dean's Cough Drops
Lowney's Chocolates
Luden's Cough Drops
Smith Brothers' Cough Drops
Whitman's Chocolates (Page 48)

Cereals

Grape Nuts (Page 37)
Quaker Oats Co. (Page 42)
Shredded Wheat (Page 36)

Crackers and Biscuits

National Biscuit Company

Fish Products

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes
Frank E. Davis Fish Co.

Fruits

Atwood Grapefruit Company

Miscellaneous Food Products

Genesee Pure Food Co. Jell-O
Heinz 57 Varieties
Hill Bros
Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.
Lea & Perrin's Sauce (Page 67)
Swift & Co.

Soups

Campbell Varieties (Page 33)

Tonics

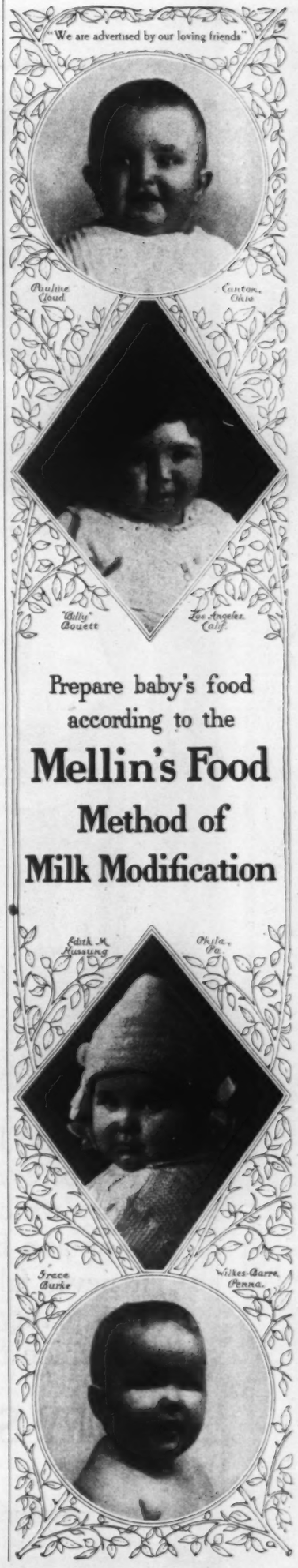
Malt-Nutrine (Page 50)
Pabst Extract Co.
Sanatogen

Toilet Preparations

Baldpate Hair Tonic
Carmen Powder (Page 54)
Colgate's Products
Cuticura Soap (Page 54)
Depree Chemical Co.
Fairy Soap (Page 46)
Florence Mfg. Co. (Page 68)
Hinds, A. S.
Ivory Soap (Page 10)
B. J. Johnson Soap Co.
Lambert Pharmacal Co., Listerine (Page 68)
Mülhens & Kropff Products
"Mum" Mfg. Co. (Page 53)
Newskin Company (Page 57)
"Nujol" (Page 47)
Oakland Chemical Co.
Packer's Tar Soap
Palmolive Products
Pebeco Tooth Paste (Page 35)
Pompeian Night Cream
Resinol Soap
Paul Rieger's Perfumes
Woodbury's Facial Soap

Miscellaneous

Pompeian Olive Oil
Pompeian Salad Dressing



Prepare baby's food according to the

Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification

COPYRIGHT 1917 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

EVERYBODY who uses Ivory Soap believes that it is good for everything. From the time the child realizes that it is Ivory which makes the bath so delightful, this soap is looked upon as a family institution. No matter what it is asked to do, it never falters, fails, or harms because it has the basic purity and quality that are essential to all safe, thorough cleansing and for which there are no substitutes.

IVORY SOAP. . . . .

. . . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

IT FLOATS

Volume XLIX
Number 2

McCLURE'S

JUNE
1917

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

By noon the golden sands beside the sea are closely patterned with the forms of human beings, so that a bomb dropped here at midday would spread an enormous quantity of Kultur

A Palm Beach Movie

by Julian Street

(of The Vigilantes)

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

Portraits of Mr. Street and Mr. Morgan by J. M. Flagg

Mr. Street

IF a German scout cruiser, plying the emerald waters of the Florida East Coast, were to release an aeroplane to fly over Palm Beach, the aviator might, I fancy, be struck with the fact that, physically, Palm Beach is all divided into strips. Waves of mild air might inform him, as he flew toward land, that, at this point, the ribbon of the Gulf Stream drapes itself obligingly along the shore, to warm the winter ocean for the wealthy. The strip of tempered sea is bordered by a strip of surf which is bisected by a strip of pier, from which dangle the fishing-lines of millionaires — reputed, real and multi. The strip of surf washes a strip of beach, shimmering golden in the sun, margined by a strip of road, and fringed with strips of tall palms. Flying inland, our German bird-man might observe, also, strips of palm-lined walk, of links, of jungle trails, of garden, and of crowded hotel porch. Crossing the strip of lawn between two vast hotels, he might perceive a strip of railroad siding, occupied by many private cars; and presently, a little farther on, a narrow strip of blue — Lake Worth — and beyond the lake a strip of town: West Palm Beach, a modest little settlement tagging like a poor relation behind the glittering plutocrat across the way.

Palm Beach is not, of course, fortified, and the idea of dropping bombs upon an unfortified resort would have seemed preposterous before the present war. But we know better now, for Germany has taught us that dropping bombs and shells in harmless seaside colonies is a part of the general plan of *Kultur* she would impose upon a backward world.

To bomb Palm Beach efficiently, during "the season" — that is during the first three months of the year — an aviator must have information as to the habits of the place. Life at Palm Beach runs on schedule. To drop a bomb on one of the hotels at the bathing hour would be to waste the steel splinters of *Kultur*, implanting them in plaster and woodwork instead of human bodies.

In the mornings here, as elsewhere, golfers are out early, but they are too scattered to make good targets. Broadly speaking, the first general ensemble of the day occurs some time after eleven in the morning, when the large number of inhabitants from the two white-and-buff hotels, The Royal Poinciana and The Breakers, make their way to the Casino bathhouses and the beach. By noon the golden sands beside the sea are closely patterned with the forms of human beings, so that a bomb dropped here at midday would spread an enormous quantity of *Kultur* amongst men, women and children (not to mention the children's nurses), whose positions in life are curiously varied. The dogs and children are the dogs and children of the rich. The men are rich, or at least act rich. But the women are of a variety of classes, ranking all the way from the head of the society column to the head of the programme at Ziegfeld's "Midnight Frolic."

Nor are the two long rows of beach chairs to be neglected by our thorough Teuton visitor, for under the gay striped awnings of these chairs sit many ladies who avoid the water but appreciate the brilliant scene. Most of these ladies wear real pearls which it would be suitable to scatter before a German aviator. Moreover, though the United States is now in the war (owing, of course, to the intolerable aggressions of President Wilson upon the patient, long-suffering government of the Hohenzollern family), we know that France really started the war by attempting to stop three German armies which had already spread Teutonic *Kultur* in Belgium, from conferring similar blessings upon the city of Paris. France must be punished, and our German aviator is aware that bombs dropped upon important ladies of Palm Beach, would strike at France as well as the United States, for these ladies wear — at least in many instances — French bathing-suits, French hats, French frocks, and French heels, and they are frequently attended by French maids and French bulldogs.

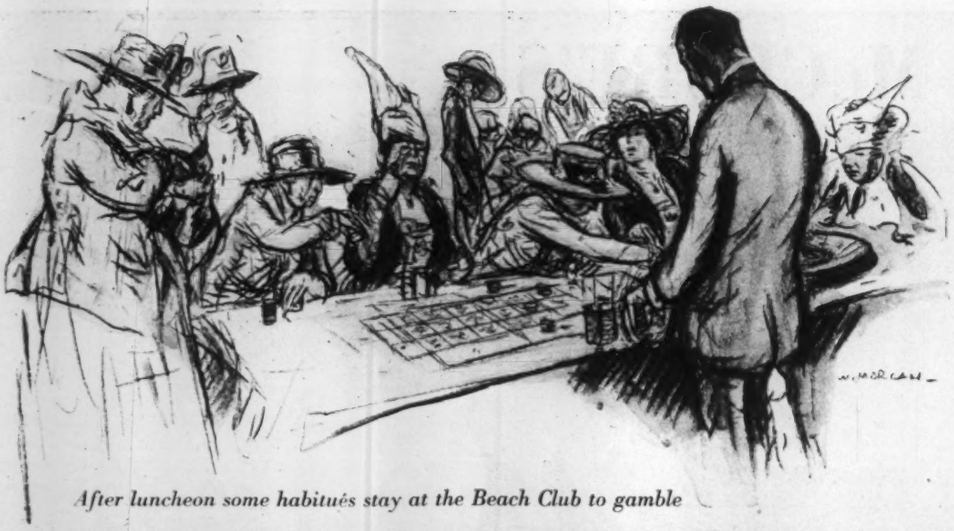
Mr. Morgan

Should our German distributor of *Kultur* reach the beach at one o'clock, however, he would find it deserted. At this time, he should be informed,

> Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
> That is known as the Cocktail Hour.

The little tables on the broad porches of The Breakers are surrounded by gay throngs from the sands; there is music, and the dancing areas are filled with swirling couples. Here again a bomb, skilfully deposited, would be a stroke for *Kultur* against not merely

Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.



After luncheon some habitués stay at the Beach Club to gamble

one enemy nation, but two, for though the people kulturized would be Americans, they consume French wines and French vermouth, and moreover there are French windows close at hand.

The opportunity at cocktail time is better than at the luncheon hour, which follows, for to reach Palm Beach at luncheon three bombs would be required—one for the Beach Club and one for each hotel—and even then the *à la carte* dining-rooms of the hotels would be neglected.

After luncheon there is a general scattering; some habitués stay at the Beach Club to gamble; others ride in wheel chairs through the Jungle Trail, or *Rêve d'Eté;* others play bridge; others sit on the porches of the hotels and wish they had a million or two more, or that their names had not been left out of the telegraphic reports of arrivals at Palm Beach published in the New York papers, or that champagne didn't make their joints stiff, or that food didn't make them fat, or that they could dress like Doraldina and dance like Mrs. Castle, or vice versa.

Being a German, and therefore practical, our birdman, if he comes after luncheon, will not waste bombs during the early afternoon, but will wait for an hour at which every single splinter of *Kultur* can be made to count to the utmost. His time is between five and six, and his place the Cocoanut Grove, where there is tea and music, and where countless couples dance on the great floor canopied by rustling palm fronds, through which a star or two peeps down, as the semi-tropical twilight deepens to blue night. A bomb dropped here at the right moment would disseminate *Kultur* to quite as many wealthy persons as might be reached later through the roof of the Beach Club.

I HAVE always held for the movies an intense dislike. I have seen capable authors corrupted by them in precisely the way that certain landscape and portrait painters might be corrupted if vast sums were suddenly to be offered them for painting chewing-gum advertisements. The movies vulgarize in both directions. They vulgarize those who participate in the making of them, and those who go to see them. They teach people to thrill without thinking—an accomplishment in which the average American needs no assistance. Now and then, to be sure, they are amazing in a sensational way, and not infrequently, owing to the skill of the camera-man who "filmed" it, a scene having true beauty passes over the screen; but it is only a fragment, and often it is preceded and followed by incoherence, inanity, or even something approaching an expression of idiocy.

But now, as I consider Palm Beach, I am reminded that in telling a certain kind of story the movies are possessed of one great advantage. They can do pictorially what the human mind can do—they can leap in the twinkling of a shutter, to opposite ends of the world, and back again. They can tie together, with an effect of simultaneousness, scenes not only laid in widely different places but expressive of diametrically opposed ideas. In short, the possibilities of sharp swift contrast are greater in the movies than in any other story-telling medium.

For example, on January 19th, 1916, the New York *Herald* published a telegraphic dispatch from its special correspondent at Palm Beach, stating that the dog show was more likely to succeed than the baby show—babies being less common at Palm Beach than dogs.

Upon the same day, Major-General Leonard Wood, testifying before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, declared that compulsory service was necessary to furnish proper forces for the protection of the United States.

The movies could effectively set off those two items, one against the other. They could point the contrast between the idle, thoughtless population of the extravagant Florida resort, and the stern patient patriotism of General Wood, attempting to arouse the nation to consciousness of its urgent needs.

On the other hand, the movies could hardly follow up the contrast with direct argument. They could hardly point out, as I wish to do, that the babies of Palm Beach, and of the whole United States, should heed the statement of General Wood, because it particularly concerns them.

The babies of today are the soldiers of tomorrow—and the soldiers' wives and sisters. Babies, furthermore, begin, as soon as they are old enough to think at all, to think straight. Young children see with clear, uncomplicated vision. They recognize plain facts, and are not afraid of truth. It is only as they grow up that their minds are bedeviled through association with adults.

Most adults do not understand this. When they say an idea is "childish," they apply the word as a reproach, but that only serves to prove adult folly, for what is really "childish" in the best sense is simple, direct, honest, and unhampered by convention, sentimentality, passion, and all the other adult acquirements.

The usual adult mind is like the attic of a house in which one family has resided for a long time. It is cluttered with scarred old dogmas from which the handles have long since fallen off; with dust-covered platitudes standing on three legs; with inaccurate reflections, like those seen in old marred mirrors; with little phrases and mottoes which do service as substitutes for thought.

The child's mind, upon the other hand, is like the clean, sweet attic of a new house. At least it is like that until the proprietors of adult "attics" begin to use it as a dumping place for their own mental junk—an operation known by such terms as "bringing-up" and "education." To be sure, during this process, the child does get some valuable articles of mental furniture, but he also gets a lot of worse than useless truck. A part of that truck has been false history. If American school histories were all of them honestly and fearlessly written, and if history were competently taught, the country would not have been debauched, as it has been, with pacifism, for the present generation would have acquired, early in life, when its mind was yet clear, a knowledge of unsavory items in the military history of the United States, all of them pointing obviously to the fact that our own military policy has been a mess from start to finish, that the volunteer and militia systems are, and always have been, inefficient, and that for our chronic inefficiency we have in our wars, paid an appalling price in blood and gold.

Any child familiar with the facts of United States history (as it is not taught) could deduce from them the absolute necessity of universal military training and service, under exclusive federal control, but it has taken adults one hundred and forty years to get anywhere near to the acceptance of this fundamental democratic principle of defense.

Any child familiar with the facts of United States history could compare the names of those who have favored universal service with the names of those who oppose it, and reach a sound conclusion. Every child should have been taught that Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Grant, Lee, Sherman, Upton, Roosevelt, Root, Wood and Wilson are among those who have advocated the universal service principle; and every child should also know that among those opposing it for the United States, have figured such men as La Follette, Amos Pinchot, David Starr Jordan, George Sylvester Viereck, Oswald Garrison Villard, William Jennings Bryan and Wilhelm Jennings Hohenzollern.

A child could deduce the inevitable answer from those lists of names alone, were he educated as he should be, and it is tragic to think that the very men who have been most active in opposing the universal service idea would not have opposed it had the facts been made plain to them in the relatively clear-headed days of their babyhood.

A child could understand that it is a reflection on the United States, and on her military system, that in order to win her wars (or fight a war to a draw, as was the case in the War of 1812), she has had to muster forces averaging, in numerical superiority over the enemy, never less than 2 to 1, and sometimes as much as 19 to 1.

A child could understand that where there is a paid professional army there may be danger of autocracy, but that where under a democratic form of government, every citizen is required to serve his country, there is no such danger, because the Army *is* the People. That is the case in Switzerland, the most truly democratic country in the world.

It is because children can understand such simple things that I address myself to them, begging them, at the same time, to try to make the situation clear to their dear deluded parents. Especially I beg that boy-children endeavor to make their mothers comprehend that:

The love of peace no more produces peace than the love of sunshine produces clear days.

Military weakness no more fends off war than a lack of policemen fends off crime.

Preparedness no more induces war than a police force induces burglary.

If there are criminals abroad, your police force may not be able entirely to prevent their sinister activities, but it does tend to repress them.

Criminals think twice before they commit crimes in well policed sections, and criminal nations think twice before attacking other nations that are armed and ready to defend themselves. (That is why Germany has not struck at France through Switzerland as she did through Belgium.)

If the United States is attacked, every able-bodied man of military age must help to defend his country.

The mothers of America must demand that their sons be trained in advance so that they may have a fighting chance. The sons must demand that their mothers demand it.

For as modern war is waged, the only

Cocktail time at The Breakers: The little tables on the broad porches are surrounded by gay throngs from the sands

man who has a fighting chance is the man who is a trained, equipped unit in a highly organized force.

The trained soldier is none too safe, but the untrained soldier and the disorganized army are foredoomed.

In the German language there is no equivalent for our word "gentleman," nor for our term "fair play." We must not think of German armies as being composed of men who, were they to invade this country, would show mercy to the civilian population. We must understand that they are armies of brutes, for that has been proved, and proved, and proved.

If France and England were not standing now between us and physical disaster it is more than possible that Germany would undertake to land armies in the United States. Should she undertake it, it is more than possible that she would succeed. Should she succeed, we would be unable, at the present time, effectively to resist.

Our brave but inadequate and unready armies would be wiped out.

American women and children would meet the fates met by women and children in Belgium and the invaded parts of France.

Our existence as a free people would be endangered, if not terminated.

It would be our own fault.

BEFORE the outbreak of this war, England was warned, not once, but a thousand times. Military men prophesied the war, but materialism, frivolity and selfishness had settled over the nation and the people would not listen.

Since the outbreak *we* have been warned, not once, but a thousand times. Military men prophesied that we would be involved, but materialism, frivolity, selfishness and pacifism — which is really not so much a cult as a disease of the mind — have hung over this nation as they did over England, and our people have not listened.

As Secretary of State we had Bryan with his one-year peace treaties, — the folly of which could not be better demonstrated than by the fact that, had Germany not rejected such a treaty with us, we should at this very time be forced either to wait through an intolerable year of German aggression, or consider the Bryan treaty as "a scrap of paper," and declare war in spite of it.

But it is not so much to the Bryans, and La Follettes, and Norrises, and Gronnas, and Stones, and Vardamans, and other intellectual perverts in politics, that I wish to call the attention of the babies of Palm Beach and all the rest of the United States.

The thing to which I wish to call their attention is the frame of mind of many citizens outside of politics —the Palm Beach frame of mind.

In order to accomplish this I shall borrow the movie method, presenting a few contrasting items, one beside the other, from the news as published in the New York *Herald*.

¶ On January 30th, 1916, the *Herald* printed a dispatch stating that among rich people at Palm Beach were two men worth eighty millions each.

¶ On the same day, Zeppelins dropped bombs in France and England, killing many civilians.

¶ On February 12th, 1916, the *Herald's* Palm Beach dispatch stated that there was a record season at the Florida resort, and added the alarming news that bathing facilities were inadequate.

¶ On the same day the German Chancellor declared that Germany would keep her promises to the United States respecting U-boat warfare, by warning unarmed shipping before attacking.

¶ On February 16th, 1916, a gentleman named Harry Black fell into Lake Worth, according to the *Herald's* dispatch, and lost the money from his pockets.

¶ On the same day with this tragic story was published a report from President Wilson to the Senate, stating that 76 Americans had been killed in Mexico, and 36 more had been killed by Mexicans on American soil.

The year 1917 has also been a good year at Palm Beach.

¶ On Friday, January 5th, 1917, the *Herald* printed two items of marine news.

¶ "Score of Parties a-Fishing Go," lilts the Palm Beach correspondent. "Twenty-six boats carried fishing parties to the ocean this morning. The anglers' success was extraordinary."

¶ And on the same day:

"The *Ivernia* Sunk by Submarine; 150 Lives Lost."

¶ On Wednesday, January 10th, 1917, the *Herald* printed two dispatches from Palm Beach. One was about floating horses which bathers mounted and rode through the surf. Another told of some police dogs trained to guard the children of a certain rich man.

¶ On the same day two balancing dispatches from abroad were published, under the following headings:

(A) "Submarine Sinks British Transport."

(B) "4,378 Month's Loss in British Officers."

¶ On January 15th, was published a story headed: "Girls Plunge in Surf Without Stockings at Palm Beach."

In the course of this dispatch we were informed that: "At first it was thought they had forgotten their stockings, but later it appeared that the lack was intentional. They looked so pretty that if the fad finds favor — well, the hosiery manufacturers may as well turn to sewing socks for soldiers."

¶ On the same day, and from the same paper, we gleaned three other items:

(A) "Border Forays by Villa are Feared in Washington."

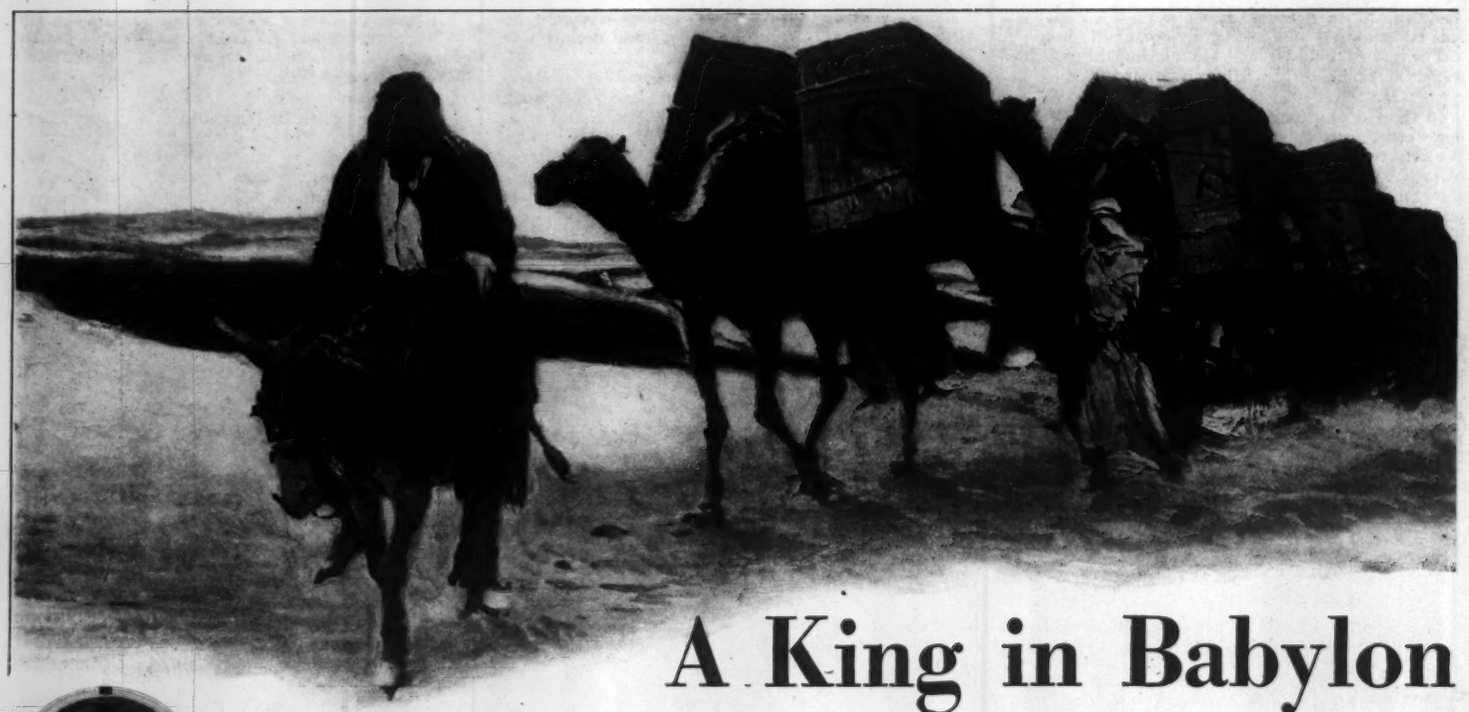
(B) "British Sport Loses Many Celebrities, Latest List of Casualties Shows."

(C) "Capt. D'Annunzio, Famous Poet, Wins French War Cross."

¶ On January 18th, appeared a telegraphic item telling of a very wealthy woman and her "white Samoyed dog called Delos." Said the dispatch: "Until last season the dog, which never left Mrs. . . . . , rode more or less uncomfortably on a seat in a wheel chair built for human beings only. To overcome that, Mrs. . . . . had a chair built with a special seat for Delos . . . "

[*Continued on page 60*]

The Cocoanut Grove, where there is tea and music, and where countless couples dance on the great floor canopied by rustling palm fronds . . .



A King in Babylon

The Great New Mystery Novel

For the story up to

Mr. Stevenson

A MAN who had been at the front told me one day that whenever a big shell comes screaming toward the trenches and explodes, there is always a moment of suspended animation, as it were, while the men wait to see whether they are dead or alive. I doubt if any bigger shell was ever exploded than that set off by Mlle. Roland, and I can still see that ring of astounded faces staring at her.

It was she who first regained some semblance of self-control.

"A thousand pardons!" she murmured, and passed her handkerchief across her eyes, as though brushing away an unpleasant vision. "I cannot think what came over me—a sudden fear—a longing for flight. Pray forgive me!"

We all tried to pretend, of course, that nothing unusual had happened. But we didn't dare look each other in the eyes.

"I didn't know you had met Mr. Allen," said Creel. He had seen her face change as she looked up at Jimmy, but he hadn't caught the full effect of it, as Jimmy and I had.

"I have never met Meestaire Allèn," said Mlle. Roland quickly. "Please present him."

And Jimmy, who had been leaning against a chair, with a face as pale as death, as though he felt sick and giddy, came forward and was presented. Mlle. Roland greeted him with seeming cordiality, though I noticed that she didn't offer to shake hands. I could see by the way she sat there, every nerve tense, how she was struggling for self-control.

The only guess I could make was that Jimmy reminded her irresistibly of someone whom she hated through and through—hated in a way which made any previous ideas of mine on the subject pale and feeble! Poor Jimmy saw all this too, of course, as clearly as I did, and he excused himself as soon as he could, and crept away.

There was a moment's silence after he had gone. Then Mollie, after twisting nervously about, excused herself on the plea of having her things to unpack; and I could see by the set of her shoulders and the way she held her head as she left the room how thoroughly she disapproved of Mlle. Roland.

She apparently forgot all about her unpacking by the time she reached the door, for instead of turning down the companionway, she stepped out on deck, and a few minutes later I saw her pass the window with an officer on either side of her. Mlle. Roland saw her too, and smiled a little to herself; and then she happened to glance at me, and her smile broadened, while I felt my ears burning.

"I, too, should like to walk," Mlle. Roland said. "Will you be my companion, M'sieu Beelee?"

"*Will* I!" I said, and jumped to my feet.

"Revoir, Madame—M'sieu," she said with a little bow to Ma Creel and her husband, and in a moment we were out on deck.

Quite naturally Mlle. Roland took my arm.

"I warn you that I am not a great walker," she said; "so, if you please, we will stroll slowly; and after that we will sit and talk, and you will correct my pronunciation."

"Correct it!" I said. "I'm more apt to corrupt it! For heaven's sake, don't model your pronunciation after mine, Miss Roland! People will think you were born in Jersey City!"

"Is not that a nice place to be born? I have not met many Americans," she added, after a moment. "But I have found the men very, very nice."

"And the women?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"The women are too steef — too cold. They have not charm — or, if they have, they are too indolent to make use of it."

As I looked down at her, it was evident that she certainly did not lack that quality. She was alluring, provocative, enveloped in feminine atmosphere. And yet I knew that there was not the least danger of my falling in love with her. I am sure she knew it, too; I am sure she hadn't the least desire that I *should* fall in love with her. If I read her aright, all she wanted was that I should like her and think her charming. Which I did — unreservedly.

But of course Mollie Adams coming past with her two officers wouldn't know all that, and I suppose the way we were walking *did* look rather confidential. Anyway, Mollie stalked past with the faintest of nods — and I didn't care! The officers with her stared enough for a hundred! The cool way in which my companion disregarded them made my heart glad!

"Come, let us sit," she said. "I wish to talk with you!"

So I got a steward to place a couple of deck-chairs for us where we could look out over the blue water toward the green-and-gray French coast.

Mlle. Roland sank back into her chair with a sigh of weariness.

"I shall be grateful for a rest," she said. "I have been so hastened, finishing the work I had to do, and preparing for this voyage, that I feel positively — what is your word?"

"Frazzled is the Jersey City word," I said; "but you won't find it in the dictionary."

"Frazzled — yes — but that is an excellent word — it is just like that!" and she moved her hands rapidly around each other. "It was doubtless that which caused me to behave so badly to M'sieu Allèn."

"What *was* the matter?" I asked.

"Really, I do not know," she answered slowly. "But when I turned and saw him, I had a sensation — oh, a sensation the most horrible — as of one walking over my grave!"

She broke off with a little shiver.

"Yes," I said; "I could tell that by the way you looked. I thought perhaps he reminded you of someone whom you — whom you ——"

"No," and she shook her head. "He reminded me of no one. It was like a gust out of the past — a chilling gust."

"You sent a shiver over me," I said.

"Did I?" she laughed. "I shall have to rehearse that look. Meestaire Creel hopes that I shall be able to send shivers over my audience!"

"If you look like that, you will!" I assured her.

"I can see that this is a very great opportunity," she went on, more seriously. "Meestaire Creel's confidence in me is what you call ——"

"Touching," I suggested, as she hesitated.

"Touching — yes. I only hope I shall not disappoint him."

"What is it he wants you to do?" I asked.

"I am to play a double part — a modern woman who revenges herself, half unconsciously, on a man for something very terrible he did to her thousands of years ago. And that is to be shown, too — that ancient sin; but it is all in the poem. Have you not seen it?"

"No," I said. "Creel has talked about it enough, but he has kept it to himself. He was afraid somebody would steal the idea."

"He need not have been afraid of you!" she protested, and fumbled in her little bag. "He gave me a copy — here it is," and she thrust a folded sheet of paper into my hand.

And for the first time I read:

> Or ever the knightly years were gone
> With the old world to the grave
> I was a King in Babylon
> And you were a Christian Slave.

And as I read it, the great idea there loomed larger and larger; I saw that it could be worked up into a ripping picture — and I knew that Creel was the man to do it. Yes; and for the first time I fully understood why Creel had jumped at Mlle. Roland. She was just the type — absolutely the type — far better, oh, infinitely better than Felice Tabor.

I looked at Mlle. Roland now — at her clear olive skin, and black, almond-shaped eyes, and arched lips of vivid red, and short straight nose, and wealth of lustrous hair like a cloud about her face; but it's no use — I might go on enumerating forever, and I could never reproduce that effect of mystery, of unutterable things, which her glance somehow imparted. Imagine Cleopatra alive again. . . .

"You're just the one for it," I said, a little hoarsely. "You will be simply tremendous!"

"Truly?" she asked, eagerly. "You really think so?"

"You bet I do!" I said. "I know it!"

"I hope you are right," she said, weaving her fingers in and out. "I shall work hard — hard. You see, in

—*by* Burton E. Stevenson

Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner

this point see page 68

Paris, I have made but a small impression — oh, a very small impression! Since the war I have had almost no parts at all — France has more serious work to do! I do not conceal from you, my friend, that it was at a fortunate moment that jolly M'sieu Powers sought me out."

I guessed something of the tragedy which lay back of those words, so simply spoken. Something grabbed me by the throat, and I was speechless for a moment. But I made up my mind to have a talk with Creel, and if she turned out the actress I was sure she would, to see that she got the salary she deserved.

All this time, Mollie and her two officers had been walking around and around; but finally to my surprise she shook them off and sat down not very far away and got out some embroidery. Mlle. Roland saw me staring at this strange spectacle, and looked too, and smiled as though she understood something which I was too dense to see. And then she got up and shook her skirts into place.

"I think I will go to my room," she said. "It has been a most pleasant talk. I thank you. You have been kind."

"Listen," I said. "Whenever you feel that you want to talk, or need any advice or help — or anything of that sort . . . . I'm not much account, you know, but such as I am, I'm at your service — always."

"Thank you," she said, and held out her hand with a friendly little gesture. "I have met one more American who is very, very nice!"

And with that she disappeared indoors.

I sat down again with quite a virtuous glow about my heart. Here was a girl that I could be a brother to! No nonsense — just warm friendliness.

And then, suddenly, I remembered Mollie, and looked over to where she had been sitting; but she was no longer there.

Mustafa

Half an hour later I came across Jimmy Allen scrooched up on a seat in one corner of the smoking-room, looking so utterly miserable that I stopped for a word of comfort.

"Oh, cheer up!" I said.

"It's the way she looked at me," said Jimmy, piteously. "I can't forget it. You saw it."

"Yes," I admitted.

"I never had a woman look at me like that before."

"No," I said; "you've been used to R. S. V. P. eyes and all that. The trouble with you is that you've been spoiled."

"She looked at me as though she hated me," he went on, not heeding me. "By heaven, she *does* hate me!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "It was just nerves. I've been talking to her — she has been working too hard, and you startled her."

"What is there about me to startle her?" Jimmy demanded.

"I'm sure I don't know," I said. "Neither does she. She laughs at it now."

"Well, *I* can't laugh at it," said Jimmy bitterly. "I never thought that any woman would look at me like that."

"Oh, piffle!" I protested. "Forget it! She's crazy about the picture."

Jimmy groaned softly.

"So am I," he said; "or at least I was. And she's the type — the absolute type; and you've only to look at her to see that she can act. But she won't do it with me — that's evident enough! I'm not going to hold Creel to the contract — I'll tell him to-night; and I'll drop off at the first place the boat touches."

"Oh, no, you won't," I said. "You can't throw Creel that way — not after all he's done for you!"

"Throw him!" echoed Jimmy. "Good God, man, *I'm* not going to throw him — I'm going to save him! It's the greatest idea for a picture I ever heard of, and with that woman it will be a glorious success."

"Well, it will be two glorious successes with both of you," I said. "Come on and get ready for dinner. You'll find that Mlle. Roland has forgotten all about it!"

"Do you really think so?"

"I know so," I answered, as convincingly as I could. "Look here, Jimmy, I'm in earnest about this. I thought you reminded her of someone she didn't like; but it wasn't even that. It was just a case of nerves, I tell you — of overwork and excitement. Now come on!"

He got up slowly and went to his cabin; and I could only hope that I had helped him to forget his troubles. But I didn't blame him for being down-hearted; *I'd* have been down-hearted if any girl had looked at me as Mlle. Roland had looked at him.

Creel had secured a separate table for us at one side of the saloon, and he and his wife were already there when I arrived. Then Digby came in, and then Mollie, who slid into her seat without so much as glancing my way. Finally Jimmy arrived, and I saw that he had made an exceedingly careful toilet; and we all dallied with the soup and tried to chatter unconcernedly, though we were all wondering whether she would come, and if she did come, what would happen.

Mr. Koerner

It may be that we were expecting some sort of melodramatic entrance, but she came in quite simply and naturally, as any young girl would, looking perfectly gorgeous in a dinner-gown of some soft, black material, which clung round her like foam.

When Jimmy saw her, he gave one glance and then half-started from his seat. Then he regained his self-control, and dropped back in his chair.

"I am late!" she said. "A thousand pardons!"

The steward swung her around to the table, and she smiled upon all of us.

"I lay down for a nap," she went on, "and I oversleep! I have been working too hard — yes, that is it. For the first time I find that I have nerves. It was that, M'sieu Allèn, which caused that small contretemps — which I remember with shame, and which I hope you will forget!"

It was said gracefully and lightly, though I knew somehow that she had been rehearsing the speech in her stateroom before she came up to us; and there was no denying that her smile tightened a little, in spite of her, when she met Jimmy's hungry gaze.

"That is kind of you, Mlle. Roland," he said. "Of course I shall forget it. I was afraid — I was afraid —"

He stopped, seemingly unable to find the proper words, and Mlle. Roland dismissed the subject with a little wave of the hand.

"And you, Mees Adams," she went on, "you have had a pleasant afternoon, I trust?"

"Oh, delightful!" said Mollie shortly.

"As for me," Mlle. Roland said, "I have had a conversation the most delicious with Beelee," and she smiled at me in a way that made my head swim. "I have unburdened my heart to him — I have told him the story of my life — something I have never before done with a man — at least upon first meeting him! But I feel that I have known Beelee for a long time — that we are old friends. You American men are like that — one looks at them, and one knows them."

"Well, look at me, my dear," said Creel, "and don't waste all that sweetness on Billy. He's an unappreciative young cub — besides, he's in love with another girl."

If looks could kill, Creel would have been shriveled to an ash by the glance Mollie cast at him. As for me . . . .

"Oh — oh!" cried Mlle. Roland, looking at me with round eyes, as though she had never suspected such a thing! "Yes, I can see it is true! He shall tell me about her — and I shall try to make him less lonely! But you, M'sieu Creel, also ——"

"Oh, I'm married," said Creel; "to an angel; but that hasn't destroyed my eye for beauty, thank God!"

"Rather enhanced it!" put in Ma Creel. "Go ahead, Miss Roland — I like him to be amused. Only remember, he's Irish!"

"Are Irishmen so dangerous?"

Creel laughed.

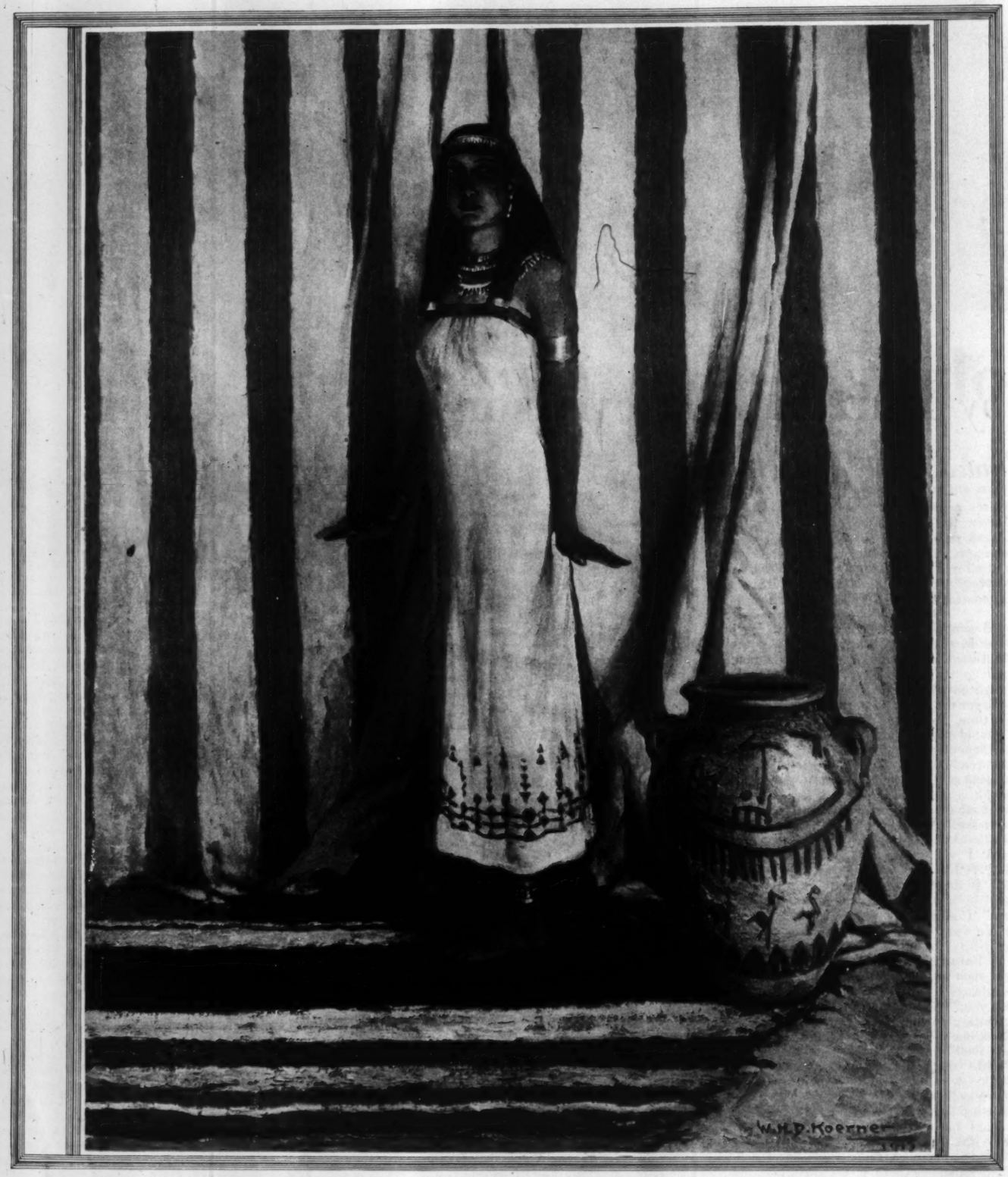
"No," he assured her; "quite the reverse. My wife means that my bark is far worse than my bite, and that I do a lot of talking through my hat. Get Billy to translate that into English for you," he added, laughing again at her stare of perplexity. "But I'm perfectly serious when I say that that is a stunning gown you have on. I must arrange a scene in which you can wear it."

And then he told her that her Egyptian gowns were ready except for a little fitting which Ma Creel would attend to before we reached Port Said; and then she and Ma Creel arranged for the fittings, and Ma Creel described them to her in words unbelievably technical, while she nodded and clapped her hands like a little girl; and I was so busy watching her that I almost forgot to eat. I happened to glance at Jimmy Allen presently, and saw that he had forgotten to eat, too — though he looked hungry enough, heaven knows — but not for food! And he never said a word — just sat there, drinking in every word and every gesture like a famished man, though she never glanced at him.

I tried to talk with Mollie, after a while, but she answered only with grunts, when she took the trouble to answer at all, and hurried through her meal and excused herself and made a dash for the door. If it had been our first day out, I'd have thought she was sea-sick; but when I saw one of the officers leave his coffee untasted and dash after her, I understood. Really, I was disgusted with Mollie!

When I got out to the deck, I found her leaning over the rail, with the uniform beside her, staring out at the sea and looking very lovely and sentimental. It made me sick to think of all I had planned for this voyage, and the way it had turned out! I walked around the deck, thinking I might find Mlle. Roland and persuade her to comfort me a little, but I saw only Ma Creel and Digby. They were talking over old times, as usual — they were all together in a circus, once, Creel and Digby as clowns and Ma Creel as wardrobe mistress — and every so often they got to longing for the smell of the sawdust.

I went to the smoking-room, but the air finally became unbreathable, and I [*Continued on page 37*]



There, before our eyes, was something more than an embodiment of ancient Egypt — it was ancient Egypt itself, its very spirit, risen from the dead

Have You Stopped Growing?

A Straight Talk to the Young Business Man

by **Carroll Dean Murphy**

"THERE are young fogies as well as old fogies," says William James. Are you one of them? Take a self-inventory

FOUR of us were talking about the habits of work that put a man ahead in business.

"Last summer," said Fredericks, who has made a country-wide reputation as a marketing specialist with one of the big-four advertising agencies, "I got an angle on myself that has been worth more to me than two years of the hardest work I ever did.

"Most men watch their bank accounts," he continued. "Not one in ten ever stops to take stock of himself. One fine morning I was not too gently reminded that it's the man behind the bank balance that really counts. And now my biggest job is trying to catch up with the man I might have been if I hadn't stopped growing somewhere in my thirties."

"You do look stunted," someone said; and we all laughed at the idea that this burly, swarthy man, as clean-cut as a towering black oak, could ever have been other than alert, efficient, snapping with enthusiasm. I for one had been wondering how he kept in touch with all the subjects and men that made his conversation so absorbing.

"That's why I'm here," he insisted. "I've made it a rule to know every man who has written my kind of stuff in a way that interests me. A man can't afford to neglect other men's ideas. It takes something more than haphazard reading and mixing to win in business today.

"My special act," he resumed, "since I served my time on the road and as a sales manager, has been to investigate a man's market for him, plan his campaign on paper, then go out and organize it. It's the kind of thing that a manufacturer, often four parts tinker to one part salesman, is glad to pay for.

Getting Your Life Systematized

"YEARS ago we figured, my wife and I, that a hundred dollars a week would do for us. Of course, I've been making that for years, and we had acquired a settled routine of work, theatre, motoring, and trips, that ran as smooth as grease. Altogether I was rather inclined to smile when the younger fellows in the office invested their spare time attending conferences, reading books pretty much filled with old stuff and pump-handling after-dinner talkers.

"One of these boys went in for himself, and the story got about that he was taking over the Schwartz account. 'Maybe that will wake up H. F.,' I heard one of the boys say.

"Schwartz had me to thank for twelve years of dandy business, so the tale struck me as a good joke. I got him on the telephone and told him I understood that I had been Oslerized. 'The rumor is that you're throwing me over in favor of one of the cubs,' I told him, laughing. 'I was forty-one the other day, so thought I'd better get the straight of it.'

"'Sorry, Fred,' he came back, 'but you've got the straight of it. We had to do it.'

"'I see,' I answered, trying to speak with unconcern; 'I see. . . . Well, maybe you'll take luncheon with me sometime and tell me how he did it.'

"Usually when a man begins to slip, his friends are so tenderhearted that he's gone before he knows it. But Al Schwartz stood up like a man and told me how I had struck out This young fellow, he said, had some ideas on scientific training for salesmen that were years ahead of anything else he had heard. 'All of our competitors have your stuff nowadays,' he added mercilessly.

"When I got back to the office my one idea was to round things up and hit for the country. Out a dozen miles, I turned my car into the woods, got Friend Pipe to purring, pulled out my sales-analysis chart and began to hunt the trouble.

"The way I work a market analysis is to assume I know nothing about the product or its field, and to base my investigations on a complete list of questions that apply to anything you have to sell. One point I very often score on is that the manufacturer is trying to sell a whiskered article when his competitors are offering something right up-to-date. I had got that far in my chart, when it struck me that I had my own measure right there. I was simply an out-of-date product.

"That made me curious to see if the chart would show me how to sell myself, and I ran on down it, checking my ability against question after question, just as if I were a brand of soap or cigarettes. 'What does the trade say about the product?' I asked myself. 'How can it be improved?' 'What authorities can be consulted regarding improvements?' 'List all probable markets, in order of importance.' 'Is the present market expanding or contracting?'

"Those questions gave me plenty to think about in the weeks that followed. First I got hold of the efficiency books at which I had often smiled and went at them like a hungry man. I figured out my standing according to one of their charts and found that at forty-one, on my own confession, I was just thirty-four per cent efficient! I'm satisfied that if I had been rating myself somehow for the last half dozen years, as carefully as people plot the first baby's weight, the curve would have begun to drop somewhere in the late thirties. As soon as I felt fixed for life, I had stopped looking ahead, dreaming big dreams, keeping up and growing in ideas.

"Do you know why a tree grows *so high* — and no higher? Why a person gets up to two or six or twenty dollars a day — and stops? I'll tell you. The cells that carry sap to the branches of a tree, so they tell me, can lift about so far. When the tree begins to starve, it stops growing and begins to die at the top. One hundred and seventy feet may be the limit in the dry hills of Idaho and three hundred over on the west coast.

"It's about the same, I've decided, with a man. The thing that keeps him young is the stream of new interests that tingles through him. Not only must he be a thinker, but he must have sources of ideas outside himself. A good man may be chucked off on a high stool in a corner, where nothing but an idea pipe line will keep him from drying up. Another man is swimming in streams of new ideas all the time; with good mental circulation, he will easily grow into a Puget Sound product.

"Go back to your home town after ten years' absence and you will find trees and people, some going right ahead, others standing just where you left them and looking pretty much the same. The trees had to stay where they were put and take their luck. But a real man needn't stay in a desert unless he wants to."

Guided by his marketing chart, Fredericks analyzed the various futures or markets open to him, concluded that his present work was becoming staple and routine, and decided to specialize on emergency sales organization for large corporations in rapidly expanding lines, such as those dominated by the explosive engine and electricity.

An inventory of his fitness for this service showed him his weak points. To repair these, he planned a course of reading and study. From his book dealer he receives on approval every new book on selling or efficiency. To accommodate his program, he has worked out a careful time-card of sleep, exercise, diet, play, work and "improvement." Evenings that were spent aimlessly are now scheduled, some for technical reading, others for general literature or music, in which his wife joins. In everything he has a definite aim and amount to accomplish. You will see him at every important gathering which is in line with his career. Usually, he has arranged by letter to spend his time with the new and interesting men who are to attend, or with the men who may engage him later. Luncheon is another carefully utilized opportunity to enlarge his contact with other men's ideas. And on Sunday he forgets schedules. Every sixty days, he re-rates himself and determines in cold blood whether, not merely in money, but in health, influence, habits, earnings, savings, ideas and prospects, he is making proper headway.

"It's pulled me out of the rut," he concluded. "The last six months have been filled with the keenest zest I've ever known."

"Then you don't believe in Oslerism, after all?" someone inquired. "You're willing to pass up the chloroform till forty-five — or perhaps fifty?"

"Ninety is about my limit now," he laughed. "But just the same, the good doctor was more than half right. Recently I have run across a young fellow who lives down the street from us — twenty-eight years old and going to seed. The familiar story — bookkeeper, then retail salesman; married at twenty-five, and his responsibilities were making him one of these humble pussy-footers who are too much afraid of being out of a job to talk back or think for themselves. Now he spends an evening a week with me. We find the sparring partner a capital idea."

When Does a Man Reach His Limit — and Why?

FREDERICKS may be too impatient of the years when a man is "getting set" for a new spurt, but he has scientific grounds for the doctrine he is spreading with such enthusiasm. William James once said that there are young fogies as well as old fogies, or that old fogyism, in the majority of human beings, begins about twenty-five. In middle age, the famous psychologist explained, a man keeps picking up details and individual cases, which cluster to the main outlines that got into the mind earlier. But few men, he insisted, ever acquaint themselves with the principles of a new science after even twenty-five; and many daily impressions are lost simply because they have no earlier interest or outline of knowledge which magnetizes them. To the men of Edison's own generation, the professor would remind us, the dynamo is still a more or less magical contrivance, although their sons now in college tinker it up as we do the lawn-mower.

So the fountain of youth may be a fountain of new ideas and ambitions. Perhaps you need be no older in spirit at seventy-seven than your stagnant neighbor at twenty-two. Men are even coming to believe that a wide-awake mind stimulates the body to renew and sustain itself.

[*Continued on page 49*]

No Clue

A Murder Story that Keeps You Guessing

by Marie Manning

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

"Do you know, sir, few things are as refreshing as a good 'orrid murder?"

THE all-night restaurant where Kennard, free-lance on the *Record-Dispatch*, was trying to eat bacon and eggs, with black coffee at a quarter to five A. M., was very unlovely at this trying hour. No glitter of lobster palace or glamour of night life hung about its sordid precincts. Newspaper men, telegraph operators and belated professional men snatched hasty meals there and left quickly — there was nothing to linger over.

Little old Hendricks, the English waiter who, despite his thirty-five years in America, could never put an "aitch" where it belonged, lingered near Kennard, hopeful and attentive. He was a profound admirer of this young man's human-interest stories and posed in his lodging-house as a patron of letters, by reason of his boasted acquaintance with the literati. Kennard and a few other reporters constituted the literati.

The newspaper man, spick, span, clean-shaven — even at this unholy hour — strongly appealed to the cleanliness-godliness standards of the old Englishman whose working day, of twelve hours, coupled with the state of the restaurant kitchen, robbed him of this particular ideal.

In appearance, Kennard rather suggested an Aubrey Beardsley drawing — a grotesquely long thread of a man with retreating forehead and chin. His most striking feature appeared to be a pair of shell-rimmed eye glasses with a dangling black ribbon. They used to say on the paper that he wound himself up on a reel at night, to sleep. He announced, unblushingly, when he joined the staff of the *Record-Dispatch*, that he was working on the paper for "experience," but that literature was his goal. He knew Strindberg and he could pronounce Tschekoff and Dostoyefsky without batting an eye. They accepted as "unimportant if true," his statement that he had no morals, but when they discovered he lived in a brown-stone house in Pineapple Street, Brooklyn, they suspected him of studying for the ministry, in secret.

The old waiter hung about, troublesome and attentive as a fly; he wanted to ask Kennard about a story that had been in the papers a night or two ago. It had dealt with the dynamiting of a building, in which a number of people had been injured, and so far there had been no hint as to the perpetrators of the crime. Kennard, on that occasion, had covered himself with glory by assisting in some daring rescue work — even the rival papers had accredited his pluck. His hands had been badly cut in the adventure, so the papers stated; and the old man, observing them to be free from bandages, framed, at last, what he considered to be a suitable and respectful inquiry.

"Painful but trifling," Kennard said, holding them up. The insides of his fingers showed several long, jagged cuts which appeared to have been coated with some clear gelatinous substance. "The doctor — young ambulance fellow — painted them with this stuff. A discovery he's just made. It will even stand hand washing, in cold water. In cuts like these it does away entirely with surgical dressings. They smart like the deuce, but I don't have to go about bundled in rags and smelling of drugs."

Hendricks was properly sympathetic. "That was a fine story — that dynamiting affair; but do you know, sir, 'twas not so agreeable to me as a good murder. Few things are as refreshing as a good 'orrid murder — after the morning rush is over. I tykes my coffee with it — several cups, sir, at one of the back tables. It may sound a bit 'ard 'earted, sir, and I deeply sympathize with them that 'as to get killed. But a poor man, like me, must tyke 'is pleasures where 'e finds them. And w'en the mornin' rush is 'eavy, and the trade inclined to be peevish, Dunphy — 'e's English, too — 'e says: 'Buck up, buck up! Mr. Kennard 'as a tip-top murder in the mornin' piper, and you'll 'ave it with your grilled kidneys.'"

Kennard barely listened; he had had these oblique compliments from old Hendricks so often. But the waiter who had reached the garrulous age did not require an audience. "And do you know, sir, I often do a bit of murder in me 'ead, as you might say. It's a sort of solitaire I keeps for me 'hours of ease,' as the poet says. I tykes a swell, a regular tip-topper multi-millionaire and I kills 'im to taste — but only in me 'ead, sir — and then I goes over me crime and I cleans up every clue. It seems to me — and murder 'as been my favorite reading from childhood — that as soon as a man makes up 'is mind to spill 'uman blood, 'e goes about casting off clues, like a careless waiter dropping dishes."

This was an old one to Kennard, too. He seemed more than commonly absent-minded that morning. He gave Hendricks his usual tip and turned out into the street that seemed even more humid than the restaurant.

New York was in the grip of a record-making heat wave that had mowed down men and horses like the blast from a machine-gun. With the heat had come the highest death rate of the year, the public parks had been thrown open to the sweltering tenement districts, and the papers had begun to print their favorite high-temperature editorial on the "crime wave."

Kennard told himself it was the weather that had shot his nerves to pieces, the deadening humidity and those smarting, painful cuts on the inside of his fingers. He had not slept the previous night and his nerves were jumpy. During breakfast he had made up his mind to go to his office and begin a Sunday special. The city room would be free from the click of typewriters at this hour; but the heat led him to procrastinate, and he decided to walk along the sea-wall of the Battery, in search of a cooler inspiration.

BROADWAY, hot and disheveled after a parching sleep, was beginning to stir. A lemonade merchant was setting up his dingy booth in a deserted doorway, half-clad men did menial chores about the doors of sky-scrapers. Later in the day they would don uniforms and an air of bored hauteur. A hag of a news vender silently shoved her papers in the reporter's face; she reserved her voice and her repartee for the crowds that would come later. The grass about Old Trinity looked curiously like stage verdure, it seemed so absurdly out of place, hemmed in by brick and stone. The patches of sky, visible beyond the jagged saw-toothed sky-line, looked bronzy and overcast, even at this hour.

At the corner, Kennard caught sight of something that made him forget his nerves and the stifling heat. The Chief of Police and two inspectors were dashing past — breaking all the speed commandments — in a motor.

The cab had stopped in front of a shabby old building that had become famous in the commercial history of the country. The building was over a hundred years old, a made-over Colonial residence, battered and in need of paint. It was the headquarters of the banking firm of Jarvis, Morris & Jarvis. The institution transacted no petty business. It did not advertise. "Interest paid on your checking account." It had no interest in,

"I sat there smokin' till about nine o'clock"

or for, your checking account — but it would invest a million for you, if you had one.

The head of the firm had a stubborn pride in keeping the old quarters. Their cramped inaccessibility reminded him of certain famous banking houses abroad, and he liked that better than leather, mahogany and palms. Men who began with him went in for lavish effects in neighborhood, architecture and fittings, but old Price Jarvis's egotism warmed to the spectacle of the representative of a foreign power cooling his heels in the shabby outer office, awaiting *his* pleasure for admission to the shabbier inner one, that was his sanctum.

A policeman was stationed outside the door, and despite the early hour a few stragglers had gathered. Kennard knew the officer and gave him the enthusiastic greeting that his powers of admission entitled him to receive. "I dunno, Mr. Kennard; the orthers was no wan — the papers ain't had a whiff of it yet."

"What's up, Mack?"

"For God's sake, ain't you heard? The auld man's been murdered!"

"M-U-R-D-E-R-E-D —— !" The reporter paled with the shock; then, venturing heavily on his friendship with the roundsman — he assiduously courted the police — took a chance at bolting past him, and having succeeded, cleared the stairs three at a bound. He knew the arrangement of the building perfectly. He'd been there often on financial assignments and to try for the interview that no one had ever got from Price Jarvis.

The financier's private offices were on the second floor front. They were reached by a staircase — the building had no elevator. Along the hall were doors, with panels of ground glass lettered with the names of members of the firm. Across the front hall the doors were unlettered; they were the chief's private suite.

The reporter turned the knob and walked boldly in. He could afford no mistakes. His cue was to enter as if he were there in the interests of law and order. If any of the firm, whose attitude toward the press was proverbially unfriendly, recognized him as a reporter, he would be ordered out summarily. To evade notice, he assumed an imposingly official manner and plied one of the police inspectors with questions. No one challenged his bluff; meantime his recording eye registered as present: the dead man's son, three members of the firm, two famous surgeons, the whimpering, tearful old janitor, and Miss Hull, Price Jarvis's stenographer and confidential factotum, who was said to know more about finance than any woman in America.

In the inner office, awaiting the arrival of the coroner, the dead man lay where he had fallen. The only mark of violence was a large bruise in the region of the temple. As a symbol of power, his sway still held. They tip-toed deferentially when they entered his sprawled, distorted presence, as if half expecting one of his famous rages. It was not the majesty of death that made them soft-voiced and self-conscious — it was the seemingly unquenchable spark of the dead man's personality.

There was no confusion, no evidence of struggle. Apparently, Jarvis had been sitting at his flat-top desk when his assailant had entered. There must have been words, for the top drawer, on the right hand side, had been pulled open, and the pistol that was always kept there was revealed. Jarvis had reached for the weapon, evidently to protect himself, but had been struck down before he had a chance to use it. The weapon had been, undoubtedly, a cudgel of some sort. A careful search of the offices had already been made, but nothing corresponding to it had been found.

O'Connor, the janitor, had discovered the crime at a little before one A.M. He had been called to the telephone, on the first floor, by Mrs. Jarvis, who had become alarmed by the prolonged absence of her husband and also because she had been unable to get him on his private wire. She had then ordered the janitor to investigate. O'Connor had gone to Mr. Jarvis's private office, got no answer, opened the door and found him dead, evidently murdered. The janitor had then told Mrs. Jarvis that her husband was ill and asked her to send her son, Mr. Stephen Jarvis, to the office immediately. O'Connor had then telephoned the police.

Young Jarvis had arrived at the office in about forty minutes, bringing a doctor with him. Two policemen had come from the nearest station, and on learning the importance of the victim, had immediately telephoned the chief who was now personally in charge. Stephen Jarvis had called up the members of the firm, two of whom were present, and Miss Hull, who would be able to certify to the absence of any important papers from the financier's safe. The Coroner had been notified but had not yet arrived. Someone was trying to get the District Attorney on the telephone. Such was the summary of the crime to date. Robbery had not been the motive, nor the theft of important private papers — Miss Hull having pronounced everything to be in order.

As the stenographer, capable and self-contained even in the face of this calamity that had wrecked the nerves of nearly every man present, closed the small safe of which the dead banker and she alone knew the combination, Kennard took a long, furtive survey of her.

She was about fifty-five years of age, square and blunt of outline, heavy of expression. Much had been written about her in women's journals and the Sunday supplements, though she cherished the firm's antipathy to print and declined to talk for publication. It was said that she knew more important secrets than Bradstreets; that even Price Jarvis deferred to her judgment.

"Queer, sexless old troglodyte," Kennard had apostrophized her.

She glanced up and caught him looking at her. "Are you from the District Attorney's office?" she asked.

He was tempted to say "Yes," but remembering that he would have to come back, for further news, he confessed himself a reporter. She seemed to fizz up at that, like an acid brought in contact with an alkali. She turned the tables and interviewed him. How had he got in? What did he propose to write? How had he heard of the crime? How did he happen to be "just passing"? He told her about the dynamited building, the accident to his hands, his inability to sleep, the compound the young ambulance surgeon had used, how he had walked the streets the preceding night and happened to turn into Chatham Square after a half-past-four breakfast.

He could not define it, but she made him creepily uncomfortable. Then she reversed her forbidding methods: "Your newspaper people will, of course, write a great deal of sensationalism about this. If you manage to restrain yourself, I'll give you what news we have from time to time."

He thanked her effusively. "There is naturally a condition. We shall expect immunity from other reporters — what we give out will be given through you. That's all." Her words had the finality of a door closed in his face.

Kennard now realized that if he were going to make the greatest newspaper beat of the year, he had not a second to lose. It would not be long before the first editions of the afternoon papers would be on the streets. By rushing at super-human speed there was a slim chance that he might be able to get his story written in time for the first edition.

Such a tremendous piece of news as the murder of Price Jarvis would leak at a hundred different sources — the police-court reporters would be getting it presently. He hailed a taxi at the door of the banking house, about which the crowd had perceptibly thickened, rode to his paper, in Park Row, and staggered the assembling staff of the afternoon edition with his news.

The City Editor stood at his elbow and took the copy, sheet by sheet, as he wrote it. In the composing-room above, the presses were already rumbling and growling impatiently for the feed about to be flung them. Kennard, with a grunt of weary satisfaction, ringed his last period — and the beat of the year was made.

"Extra! Wextra! Wextra! Price Jarvis Mur-r-rder-r-r'd!" came from thousands of yelling throats, as the biggest sensation that had gripped New York in a blue moon, was hawked about the streets. The amazing thing about the murder was that so far no clue had been developed. Extra papers poured from the presses of the great New York dailies, without intermission all day, but there was no actual news to add to Kennard's first recital of the facts.

Much was made of the dead financier's return to his office that night at about nine o'clock, to transact important private business. This had been known to no one, outside the members of the firm and his own family. At first glance, it would seem to point to an inside job.

The police plainly suspected the janitor who was bordering on collapse and in charge of a physician, also a plain-clothes detective, in the guise of a nurse; but of this O'Connor was mercifully ignorant. The firm did not share the suspicion of the police as to his guilt; the old man had worked all his life for Jarvis, Morris & Jarvis, and they felt him to be absolutely trustworthy.

The District Attorney whom Kennard saw about noon, made it plain that his office was working on a theory wholly different from that of the police. No, he wouldn't say what it was; he "did not propose to have this case tried in the papers and spoiled for his office."

And then one of the "yellow papers" came out with a clue. Had Price Jarvis been murdered by a waiter, a half-cracked old Englishman who spent his leisure reading murders, until his mind had become unbalanced? The account went on modestly to state that their representative had made his brilliant discovery wholly unaided by either the police or the District Attorney's office. The suspect had hopelessly entangled himself, as he had waited on the reporter at lunch. He told how he had enjoyed — "doin' a bit of murder in his 'ead." He had further involved himself, in discussing the murderer of Jarvis, by saying: "Now, there was a born artist for you! 'E done the deed, and 'e left nothing to tell the tale."

As old Hendricks and his algebraical murders were incorporated into the slang of half the reporters of New York, it became one of the mysteries of journalism how that particular cub reporter had succeeded in landing the story on the first page, even for one edition. The cub "got his," without even the grace of a week's notice. Hendricks "got his," too, from the paper — no

"Did you look into Mr. Jarvis's private office?" . . . "Certainly not, sir!"

one knew the amount — but shortly after he bought an interest in the restaurant in which he had waited for so many years, and where he would accommodate a patron with a "mental murder to taste," almost any day between the morning and afternoon rush.

And then, having eliminated the joker that is unwittingly dealt into almost every murder trial, the various officials concerned with the dispensation of justice seemed to get a fresh grip on the case. O'Connor, the janitor, had sufficiently recovered from his threatened nervous breakdown to testify, at the preliminary hearing, and proved a highly valuable witness.

Being sworn, he gave his name, age and deposed that he had worked for the firm thirty-two years. On the night of the murder he had come to the office at five o'clock, as was his habit. The various members of the firm had gone for the day, but some of the clerks remained until six o'clock. At six, three charwomen came and worked till eight-thirty, at which time he let them out and sat by the open door, smoking.

Cross-questioned as to the door being open, O'Connor deposed that he had the permission of the firm to leave the door open, as long as he sat there; if he left it even for a moment, he put the chain in the bolt. On the night of the murder he had sat by the door smoking till a quarter of nine, when Mr. Price Jarvis had arrived. He could state the time exactly, because he had been under the impression that Mr. Jarvis was earlier than usual, and he had looked at his watch to make sure.

Shortly after the arrival of Mr. Jarvis — about a quarter of an hour, he thought — Mr. Henry Morris, vice-president of the firm, arrived in a taxicab with a gentleman whom the witness recognized, from pictures in the papers, as Baron de Heyse, the ambassador, so much discussed in connection with the European war.

Mr. Morris had inquired, on entering the building, if Mr. Jarvis had arrived and if he had gone to his office. On learning that he had, the vice-president and Baron de Heyse went immediately upstairs. Not long afterward, perhaps ten or fifteen minutes later, witness could not tell exactly, Mr. Morris came downstairs alone. Before leaving, he cautioned the witness that positively no one was to be admitted to the building during the conference of the chief and the gentleman now with him.

The District Attorney leaned forward, his attitude almost too consciously dramatic for the impersonal majesty of the law. "Well," inquired the prosecuting officer, "and whom did you admit after Mr. Morris had issued that order?"

The old man hesitated, struggled for self-possession, ran his tongue over his dry lips, and twisted his hands to conceal their trembling.

"Come, my man, out with it!" thundered the District Attorney.

"Mr. Jarvis's daughter, sir — Mrs. Alexander."

This announcement, wholly unexpected, was electric in its effect. Mrs. Alexander was Price Jarvis's daughter by his first marriage. She was not on good terms with her stepmother, and about six months ago had entered suit against that lady for the recovery of *her*

He felt himself yielding to some outside influence

mother's jewels which she claimed had never been delivered to her. The matter had been settled out of court.

"Well, sir, I couldn't turn away Miss Ellen. She'd been many times before to see her father and he always seemed glad to see ——"

"Confine yourself to the facts."

"I let her in, sir."

"What time was it when Mrs. Alexander arrived?"

"I can't be quite positive, sir, but to the best of my knowledge it was about twenty-five minutes to ten. The Baron had been upstairs a matter of near half an hour, when Mrs. Alexander came."

"What explanation did you make Mrs. Alexander for not letting her go to her father's office?"

"I showed her into a waiting-room on the first floor and I apologized for not switching on the lights. I told her my orders, but did not name the gentleman upstairs."

"Did you leave the front door open, when you showed her into the main office?"

"No, sir; I slipped the chain in the bolt."

"Was she impatient at waiting till the conference was over?"

"No, sir. We chatted about old times — she used to come to the office a great deal when she was a little girl. After a while — 'twas twelve minutes, by Mrs. Alexander's watch, we heard steps and the foreign gentleman came down, alone."

"Did Baron de Heyse speak to you?"

"Not a word, sir. He looked much upset. I let him out and he got into the taxi Mr. Morris had left for him."

"Did Mrs. Alexander meet the Ambassador?"

"No, sir, but she recognized him as he passed along the hall. She was sitting in the dark waiting-room at the time."

"Did she go up to her father as soon as the Ambassador left?"

"Very shortly after, sir."

"How long was she upstairs?"

"Twenty-five minutes or half an hour — I can't be certain. And when she came down she told me that she hadn't seen her father. She thought he must be very tired after the interview with the Ambassador and that she had sat in the hall, outside his office, considering what to do — and then she decided to see him some other time. I offered to call a cab for her, sir, but she declined, saying she'd walk to the L."

"What time was this?"

"It was about a quarter after ten. She said she'd have plenty of time to catch the eleven-two train, at Long Island City. About ten minutes to eleven she called me on the 'phone to say she'd lost a gold mesh-bag and to please look for it. I searched the lower hall, the front office and stairs, [*Continued on page 54*]

Stolen Evenings — *by* Hildegarde Hawthorne

Have You Ever Dared Do This? If Not, Try It Sometime

THERE is a secret and intimate delight possible to the dweller in the city that no country resident can know. A surreptitious joy, a thing snatched from the very grasp of time and fate, a stolen pleasure, a selfish indulgence. Harmless as it is, it yet holds the savor of the forbidden, and its very innocence is guilty!

The enjoyment of this peculiar happiness presupposes certain conditions. You must be no recluse. The circle of your acquaintance should be sufficiently large and sufficiently determined in the pursuit and capture of gaiety to make your "evenings out" the regular and not the exceptional thing. Monday you will, let us imagine, be asked to eat a rather early dinner, in order that you may get to the opera on time, where Caruso is to be heard in no matter what. Tuesday you are to go to something queer in Greenwich Village, where some one is to dance what she calls an Aura Dance. Wednesday you are giving a little dinner yourself for a few old friends whom you've not found time to see all winter. Thursday is the big ball for the benefit of the wounded somewhere in France, and you must get to that. Friday is promised to the Tom Smiths, a studio dinner and private view of Smith's new portrait of some distinguished sitter, you can't just remember who. Saturday you are off to Long Island for a week-end.

So the weeks run along, whirling you with them; and then, suddenly, it happens.

You are scheduled for something big and important. Everyone will be there. You have had a simple little meal all alone, with your party things all laid out on the bed, shining and resplendent. It is getting toward the moment when you must put them on, and order the taxi.

Just as you reach the door, moving slowly, you look back at the comfortable room you are leaving. The lamp is glowing softly by the big easy chair, and the fire, a real fire, burns lazily in the grate. Your cat stretches itself languidly and says "Brrrr — uh," to you. On the table lies a book still in its picture jacket, also a magazine.

You look, and a frantic, a desperate sense of homesickness sweeps over you. How blissful it is, and you must leave it! Duty, no, pleasure, calls, and the call must be obeyed. Reluctantly you turn ——

Then, in a moment, you fall. You decide, standing right there, where you can see your evening things awaiting you with a deadly sort of glee, as who should say, "Come, willing or unwilling, off with the old and on with the new, come, dance, talk and be merry, for your hour has struck," you decide that *you won't go!*

Oh, the marvel, the delight, of the evening that lies before you. Slipping into something loose and easy, you sink into the chair, and wonder what you'll do first. A peace seems to brood over the city. Far away you hear dim sounds of hurrying taxis, and know that other people are rushing here and there to numerous rendezvous. Let them go. You are staying home, you have stolen an evening. Talk about stolen fruit — what is its sweetness compared with this?

The cat jumps into your lap and settles down, purring. Reaching out you grasp the book and turn its pages with leisurely interest. It seems good. You lay it down and take up the magazine, remembering that there is an article in it you have wanted to read this long while, and you read it. Yes, you read it!

Now and then you let your mind wander toward the party where you are supposed to be. That is a delectable luxury. There would be no such fun in this evening if you were not able to know that you might, that you should, be elsewhere. The music is playing, people are dancing or gathering round the punch bowl, or sitting in corners, or arriving or leaving. There is lots of talk and laughter, it is a most enjoyable affair. You, too, you might be reveling there. But here you are, alone, still, stroking the cat and reading, with a vague notion that presently you will go over to the desk and write a long chatty letter to your sister, who lives in Connecticut, and likes to hear of your gay doings. You haven't written her in ages.

You decide that you'll get to bed early, too. You haven't had all the sleep you want the whole week through, and now you'll get to bed for a nine-hour stretch.

But you don't. You draw out the linked sweetness of your stolen evening to beyond midnight. Quite late, having eaten that early and light supper, you feel hungry, and you go out and forage. You find some slices of cold duck, some brown bread, a bit of cream cheese and a bottle of beer. What a snack! Sitting by the kitchenette table you relish it past any words.

Then you pull a favorite book out of the case and return to the fire, which has burned low. Nothing, not so much as a telephone call, has disturbed you all evening. The city, crowded, masterful, compelling, has lost its grip on you. You are free.

"Of course, I ought to have gone," you murmur.

It is getting toward one o'clock, and you reluctantly decide to go to bed. The evening is over.

"I must drop Mrs. Blank a note, explaining," you decide, sleepily, as you turn out the light. You wonder what you'd better say. "But they'll never even have noticed I wasn't there," you conclude, not believing it, however. And sleep comes upon you softly, empty of dreams.

Another Primer for Pacifists

by Porter Emerson Browne

Old Woodcuts by Rea Irvin

THIS is a Sol-dier's Mon-u-ment.
What is it for?
It is to com-mem-o-rate the Names of Men who laid down their Lives for their Coun-try.
Did these Men be-lieve in Fight-ing?
They did when the Cause was just.
They did not think Fight-ing was De-grad-ing?
Not when it was for a Great Cause.
Mer-cy! what a Lot of Rough-necks they must have been!
Let us at once tear down their Mon-u-ment and in-stead e-rect Stat-ues of Mr. Bry-an fond-ling a Pout-er Pig-eon, Hen-ry Ford rid-ing in one, and Dav-y Jor-dan sing-ing the God-dess of Lib-er-ty to sleep.
For, if we can-not be an-y-thing else let us at least be con-sis-tent.
If we do not be-lieve in Fight-ing, how can we Hon-or Men that did?

This is Joan of Arc.
She was all right but ter-ri-ble mis-guid-ed!
She tried to save France. So they burned her at the Stake.
How much bet-ter if she had con-fined her-self to Birth Con-trol or throw-ing pav-ing blocks at Prime Min-is-ters, or some-thing?
Let us not be sor-ry that they burned her at the Stake.
She had no bus-i-ness off the Farm, in the first place.

This is a Tough Guy.
His name was Grant.
He chewed Ci-gars and drank Whis-key and fought Peo-ple and ev-er-y-thing.
He saved the U-nion.
He af-ter-ward be-came Pres-i-dent.
And a be-night-ed Cit-i-zen-ry who did not know as much as we do thought he was a Great Man.
What a shame!

This is George Wash-ing-ton.
Did he like to fight?
No.
Did he want to go to War?
No.
Then why did he?
Be-cause he felt that an Hon-or-a-ble War was fin-er than an Ig-no-ble Peace.
Poor Man!
He should have turned the Oth-er Cheek.
And then, we would still be a Col-o-ny of Eng-land and send-ing Men to the Front to fight for her and in the War and ev-er-y-thing.

So, by go-ing to war in 1776 George Wash-ing-ton has kept us out of war, in 1916.
Cog-i-tate up-on the mat-ter.

This is a Poor Boob named Paul Re-vere.
What did he do?
When the Brit-ish land-ed in Bos-ton he climbed up on a Horse and woke the Sleep-ing Coun-try-side.
What Bus-i-ness was it of his if the Brit-ish land-ed?
Not any.
It was their Coun-try, wasn't it?
Yes.

Did not they have a right to land on their own Coun-try?
Cer-tain-ly.
Then why did he wake up the Sleep-ing Coun-try-side?
Mer-cy, don't ask us!
If it had been we, we would have curled up in the Hay for an-oth-er Coup-le of hours and let the Brit-ish land. The Sleep-ing Coun-try-side would have waked up in time to see the Pa-rade pass and ev-er-y-thing would have been great.

This is Nath-an Hale.
What did he do?
He gave his Life for his Coun-try.
Did he have to?
No. He did it vol-un-ta-ri-ly.
So that in-stead of be-ing shot as a Spy he could have had a Nice Time sit-ting on a Soap Box in the New York Cash Gro-cer-y play-ing Crib-bage for the Ci-gars?
Yes.
The Poor Simp!

This is a Mad Dog.
What does it do?
It kills Peo-ple.
Let us get a Gun and shoot it.
No! We must not act has-ti-ly.
Why not?
Sub-ma-rines kill Peo-ple, too. And so do Mex-i-cans.
And now, in our Right-eous Wrath, we get a Gun and shoot Sub-ma-rines.

Yes, we do.
We have wea-ried of writ-ing Notes.
Our Pres-i-dent was pa-tient.
If we wrote on-ly Notes to a Mad Dog he would not stop kill-ing Peo-ple.
No, in-deed.
Don't you a-gree with us?

This is A-bra-ham Lin-coln.
What did he do?
He got us in-to a Ter-ri-ble War.
Could he have kept us out?
In-du-bi-ta-bly. By let-ting us Get Licked.
Why did not he keep us out?
Be-cause he pre-ferred War with Hon-or to Peace with Dis-hon-or.
What did he ac-com-plish by go-ing to War?
The Pres-er-va-tion of the U-nion and the Free-dom of the Slaves.
Let us turn his Pic-ture to-ward the Wall. For if we do not be-lieve in War, how can we hon-or a Man that did?

This is an A-mer-i-can.
What did he do?
He went to fight for France.
Why did he go to fight for France?
Be-cause there was some-thing in his Soul that made him.
What hap-pened to him?
He was killed.
The Poor Nut!

This is a French-man.
He knows why the A-mer-i-can went to fight for France.
Will he tell us?
No, he will not tell us.
Why will he not tell us?
Be-cause he knows we would not un-der-stand.

This is an Ea-gle.
He is the Em-blem of the U-ni-ted States of A-mer-i-ca.
Al-so he is a Fight-ing Son-of-a-gun.
How can we, who do not be-lieve in Fight-ing, have an Ea-gle for an Em-blem?
Let us change it and have in-stead, as George Ade sug-gests, a Craw-fish, or may-be a Suck-ing Dove, or a Phil-ly-loo Bird.
An Ea-gle as an Em-blem for a Pac-i-fist is as sil-ly as a pic-ture of a Man stand-ing on a Wo-man's Neck would be for a Suf-fra-gette.

This is an An-ces-tor.
What did he do?
He set-tled this Coun-try.
How did he set-tle it?
First he fought In-di-ans.
Oh, mer-cy!
Then he fought Wild An-i-mals.

Oh, hor-rors!
Then he fought In-vad-ers.
Worse and worse!
Then he fought for Free-dom.
We can't be-lieve it!
All his life he spent in Fight-ing.
Don't! It makes us sick to think of him.
Yes, but think how sick it makes him to think of us.

This is a Pa-tri-ot.
What is a Pa-tri-ot?
He is a Man who loves his Coun-try, who knows that his Coun-try was won by Force of Arms and can be pre-served by no oth-er means.
Mer-cy, how un-couth!
A Pa-tri-ot knows that Lib-er-ty is like Mon-ey. It is not e-nough to earn it. It must be guard-ed af-ter you have earned it.
What would you think of a Man who went out and darn near killed him-self to make a Mil-lion Dol-lars and then left it on the Street Cor-ner with no-bod-y to watch it?
You would think he was craz-y.
And yet that is ex-act-ly what you want your Coun-try to do with its Lib-er-ty.
For as In-di-vid-u-als will do with Mon-ey, so will Na-tions do with Lib-er-ty.
If you don't be-lieve me, ask Bel-gi-um.
She knows.

This is War.
Is it not a Ter-ri-ble Thing?
Yes, it is a Ter-ri-ble Thing.
Can we not stop it?
No. We can-not stop it.
Why can we not stop it?
For the same rea-son we can-not stop Self-ish-ness, and Av-a-rice, and Greed, and Jeal-ous-y, and Treach-er-y, and Crime, and Ar-son, and May-hem, and Pov-er-ty, and Mur-der, and Rape, and Ri-val-ry, and Bur-gla-ry, and Van-i-ty and Ar-ro-gance.
When you can stop These Things, then you can stop War.
And not be-fore.

Not a Cent in the House

The Confessions of a Pioneer Bride

by Anna Steese Richardson

Part I

Sketches by Thomas Fogarty

THE man would have appealed to a sculptor as a model for Apollo, or to a commercial illustrator exploiting clothing guaranteed to endow masculine figures of any age with the jauntiness of a college sophomore.

The girl might have been chosen for a painter to pose for Ceres.

The man in khaki stared from under the brim of his shabby Stetson to the point where mesa and mountain met. The light in his eyes proved that at last he had set foot on land which he could conquer joyously.

The girl, in short tweed skirt and middy blouse which suggested life in an eastern camp, rather than on a western ranch, looked at the man. In her eyes glowed the unquenchable fire of the world's mother, with her kingdom in view. She slipped her hand through the crook of his arm.

"When two thousand miles separated us, Jack, I used to be panic stricken — but never again! Now I can see you whenever my heart calls for you."

The man finished packing the tobacco into his pipe before drawing her close with an air of careless possession.

"But you won't be able to see me for the next eight or ten hours."

The girl glanced toward the corral, where a Mexican was saddling a blue-gray pony.

"Jerry's written for some papers that he forgot to take to Pueblo, and so long as I'm going as far as his ranch, I'll ride on to Blackmore's for some smoked meat."

"Can't you send Quito?"

"To rummage through Jerry's desk? Not much! Quito is a willing soul, but his knowledge of English is limited to making his mark."

"Please, Jack, make it tomorrow," persisted the girl. "Don't you remember what day this is?"

"Sure! It's Tuesday!"

"Is that all?" inquired the girl significantly.

The man's expression turned blank. Then he flushed with the realization that he had forgotten something which he was in duty-bound to remember.

"It's the anniversary of our engagement. Just a year ago today, you asked me to marry you."

"Gracious, how time flies!" exclaimed the man evasively. "And now if you don't want Quito to catch you in the act, you'd better kiss me goodby."

The girl raised cool lips obediently. The man swung himself across the saddle and laughed down at her.

"We'll have a whale of a celebration tonight, if I have to raid every store in King City for a box of New York candy."

The girl stared after pony and rider, with smoldering eyes.

"If I had been back in Reading, and he alone on the ranch," she murmured chokingly, "he'd have remembered the day and written me a ten-page letter. But because we're married, because he owns me, he'd let the day pass without a word. Is that what Marriage means to every woman? The hideous commonplace? I won't endure it. I'll not sacrifice my career, all social privileges and pleasures to bury myself on a ranch, and then let him kill the one thing which makes marriage bearable, the thrill of romance."

She turned abruptly and entered the shack. Searching the trunk-tray for a handkerchief, her trembling fingers tossed to the floor a letter mussed from many readings. She picked it up. The black characters flung back their answer to her protest.

"I want you, dear girl, more than words can express, but I cannot accept the sacrifice you offer, without explaining as clearly as I can exactly what the struggle to hold this ranch means. . . . Peggy dear, think long and well before you say, 'I'm coming.' Don't yield to an impulse, to your need of me or mine of you. I've had two years of this — and I know what it means."

The letter fluttered from her fingers, and she started toward the door as if to summon the vanished figure.

"I wonder if he felt that I didn't kiss him at all?" She laughed tremulously. "Well, I've made a great start as a pioneer's wife."

Again she churned up the contents of her trunk, this time in search of an apron. And again the unexpected fell at her feet — a scarlet book. She held it at arm's length, studied it quizzically, and then burst into healthy, hearty laughter. Two minutes later, she sat at a barrel, the only available table in the shack, and this is what she wrote in the scarlet book that morning, — and on other days to come:

DEAR HATTIE-BELLE:

Which of course is not your real name!

You were christened in gold on your scarlet jacket, "Places I Have Visited." It was just like dear, stupid Uncle Alden to give me such a book. Since the war has barred them from Europe, all the girls he knows honeymoon in Bermuda, Hawaii or Japan. He simply could not visualize a bride making one mad jump from Reading to the dingiest parsonage in Kansas City, and another to a ranch house on the border line between Colorado and New Mexico.

But you shall serve a better purpose than you were bound for. You shall be my marital safety-valve. Every bride should have one.

And on this first page, I do hereby subscribe my first will and testament, as follows: If anything should happen to me, and Jack Creighton, lord and overmaster of my happiness, should open this book, he is to destroy it *instantly*. For herein will be recorded all the nasty speeches I hope I may never make to him, all the hysterics in which I shouldn't indulge — all the follies of which the average wife is guilty.

I call you "Hattie-Belle" because from our hair-bow days on, Hattie Stevens and Belle Marsden have been my confidantes. If they were here in person, I might make certain observations on marriage in general

Most of the cowboys are too energetic, but Jerry dances divinely

and Jack in particular which can be confided to your pages with greater safety. Also you cannot condole with me during the period of matrimonial adjustment — no matter how idiotic I may be.

Belle would apply extracts from her famous lecture, "The Modern Relationship of Marriage," until Jack would loom up as the original cave-man.

This is not the time for me to theorize on marriage, modern or otherwise. I am tightly married and two thousand miles from what few people I can call mine.

Hattie would say, "Oh, you poor dear!" with an inflection calculated to elevate me to martyrdom. And I feel that her unfailing and sometimes undiscriminating sympathy is not the treatment which my present state of mind requires.

Finally, Hattie-Belle, I can write on your pages, what I might never admit to any woman's face. For when talking to members of her own sex, a girl just naturally makes the best possible showing for herself, and gently but firmly puts the man in wrong. But, now, spared the expression of shocked surprise in human eyes which would surely follow my presentation of the case against myself, I shall tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth — as they say in the big court-room scene of all melodramas.

First and foremost, I admit that my husband married me greatly against his judgment. I tempted him with the apple of "a-wife-in-your-home," and he fell for it. I was making a hundred dollars a month — teaching English in the Reading High School. He was not making a dollar, just spending all he had saved and borrowing everything he could lay hands on to pay for this ranch. He wanted to wait until he was out of debt. I couldn't wait. I wanted to belong to someone.

I can't remember when I haven't felt that indescribable, desperate longing. Mother died when I was born. Father went to South America because he hated the home in which she had made him happy. Three aunts fought for the privilege of raising me, not so much because they loved me, as to prove their individual theories of health, hygiene and discipline.

When I became self-supporting, I could never spend a vacation with one of them, unless I explained my reprehensible conduct to the other two. I dared not play a favorite, so perhaps I was more lonely than a foundling. Foundlings are sometimes adopted by women as heart-hungry as themselves.

So when Jack told me that he loved me, it was no ordinary proposal of marriage. It turned my eyes toward the miracle of belonging to someone. But then came the awful day when he started back to Colorado without me. I felt that, separated from Jack, I would go mad. I had visions of his pony stumbling in a gopher's hole, Jack pitching over its head and then lying very still among the cacti and yellow poppies; of Jack being shot as he trailed cattle thieves with the sheriff's posse; of Jack laid low with mountain fever and my train crawling like a string of tired, over-laden ants across the plains, up one side of the Divide and down the other.

After enduring this about as long as any high-strung girl could, I wrote to him the sort of letter which only a woman skilled in subtle phrases could frame. No Lorelei, combing her hair, ever drew a sailor to her rock more surely than I drew Jack with my honey-dripping pen to that Kansas City parsonage, where, properly chaperoned by Belle Marsden's mother's cousin, we were married without best man, confetti or wedding-cake.

Jack's letters had not prepared me for life in the far west. They were usually devoted to more intimate topics. Consequently my idea of ranch and cowboy life was drawn from "Ruggles of Red Gap" and the movies. The latter, in particular, cheered me as I traveled toward Kansas City. Movie cowboys have such a happy, whole-hearted way of making love to girls in khaki skirts and silk blouses. Naturally, I had no intention of flirting after I was married, but I did think it would be fun to have the cowboys fairly fighting for dances with me. In Reading there were never enough men to go around.

But oh, Hattie-Belle, what a difference — between dances, so to speak!

We drove through a gate set in miles and miles of wire fencing and Jack cried with the air of a king presenting his entire domain to his princess, "Well, girl, this is home!"

Home — without a tree, without a path, just interminable stretches of yellow-green and grayish-brown, surrounded by blue-white mountains whose eternal snows dare you to return to steam-heated apartments, taxis and modern dances!

Jack went back to close the gate, then stood at the wheel, watching my face. I tried to speak, but my throat was dry, my lips as parched as if they had been swept by the dust of the desert.

"Well, what do you think of it, Peggy — all ours — three hundred and twenty acres!"

"That's it — that's why it made me feel so funny — three hundred and — I — I — hadn't any idea there was so much land — er — lying round loose."

It was a perfectly silly thing to say, but it seemed to please Jack. Men like the bigness, the vast stretches, the wide horizons which frighten women. But when we reached the house, the light died in his eyes, and what he said under his breath about Quito would make even your scarlet cheeks flush darker.

Of course, lying here on a barrel top, you can have no conception, Hattie-Belle, of how the house looks when you drive toward it — for all the world like an unpainted freight-car robbed of its wheels, and squatting flat on the brownish-yellow ground; two dinky windows, and, sticking out of the northwest corner of the roof, the drunkenest stove-pipe that ever flung sparks to high heaven. And I had dreamed of piñon logs blazing in a "'dobe fireplace!" It's always done that way in best-sellers and the movies.

Where were we, Hattie-Belle?

Oh, yes, in the doorway looking at Jack's domestic Verdun. He had told Quito to clean up in readiness for my coming. A Mexican's one idea of cleanliness is whitewash. Quito had applied it generously to walls and ceilings without bothering to remove the furniture.

As I took in the scene, a sudden faintness swept over me, but glancing at Jack's face, I sat down on a keg of nails and laughed. That laugh saved the day!

"Come on, Jerry, and meet the Missus"

My boxes have come, and oh, Hattie-Belle, I wish I could forget the perfectly good things I gave the laundress and the furnace man when I was packing. It would be cheaper to buy them in a King City department-store than pay freight, I argued. King City! — One general store, mostly post-office, a drug-store, a harness shop, a bank, a livery-stable, two real-estate offices and the Palace Hotel which is most unpalatial! That's King City.

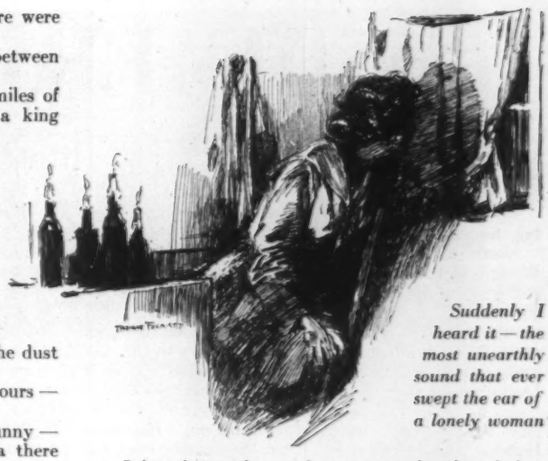
There was no squeezing those great boxes through the narrow door. We unpacked them in the sunshine with the prairie — and Quito — looking on.

"This," I announced to Jack, "is where we move into a four-room mansion."

"Certainly," he answered gravely. "Do we build it of the four boxes?"

"Why bother with ugly board partitions when God gives us imagination?" I demanded.

"With my desk, bronze lamp, the Morris chair and one Oriental rug, the southeast corner by the window becomes our living-room. A real mahogany dressing-table and stool added to the bed already there, invests the southwest corner with the snugness of an apartment-house bedroom. Grandmother Earl's candlesticks and Sheffield tray with Hattie Stevens's embroidered centerpiece transform the table into a dining-room — northeast corner, please — and the fourth corner is plain kitchen."



Suddenly I heard it — the most unearthly sound that ever swept the ear of a lonely woman

Quito is improving. He turns his back now when he sees that "Oh-most-wonderful-of-women" look come into Jack's eyes.

JACK and I drove over to King City today. I thought of Uncle Alden's garage bulging with machines; Aunt Lucy Dixon trying to decide whether she'd go to the club in the runabout or the limousine; and Cousin Dick declaring that driving a racer was tame sport after flying with Ross Taylor at Hempstead. Any one of those cars, which never would be missed, could have taken us from the ranch to King City in a single luxurious hour. But after all, what's forty-five miles on a spring wagon, if the right man's beside you? And of course, when Jack is a wheat king we'll have a car.

The drive made me so hungry that I could have eaten the sign "Palace Hotel." But after the first mouthful, my appetite vanished.

The cause was a big mellow voice booming from the office.

"Hello, Bill! Hello, Harvey! Gee! But King City looks good to me. What's been doing while I tarried in the effete city?"

I could feel tiny crumbs of bread filtering between my ice-cold fingers, but the rest of me had turned to stone. Jack was on his feet in a flash.

"Jerry! Good old Jerry!"

A man plunged through the door behind us. Jack kept on talking. "This is luck! I thought you were stopping over in Trinidad. Come on, Jerry, and meet the Missus. Peggy, here's my right bower, Jerry Poynter."

Mechanically I turned in my chair.

"So sorry I couldn't be at the ranch to welcome you."

I raised my head, and I could hear Jerry's tongue click as he finished the sentence, "Mrs. Creighton."

I murmured the usual commonplaces. Since my arrival Jack had talked of nothing but his pal Jerry. Then, mercifully, Jack plied him with questions about his trip, while I cut meat into fine pieces which the waitress carried away, plainly piqued because Jack's eastern bride was finicky. But soon I felt Jerry turning to me again.

"You've been quite a lady of mystery to us, Mrs. Creighton. Jack even kept your picture hidden from vulgar eyes. Peggy's an awfully indefinite name, you know — lots of Peggys in one part of the country or another."

Oh, I knew what he was trying to convey! If he had known I was coming, he'd have gone away, somehow, somewhere. And it was odd that I'd never given the name a thought — the world is full of Jerrys, too. Jack's letters had rung with him, always Jerry. They'd been neighbors — pals for two years — and now Jack was looking at me as a man always looks at his wife when he is afraid she may not like his best friend. I couldn't fail him. I looked Jerry straight in the eye and said: "How can I ever repay you for the comfort you've been to Jack? You must feel that our shack is your second home."

"Thank you!" Jerry answered with his lips, but his eyes said much more. He knew [*Continued on page 70*]

SUMMER — *by* Edith Wharton

Illustration by F. Walter Taylor

For what has happened before see page 70

ONE afternoon toward the end of August a group of girls sat in a room at Miss Hatchard's in a gay confusion of flags, turkey-red, blue and white paper muslin, harvest sheaves and illuminated scrolls.

North Dormer was preparing for its Old Home Week. That form of sentimental decentralization was still in its early stages, and, precedents being few, and the desire to set an example contagious, the matter had become a subject of prolonged and passionate discussion under Miss Hatchard's roof. The incentive to the celebration had come rather from those who had left North Dormer than from those who had been obliged to stay there, and there was some difficulty in rousing the village to the proper state of enthusiasm. But Miss Hatchard's pale, prim drawing-room was the center of constant comings and goings from Hepburn, Nettleton, Springfield and even more distant cities; and whenever a visitor arrived he was led across the hall, and treated to a glimpse of the group of girls deep in their pretty preparations.

"All the old names . . . all the old names . . ." Miss Hatchard would be heard, tapping across the hall on her crutches. "Targatt . . . Sollas . . . Fry: this is Orma Fry sewing the stars on the drapery for the organ-loft. Don't move, girls . . . and this is Miss Ally Hawes, our cleverest needle-woman . . . and Miss Charity Royall making our garlands of evergreen . . . I like the idea of its all being home-made, don't you? We haven't had to call in any foreign talent: my young cousin, Lucius Harney, the architect — you know he's up here preparing a book on Colonial houses — he's taken the whole thing in hand so cleverly; but you must come and see his sketch for the stage we're going to put up in the Town Hall."

One of the first results of the Old Home Week agitation had, in fact, been the reappearance of Lucius Harney in the village street. He had been vaguely spoken of as being not far off, but for some weeks past no one had seen him at North Dormer, and there was a recent report of his having left Creston River, where he was said to have been staying, and gone away from the neighborhood for good. Soon after Miss Hatchard's return, however, he came back to his old quarters in her house, and began to take a leading part in the planning of the festivities. He threw himself into the idea with extraordinary good-humor, and was so prodigal of sketches, and so inexhaustible in devices, that he gave an immediate impetus to the rather languid movement, and infected the whole village with his enthusiasm.

"Lucius has such a feeling for the past that he has roused us all to a sense of our privileges," Miss Hatchard would say, lingering on the last word, which was a favorite one. And before leading her visitor back to the drawing-room she would repeat, for the hundredth time, that she supposed he thought it very bold of little North Dormer to start up and have a Home Week of its own, when so many bigger places hadn't thought of it yet; but that, after all, Associations counted more than the size of the population, didn't they? And of course North Dormer was so full of Associations . . . historic, literary (here a filial sigh for Honorius) and ecclesiastical . . . he knew about the old pewter communion service imported from England in 1769, she supposed? And it was so important, in a wealthy materialistic age, to set the example of reverting to the old ideals, the family and the homestead, and so on. This peroration usually carried her half-way back across the hall, leaving the girls to return to their interrupted activities.

The day on which Charity Royall was weaving hemlock garlands for the procession was the last before the celebration. When Miss Hatchard called upon the North Dormer maidenhood to collaborate in the festal preparations Charity had at first held aloof; but it had been made clear to her that her non-appearance might excite conjecture, and, reluctantly, she had joined the other workers. The girls, at first shy and embarrassed, and puzzled as to the exact nature of the projected commemoration, had soon become interested in the amusing details of their task, and excited by the notice they received. They would not for the world have missed their afternoons at Miss Hatchard's, and, while they cut out and sewed and draped and pasted, their tongues kept up such an accompaniment to the sewing-machine that Charity's silence sheltered itself unperceived under their chatter.

In spirit she was still almost unconscious of the pleasant stir about her. Since her return to the red house, on the evening of the day when Harney had overtaken her on her way to the Mountain, she had lived at North Dormer as if she were suspended in a void. She had come back there because Harney, after appearing to agree to the impossibility of her doing so, had ended by persuading her that any other course would be madness. She had nothing further to fear from Mr. Royall. Of this she had declared herself sure though she had failed to add, in his exoneration, that he had twice offered to make her his wife. Her hatred of him made it impossible, at the moment, for her to say anything that might partly excuse him in Harney's eyes.

Harney, however, once satisfied of her security, had found plenty of reasons for urging her to return. The first, and the most unanswerable, was that she had nowhere else to go. But the one on which he laid the greatest stress was that flight would be equivalent to avowal. If — as was almost inevitable — rumors of the scandalous scene at Nettleton should reach North Dormer, how else would her disappearance be interpreted? Her guardian had publicly taken away her character, and she had immediately vanished from his house. Seekers after motives could hardly fail to draw an unkind conclusion. But if she came back at once, and was seen leading her usual life, the incident was reduced to its true proportions, as the outbreak of a drunken old man furious at being surprised in disreputable company. People would say that Mr. Royall had insulted his ward to justify himself, and the sordid tale would fall into its place in the chronicle of his obscure debaucheries.

Charity saw the force of the argument; but if she acquiesced it was not so much because of that, as because it was Harney's wish. Since that evening in the deserted house she could imagine no reason for doing or not doing anything except the fact that Harney wished or did not wish it. All her tossing, contradictory impulses were merged in a fatalistic acceptance of his will. It was not that she felt in him any ascendency of character — there were moments already when she knew she was the stronger — but that all the rest of life had become a mere cloudy rim about the central glory of their passion. Whenever she stopped thinking about that for a moment she felt as she sometimes did after lying on the grass and staring up too long at the sky; her eyes were so full of light that everything about her was a blur.

Each time that Miss Hatchard, in the course of her periodical incursions into the work-room, dropped an allusion to her young cousin the architect, the effect was the same on Charity. The hemlock garland she was weaving fell to her knees and she sat in a kind of trance. It was so manifestly absurd that Miss Hatchard should talk of Harney in that familiar possessive way, as if she had any claim on him, or knew anything about him. She, Charity Royall, was the only being on earth who really knew him, knew him from the soles of his feet to the rumpled crest of his hair, knew the shifting lights in his eyes, and the inflections of his voice, and the things he liked and disliked, and everything there was to know about him, as minutely and yet unconsciously as a child knows the walls of the room it wakes up in every morning. It was this fact, which nobody about her guessed, or would have understood, that made her life something apart and inviolable, as if nothing had any power to hurt or disturb her as long as her secret was safe.

The room in which the girls sat was the one which had been Harney's bedroom. He had been sent upstairs to make room for the Home Week workers; but the furniture had not been moved, and as Charity sat there she had perpetually before her the vision she had looked in on from the midnight garden. The table at which Harney had sat was the one about which the girls were gathered; and her own seat was near the bed on which she had seen him lying. Sometimes, when the others were not looking, she bent over as if to pick up something, and laid her cheek for a moment against the pillow.

Toward sunset the girls disbanded. Their work was done, and the next morning at daylight the draperies and garlands were to be nailed up, and the illuminated scrolls put in place in the Town Hall. The first guests were to drive over from Hepburn in time for the midday banquet under a tent in Miss Hatchard's field; and after that the ceremonies were to begin. Miss Hatchard, pale with fatigue and excitement, thanked her young assistants, and stood in the porch, leaning on her crutches and waving a farewell as she watched them troop away down the street.

Charity had slipped off among the first; but at the gate she heard Ally Hawes calling after her, and reluctantly turned.

"Will you come over now and try on your dress?" Ally asked, looking at her with wistful admiration. "I want to be sure the sleeves don't ruck up the same as they did yesterday."

Charity gazed at her with dazzled eyes. "Oh, it's lovely," she said, and hastened away without listening to Ally's protest. She wanted her dress to be as pretty as the other girls' — wanted it, in fact, to outshine the rest, since she was to take part in the "exercises" — but she had no time just then to fix her mind on such matters . . .

She sped up the street to the library, of which she had the key about her neck. From the passage at the back she dragged forth a bicycle, and guided it to the edge of the street. She looked about to see if any of the girls were approaching but they had drifted away together toward the Town Hall, and she sprang into the saddle and turned toward the Creston road. There was an almost continual descent to Creston, and with her feet against the pedals she floated through the still evening air like one of the hawks she had often watched slanting downward on motionless wings. Twenty minutes from the time when she had left Miss Hatchard's door she was turning up the wood-road on which Harney had overtaken her on the day of her flight; and a few minutes afterward she had jumped from her bicycle at the gate of the deserted house.

In the gold-powdered sunset it looked more than ever like some frail shell dried and washed by many seasons; but at the back, whither Charity advanced, drawing her bicycle after her, there were signs of recent habitation. A rough door made of boards hung in the kitchen doorway, and pushing it open she entered a room furnished in primitive camping fashion. In the window was a table, also made of boards, with an earthenware jar holding a big bunch of wild asters; two canvas chairs stood near by, and in one corner was a mattress with a Mexican blanket over it.

The room was empty, and leaning her bicycle against the house Charity clambered up the slope and sat down on a rock under an old apple-tree. The air was perfectly still, and from where she sat she would be able to hear the tinkle of a bicycle-bell a long way down the road . . .

She was always glad when she got to the little house before Harney. She liked to have time to take in every

Love's Mirror

by

Richard Le Gallienne

BE thou my mirror, Love, that I may see
Myself transfigured in the light of thee.
Ah! I have need to see my face as thou
Deemest it is — or feignest it to be.
And I! What can I bring? Yet this will I:
Out of my reverence I will build a dome,
Where the wide sorrow of the world shall bow
In prayer, and in the thought of thee find rest,
And in thy smile the homeless find a home;
The incense of the lilies of thy breast
Shall be a balm upon them, and each caress
Thou givest me shall all the nations bless.
Out of our joy — lo! I will build a dream
Of lovely words, where all may enter in,
And bathe their weariness as in a stream,
And put away all sorrow and all sin.
Ah! but the heart of it shall all be ours,
Enclosed within a holiness of flowers,
My heart to thine forever, and my lips
On thine forever, as the base world slips
Away from us — and naught but thou and I
Alone, we two, with God, until we die.

Charity heard Mr. Royall draw a hard breath or two and his shoulders shook

detail of its secret sweetness — the shadows of the apple-trees swaying on the grass, the old walnuts rounding their domes below the road, the meadows sloping westward in the afternoon light — before his first kiss blotted it all out. Everything unrelated to the hours spent in that tranquil place was as faint as the remembrance of a dream. The only reality was the wondrous unfolding of her new self, the reaching out to the light of all her contracted tendrils. She had lived all her life among people whose sensibilities seemed to have withered for lack of use; and more wonderful, at first, than Harney's endearments were the words that were a part of them. She had always thought of love as something confused and furtive, and he made it as bright and open as the summer air.

On the morrow of the day when she had shown him the way to the deserted house he had packed up and left Creston River for Boston; but at the first station he had jumped off the train with a hand-bag and scrambled up into the hills. For two golden rainless August weeks he had camped in the house, getting eggs and milk from the solitary farm in the valley, where no one knew him, and doing his cooking over a spirit-lamp. He got up every day with the sun, took a plunge in a brown pool he knew of, and spent long hours lying in the scented hemlock-woods above the house, or wandering along the yoke of the Eagle Ridge, far above the misty blue valleys that swept away east and west between the endless hills. And in the afternoon Charity came to him.

She had managed to hire a bicycle for a month; and every day after dinner, as soon as her guardian started to his office, she hurried to the library, got out her bicycle, and flew down the Creston road. She knew that Mr. Royall, like everyone else in North Dormer, was perfectly aware of her acquisition: possibly he, as well as the rest of the village, knew what use she made of it. She did not care: she felt him to be so powerless that if he had questioned her she would probably have told him the truth. But they had never spoken to each other since the night on the wharf at Nettleton. He had returned to North Dormer only on the third day after that encounter, arriving just as Charity and Verena were sitting down to supper. He had drawn up his chair, taken his napkin from the sideboard drawer, pulled it out of its ring, and seated himself as unconcernedly as if he had come in from his usual afternoon session at Carrick Fry's; and the long habit of the household made it seem almost natural that Charity should not so much as raise her eyes when he entered. She had simply let him understand that her silence was not accidental by leaving the table while he was still eating, and going up without a word to shut herself into her room. After that he formed the habit of talking loudly and genially to Verena whenever Charity was in the room; but otherwise there was no apparent change in their relations.

She did not think connectedly of these things while she sat waiting for Harney, but they remained in her mind as a sullen background against which her short hours with him flamed out like forest fires. Nothing else mattered, neither the good nor the bad, or what might have seemed so before she knew him. He had caught her up and carried her away into a new world, from which, at stated hours, the ghost of her came back to perform certain customary acts, but all so thinly and insubstantially that she sometimes wondered that the people she went about among could see her . . .

Behind the swarthy Mountain the sun had gone down in waveless gold. From a pasture up the slope a tinkle of cow-bells sounded; a puff of smoke hung over the farm in the valley, trailed on the pure air and was gone. For a few minutes, in the clear light that is all shadow, fields and woods were outlined with an unreal precision; then the twilight blotted them out, and the little house turned gray and spectral under its wizened apple-branches.

Charity's heart contracted. The first fall of night after a day of radiance often gave her a sense of hidden menace: it was like looking out over the world as it would be when love had gone from it. She wondered if some day she would sit in that same place and watch in vain for her lover. . .

His bicycle-bell sounded down the lane, and in a minute she was at the gate and his eyes were laughing into hers. They walked back through the long grass, and pushed open the door behind the house. The room at first seemed quite dark and they had to grope their way in hand in hand. Through the window-frame the sky looked light by contrast, and above the black mass of asters in the earthen jar one white star glimmered like a moth.

"There was such a lot to do at the last minute," Harney was explaining, "and I had to drive down to Creston to meet someone who has come to stay with my cousin for the show."

He had his arms about her, and his kisses were in her hair and on her lips. Under his touch things deep down in her struggled to the light and sprang up like flowers in sunshine. She twisted her fingers into his, and they sat down side by side on the improvised couch. She hardly heard his excuses for being late: in his absence a thousand doubts tormented her, but as soon as he appeared she ceased to wonder where he had come from, what had delayed him, who had kept him from her. It seemed as if the places he had been in, and the people he had been with, must cease to exist when he left them, just as her own life was suspended in his absence.

He continued, now, to talk to her volubly and gaily, deploring his lateness, grumbling at the demands on his time, and good-humoredly mimicking Miss Hatchard's benevolent agitation. "She hurried off Miles to ask Mr. Royall to speak at the Town Hall tomorrow: I didn't know till it was done." Charity was silent, and he added: "After all, perhaps it's just as well. No one else could have done it."

Charity made no answer: she did not care what part her guardian played in the morrow's ceremonies. Like all the other figures peopling her meagre world he had grown non-existent to her. She had even put off hating him.

"Tomorrow I shall only see you from far off," Harney continued. "But in the evening there'll be the dance in the Town Hall. Do you want me to promise not to dance with any other girl?"

Any other girl? Were there any others? She had forgotten even that peril, so enclosed did he and she seem in their secret world: Her heart gave a frightened jerk.

"Yes, promise."

He laughed and took her in his arms. "You goose — not even if they're hideous?"

He pushed the hair from her forehead, bending her face back, as his way was, and leaning over so that his head loomed black between her eyes and the paleness of the sky, in which the white star floated . . .

Side by side they sped back along the dark wood-road to the village. A late moon was rising, full orbed and fiery, turning the mountain ranges from fluid gray to a massive blackness [*Continued on page 57*]

More About Husbands and Better Children

by Cleveland Moffett

A READER writes: "Cleveland Moffett's articles have meant a great deal to me. They have helped me. 'Is the Way of the Transgressor Really Hard?' had two thoughtful readings one at my office, alone; another aloud to my family." Are YOU following this great series?

Illustrations by Willard Fairchild

IN discussing child-betterment problems I have assumed that normal women find their greatest happiness through a husband and children — *both of these* — and that, without a husband and children, their lives are incomplete and unsatisfying.

I realize, however, that there are three classes of women who hold different views:

(1) Women who want a husband, but no children.

(2) Women who want children, but no husband.

(3) Women who take only a qualified interest in either husbands or children, being fully occupied in business or other activities in which they have achieved success.

The first class, women who desire husbands but no children, is evidently a large one, especially among people in moderate circumstances. Ask the janitors of better-class apartment-houses how many childless couples are on the premises; in many cases you will learn that they are nearly all childless. Run through the list of married women in any one of a hundred women's clubs, golf clubs, bridge clubs, literary clubs, suffrage clubs, and see how many of them are childless. They are admirable women in many respects, kind-hearted, intelligent, public-spirited, but they have very few children, perhaps not one child apiece!

Question any doctor and he will tell you that great numbers of perfectly healthy young married women, perhaps a majority of them in the well-to-do middle class, have definitely decided to have no children — "*at least for the present!*"

He will also tell you that sorrow and vain motherhood-longing comes to thousands of these reluctant wives who at last decide to have a child or two (after years of cheating and defying nature) only to find that *nature has punished them irremediably by making them sterile!*

Are we to conclude from such indications that a large number of women have no motherhood desire in their hearts? Or is it true, as many contend, that mother-love becomes an awakened and compelling force in women only *after* the first child is born, and not before? And are married women who have never had children (for birth-control reasons) perfectly satisfied never to have any?

In these days when women are demanding and receiving full-citizen privileges it is right and necessary that they show themselves willing to render full-citizen service. And, obviously, the greatest service women can render to the State is to produce desirable future citizens. But this birth-burden must be borne equally by all married women and must not, as at present, be placed excessively upon a portion of the women, while another portion evade this duty.

Birth control is not only a moral but an economic question, one to be considered exactly as the food supply, the coal supply, the land supply are considered; that is, in reference to needs of the nation. Every year the United States must have its harvest of infants — so many married women, so many children; and the time may come when healthy married women who refuse to perform this citizen service and deliberately keep themselves sterile will be as much dishonored as healthy young men are now dishonored who refuse to answer the nation's call to arms.

I am making no argument against birth control. I know that very favorable results of birth restriction are reported from Holland and Scandinavia where birth control has been officially encouraged for many years and where birth-control clinics have existed since 1881. I know what great things France has done with her small-but-better-family system. The glorious battle of the Marne was won by birth-control armies. The Prussians were hurled back from Verdun by birth-control heroes!

And yet —

If the arguments in favor of birth control as presented by Dr. William J. Robinson in "The Limitation of Offspring" are sound (and they seem to be), if the thing is right and hygienic, then, evidently, all women, poor as well as rich, should possess this knowledge; *but* —

It is clear that, barring exceptional cases, healthy women should be expected to use birth-control measures so as not to interfere with the performance of reasonable motherhood service. Healthy women are blameworthy and unpatriotic when they push birth control to the point of *birth refusal!* In fact, there should be adequate women penalties for birth refusal, just as there are adequate men penalties for tax refusal or jury-service refusal.

Why not?

It may be asked what constitutes reasonable mother-

hood service. That, of course, is a matter for discussion, but it seems to me birth-control advocates would strengthen their case by urging healthy married couples to refrain from using these preventive measures until they have given the world three children, which might be considered a performance of their duty to posterity. Allowing for deaths of children and childless marriages, allowing for men and women who never marry, it is evident that each married couple must produce at least three children in order to prevent the earth's population from diminishing.

Few persons realize how alarmingly the birth rate is decreasing among our best American families.

One investigator (Sprague, Journal of Heredity, April, 1915) reports that 15 per cent of the New England men and women studied by him either did not marry at all or married too late to have children, while 20 per cent of the marriages remained childless.

And John C. Phillips, a Harvard graduate (1899) who has made a careful study of the birth rate among graduates of Harvard and Yale finds that 22 to 25 per cent of these men never marry and that 19 to 23 per cent of them contract marriages that remain childless. He shows also that the birth rate in these superior strains fell steadily during thirty-seven years (1853–1890) while the number of childless marriages increased steadily. He estimates that, if their present restricted rate of propagation were continued for two hundred years the 5618 Yale and Harvard graduates investigated by him will have left on the earth *only 852 direct male descendants!*

"The fertility of American wives is decreasing at the rate of one per cent a year," says Dr. J. H. Kellogg in "Tendencies Toward Race Degeneracy." . . . "A recent census report shows the average number of children borne by native-born New England wives to be 2.7, and by foreign-born wives living in the same section 4.4."

Dr. Kellogg makes the startling prophecy that if the motherhood capacity in American women continues to diminish as at present for another century *there will be no American babies in the United States in the year 2017!*

Three children! That should be the minimum family of a healthy couple. And it appears that the maximum family should be not much greater, for there is evidence that the later-born children in a family, say the sixth, seventh and eighth, come with a lowered resistance to certain diseases, notably tuberculosis.

Dr. Alice Hamilton of Chicago, after studying 1600 families near Hull House, publishes the following table of the child mortality rate:—

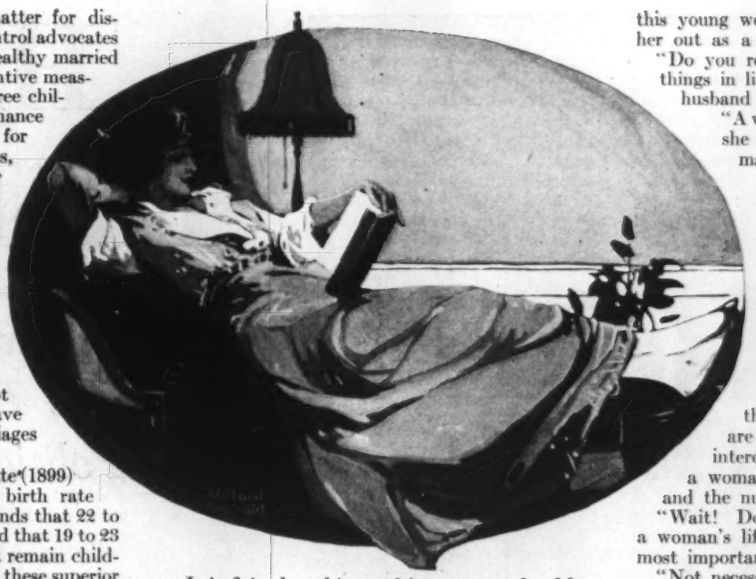
Deaths per 1000 births in Families of four children or less	118
" " six "	267
" " seven "	280
" " eight "	291
" " nine "	303

But suppose married women are indifferent to this race replenishing argument? What if they adopt the old *apres nous le deluge* attitude and refuse to have *any* children? What if they feel no motherhood desire and consider children as an interference with their pleasures, and an undesirable expense — in short, a burden — then what? Suppose half the married women in America took this position? Would the other half proceed to do the work of these racial shirkers? Or would they insist upon some sort of national fair deal in childbirth activities, *each healthy married woman to pay her reasonable body-tax*, NO MORE AND NO LESS?

Consider the thousands and tens of thousands of shattered, hopeless wrecks of women living in abominable poverty, and giving birth to eight, nine, ten, twelve children (because they know no way of preventing this), while their sister women in mansions, luxurious apartments, comfortable homes, give birth to one or two children or to no children simply because they have been taught to practice birth control. Is it fair? Is it not evident that future generations will *compel* a more equitable motherhood adjustment?

Let our national preparedness program include military service for the men — *all men*, rich and poor, who are fit to serve. And motherhood service for the married women — *all of them*, rich and poor, who are fit to serve. Not too much military service! Not too much motherhood service! *And not too little!*

I will give only a word to a second class of advanced



Is it fair that this wealthy woman should bear no children, while —

women that includes, I am told, a certain number of serious-minded feminists, college graduates, professional women, some of them young and good looking, who thrill to the motherhood impulse, but much less to the husband impulse. These women admit that they would fain bear and bring up children, but cannot resign themselves to surrendering their independent existence. The idea of subordinating all their actions to one man, of spending all of their evenings with one man is intolerable to them.

I know an intelligent and attractive young woman from one of our far Western States (she is active in suffrage work) who insists that more women than is supposed become wives not because they love a husband but because they love the father of their children. Many a self-satisfied head of a family, she declares, would be astonished and chagrined to discover *why* he was chosen by the lady. Perhaps he would never have been chosen at all had she known of some respectable, hygienic, manless, laboratory method of having children (which, by the way, exists) that would have given her her heart's desire without the cooperation of a husband.

There remains a third and significant class of women, those that are too busy and successful in affairs to have much time for husband or children.

"Love and marriage," writes one of these business women, "should be incidents in a woman's life, as in a man's; the greatest incidents, I grant you, but still incidents. . . . It amuses me to see a girl marry for love, passion, a home, money or just simply to be married, postpone maternity as long as possible, and spend the rest of her life telling business women that being a mother is the most wonderful thing in the world and that any woman who does not desire children above all things is not normal."

It happens that this young woman lives in New York, so I sought her out as a spokeswoman for her sister feminists.

"Do you really think," I asked, "that there are things in life more important to a woman than a husband and a home?"

"A woman can have a perfectly good home," she replied, "without a husband. She can make a home for herself."

"Is there such a thing for a woman as a real home without a husband and children in it?"

"Nonsense! You are behind the times. There are thousands of active and successful business women in America who regard husbands and children exactly as business men regard wives and children."

"You mean that they can get along without them?"

"Sometimes they get along without them, sometimes they have them. They are like men, busy with all sorts of things, interested in all sorts of things. Why should a woman's life be bounded by the cook-book and the nursery?"

"Wait! Don't you consider the emotional part of a woman's life, the home part, the sex part as the most important?"

"Not necessarily. They are important in her life, just as they are important in a man's life, but they are not the whole thing."

"Aren't they more important in her life than in a man's life?"

"Not unless she accepts the old traditions made by men for the benefit of men. Why should she? Don't you know that nothing changes women into dull, wrinkled old frumps so fast as the deadly routine of being old-fashioned wives and mothers?"

"I don't believe it."

"You don't? Then look around you. Study the women of forty-five or fifty that have led active business lives, traveling about, doing things, making money, and those that have simply been wives and mothers. The business women are alive, alert, interesting; the others are smothered, stifled, half dead. Business women are smart dressers, they have trim figures, they swim, they dance, they look young and feel young, but the old-fashioned wives and mothers are — well, that's what they are, old-fashioned wives and mothers. I have a married sister with four children who is five years younger than I am and she looks five years older and she feels twenty-five years older and she talks a hundred years older."

In spite of contrary appearances, in spite of feminist arguments, I believe that the greatest force in the world today is mother love. Some women who have broken the law or defied the law or tried to forget the law, may deny this; but deep down in their hearts they know that nature made them custodians of the race, creators of life, to whom no permanently satisfying happiness is possible except through this high destiny.

I know of four attractive young women, sisters, who live in New York and have all married within the last six years. Three of them married rich men and one married a poor man. The first three have enjoyed themselves, they have danced, dined, worn fine clothes, gone the rounds of pleasure and excitement; but they have had no children. The fourth sister has lived in a modest Brooklyn flat and has done her own housework; she is never seen in expensive restaurants, she does not wear furs and velvets, nor sweep down Fifth Avenue in her limousine; but she has a fine baby boy and is radiantly happy in her motherhood service, fifty times happier than her sisters who are bored and disillusioned with their life of show! Useless show!

"I wouldn't change places with my sisters for all their money," she said to a friend. "And I believe they would almost change places with me. They are all crazy about my baby. They come 'way over to Brooklyn to play with it. They want to borrow it. They wish they had one like it, but they haven't."

This old-fashioned story solves half our problems of women's unrest. Motherhood! Motherhood service! That is what women dream of, pray for, thrill over — *all women*, if they tell the truth, if they are true to themselves, if they are real women.

I say this confidently; yet how can a man know these things? It may be that great numbers of married women never regret the children they might have had but did not. I wonder if [*Continued on page 51*]

— this woman, who is poor and a drudge, must bear more than her share?

"The fight's on, Gen," he said, "Ryerson's here. I expect I'll be sick enough before the thing's over"

High Explosive

The Most Exciting Story Yet in This Big Series of Political Yarns

by

SOPHIE KERR

Illustrated by

Clarence F. Underwood

THERE is only one James Barringham, and him it is ever a privilege to know. Even at the times when he remembers that his written and spoken word on International Law is respected as authority in Cambridge and Bonn and Paris, he is still a Real Person, and as human as they're made. But when he dives into the past and salvages the picturesque days of his youth and poverty, then, then is he the joy of all good listeners.

We had been talking idly of the silent pickets at the gates of the White House, with opinions ranging from respect to scoffing. Barringham's silence seemed a little forced and someone asked him, curiously, whether or not he was an advocate of woman suffrage.

And then he told us this story:

I used to be — a firm believer and an ardent advocate, back in the days of Susan B. and Belva Lockwood. In fact — until I knew Geneva Hooper.

Lord, Lord! What a fine thing it is to be young and healthy, with every day an adventure before you. All I've got now I'd exchange on the instant to live over again the time when I was scrambling through my law courses, living on two meals a day, and sometimes only one of those, and trying to pay for my room and clothes, and my food, and an occasional laundry bundle, by odd jobs of newspaper work, or acting as secretary to some newly-elected congressman, who couldn't afford or didn't need a really competent man. What fun it was! The queer part of it was that I thought it was fun even then. It was a regular joke to me to walk to save carfare, and to wear celluloid collars that could be washed off with a sponge, and to ink a spot on my bare foot when the holes in my stockings and the holes in my shoes coincided. 'Member what that old cynic Thoreau says? — that he judged his acquaintances by this test: Who could wear a patch, or two extra seams only, over the knee. He ought to have known me. I would have been his dearest friend — not a mere acquaintance. I had patches, and I sewed 'em myself. You can imagine how they looked. And as for food, — I could eat anything and all there was of it. Why, I was barred out of all the fifteen and twenty-cent dinner places in Washington, because I ate so much more than the average customer. I've lived for two days on one pie, and I thrived on it. I wouldn't work unless I felt like it, or was next door to starving, and the minute I got any money in my pocket I quit work till it was spent. I didn't spend what I got wisely, either, I'm glad to remember. If I had fifty cents and needed a dinner and a clean shirt, in all probability I spent ten cents for a dozen fried oysters from one of the darky street stands, fifteen cents for candy and the other twenty-five for a seat in the peanut gallery to see some favorite actor of mine. I'm thankful I had the sense to do it that way. It's the money we spend foolishly, not the money we save or spend sensibly, that gives our lives color and interest and flavor. Yet there was one time when I came nearer than a speaking acquaintance with starvation. Because my clothes were so thin and my meals so irregular, pneumonia got me, and I was taken to a hospital. There's no need to go into the weeks I stayed there, for my real ordeal began when I was discharged as cured, too weak to do more than stagger along, without a cent in my pocket and hardly a friend in the city. The men I'd sometimes worked for I wouldn't ask for help — a boy's pride. The woman where I had boarded was a harpy — she turned me out and kept my trunk. I went out into a November sleet storm and, after I'd dragged myself a block or two, fell unconscious on the street.

If I had hunted Washington over for the best place to faint and fall before, I couldn't have done better, because I dropped down on the very steps of Cyrus Hooper's house, and Mrs. Cyrus came out and found me. A beautiful, big red-headed woman she was, with a heart as big and as open as the plains of her native state. She picked me up herself — I didn't weigh very much, as you may guess, after pneumonia, — and she carried me into the house and put me down on a sofa in the back parlor and wrapped me in blankets and tried to give me something hot to drink.

When I came to, there she was, leaning over me, with the big tears wet on her cheeks with her pity and motherliness. "You poor kid!" she said. "Lie still. Don't try to talk."

I obeyed her and then she got up and I heard her speaking to someone in the room. "Cy," she said, "I just wish you'd look at this boy I found sick and fallen down in front of the house. I've sent for the doctor — I don't know what's the matter with him, but he looks half-starved and sick enough to be in bed."

"My good Geneva," a man's voice answered, "what have you done now? You don't know but he's got the smallpox. I'll send for an ambulance and get him off to a hospital."

"He hasn't got the smallpox," she answered, with a sort of laugh in her voice, "because if he had, he'd be spotted. And he's not going to a hospital. Now, don't sputter. We'll act first and talk afterward."

She came back to my side and I managed to gasp out that I'd just come from a hospital, where I'd had pneumonia, that I'd be all right in a few minutes and would get out, and that I was sorry to be such a trouble — and she put her hand on my mouth and stopped me.

"There now, Cy," she said, triumphantly, "you see — he hasn't got the smallpox. And he speaks very nicely. He's wasted away to skin and bone, the poor boy. Just suppose it was Junior, grown up and in a fix like this. Here, slip an arm under his head, and we'll carry him upstairs. He's got to be put to bed before the doctor comes."

I can hear her voice yet. If you'd have heard her talking in the next room, and never seen her, you'd have said, first, "There's a good woman," and then, "There's a beautiful woman," and then, "There's a loving woman." It was all in her voice.

She and Cyrus carried me upstairs and put me to bed, and I stayed right there for a week. Mrs. Hooper nursed me, fed me, talked to me, and found out everything about me — past, present and future. She wrote to my mother — oh, she did everything. Naturally, as soon as I was well enough, she took my life in hand and arranged it for me, just as she arranged everything and everybody else that she had to do with.

I was to stay right there, in her house, where she could keep an eye on me, and be Cy's private secretary when I wasn't working at my studies. If I wished and had time for it, I could help Junior in some of the studies which he found hardest. But that wasn't decided — she'd see if she thought I was strong enough for it. I was to occupy a little room in the third story of their little cramped house, and I was to have all my meals with them. In the meantime, she had got my trunk away from my landlady, washed, darned and pressed me into cleanliness and neatness again, clipped my hair and given me an old razor of Cy's to shave with. My salary, she said, would be small, but sufficient for my needs.

I didn't resist her, not for a moment, for my bout with illness had frightened me. I made all sorts of good resolutions about how I'd buckle down to my studies and what I'd do for the woman who'd rescued me from death, or worse. Geneva Hooper was the salt of the earth.

But I am forgetting Cyrus, and why he needed a private secretary. Cyrus Hooper was then just at the very beginning of his career. It was his first term in Congress and he was actually living on his salary and voting as his conscience told him. They come like that, now and then — but usually they're stupid ineffectuals. Cyrus was not. He had a brain — a brain with an edge to it. He could think and talk, too, though I've always contended that if Geneva had been a man, she'd have been the orator of the family, with that laughter-and-tears voice of hers. Still — it was not difficult to listen

to Cyrus, in spite of his Western twang. Between you and me, that twang was votes in his pocket every time he aired it among his constituents.

Good old big Cy Hooper! Everyone knows him now. Congressman three terms, Governor, Senator — two terms — he just missed the nomination for President, and he might have had the vice-presidency if he'd taken it. But he never had a great opinion of being Vice-President. "Too much like being the tail of the dog," he said once.

And here he was in Washington, living on his salary, as I said. Do you know what that means? And how few Congressmen actually do it? Living is high in Washington, and the most distinguished representatives, especially the first-termers, come there with a great idea of their own importance. They expect to figure largely in society, as well as in the marble halls of government. A good many of them go to what are called fashionable boarding-houses, or get two rooms and bath in one of the little "apartment hotels," with shoddy written all over them. You know the kind — imitation marble entrance, a loutish darky hallboy in a spotted, misfit uniform, a dining-room smelling of all the meals that were ever served there, and little cramped bed and sitting-rooms, with elaborate lace curtains and very refined imitations of old prints on the walls. Poor plumbing, but lots of plush on the furniture.

The Hoopers did not go either to a boarding-house or an apartment hotel. They took a little house on an obscure street, in a part of the city where society scorns to dwell, and there they made a real home. Of course, they were nobody, but they were glad of it. Geneva once gave an imitation of the wife of one of Cy's fellow members, hiring a cab and driving about with her visiting-cards, from the moment when she began to haggle with the liveryman, to her return home after leaving fifty-four cards and announcing that the claims of society had quite worn her out. It was funny. Geneva could be awfully funny when she wanted to be, but there wasn't an atom of malice in her fun.

I said she was beautiful, didn't I? She had that clear skin that now and then comes with red hair. No freckles or ugly sallowness, but just that creamy, delicious color that makes a beautiful red-headed woman more beautiful than any other. Her lips were very red and she had brown eyes. If it hadn't been for her expression, she would have looked stagy — or worse; but you couldn't see her without knowing that she was a real woman, as good and kind as they're made. I could rave on about her for hours. There never was anyone like her. She was impulsive and generous, and yet level-headed. She was interested in every new reform movement, and yet she had a sense of humor that prevented her from going to absurd extremes. She knew the whole game of politics through and through, as well as Cyrus did, yet she was what is called a home woman and, oh Lord, what a cook! Old-fashioned things, you know, that nobody ever hears of nowadays — baked Indian pudding, and boiled cabbage with cornmeal dumplings, and what the Pennsylvania Dutch call *snitz und nep*, and fried bread that had nothing in common with the French toast they serve at hotels.

But I am getting away from my story. The reason why Cyrus needed the services of a secretary was this: Without any apparent reason, and quite contrary to the usual precedent, he had been appointed to two committees, one — Public Lands — very important and desirable, for a Western man, that is, and one fairly so — Mines and Mining. This brought Cyrus into the limelight and naturally his work increased with his importance. He was not, however, fooled by it. He was a cautious man and shrewd, besides which, he had been more or less in state politics ever since he was born. They raise 'em that way out West.

He and Geneva talked it over, as they talked over everything.

"There's something fishy about it," said Cyrus, "but as yet I haven't been able to find out what it is. It'll develop sooner or later."

"Probably sooner," said Geneva. "But in the meantime, you've got a chance to make yourself known — and felt. But I suspect — Ryerson."

"So do I," said Cyrus, "but I was waiting to see if you thought so, too. I knew you'd say so if you did."

"Oh, you did," said Geneva, pretending to be angry. "I suppose you think I tell you everything. Well, Mr. Congressman Hooper, you're very much mistaken. I merely said I suspected Ryerson because I could see you wanted me to say I did, and then, if his fine Italian hand *didn't* manifest itself, you could tell me I was all wrong. I know you."

"And if it proved to be Ryerson, what then?" teased Hooper.

"Oh, then you'd say that I merely had got it intuitively from *you*, you villain," said Geneva. "But, seriously, Cy, it must be Ryerson — Public Lands, and Mines, you know. 'Member the Indian Tract scandal? Oh, isn't it infamous that a man like him should have his dirty paws on a big, glorious state like ours; and worst of all, to think that he believes that you — you of all people — will play his game for him."

"Easy, Gen!" cautioned Hooper. "I've never locked horns with Ryerson you know. He's got no reason to think that I'm anything but an organization man. If he thought differently — well, I wouldn't be here in Washington — you know that."

"That has nothing to do with it," she maintained. "You've never fought him because you've never had to. But that doesn't mean that you won't when you have to. Now, does it?"

"You know it doesn't," said he, quietly.

"That's the worst of politics," she mused. "You've got to work with such abominable tools and material to get anywhere or anything."

"It's not only the worst of politics," said Hooper, "it's the worst of life. But don't let's moralize. We're here to give Ryerson an awful run for his money when he shows his hand. And then I'm going back home and make my next campaign on a clean platform. And I'll win."

"I hope so," said Geneva, "but he's so unscrupulous — so dreadful. When I think of the things he's done to other

[*Continued on page 65*]

The woman sat stolid. "Better burn her first on the arm, Jimmie," suggested Geneva. "Or on her hands there, where I've tied them!"

WILD ROSES—A Love Story

by Dana Gatlin

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

Photograph of Miss Gatlin by Ira L. Hill

Miss Gatlin

ALDINGER first saw Eva Blair that warm May night the Pleasanton Country Club House was opened. How proud Pleasanton was of the Club House! It was built out on the site of the long-abandoned glass factory, that gaunt windowless relic of "boom" days which used to house "ha'nts" for childish imaginations. But for some time the smooth green links had stretched out in bland unwelcome to ghostly tenants, and the only "haunts" left were those of golf scores. And now, at last, the Club House was finished—stucco and cement, green-stained roof and pointed shrubs, just like a poster. Another symbol of the eternal shifting of standards by which we regulate our little lives, it prettily told that Pleasanton was strictly up-to-date.

Yet, at that opening dance, it was anything but an up-to-date sentiment Eva Blair was heard voicing, as Aldinger was brought up to her group to be introduced.

"Now *my* favorite flowers," she was saying, with a little sidewise-and-up turn of her head, "are wild roses."

"Wild roses," ejaculated somebody else. "They're so ordinary! And last such a little while!"

"Perhaps that's why I like them," said Mrs. Blair, a vague smile touching her lips.

"For which reason?" suddenly broke in Aldinger, forgetting—or did he?—that he hadn't yet been presented.

Then that tender, dragging smile came to rest on him, and her eyes, gray twilight eyes with lashes like fir-trees guarding a mountain lake, looked into his own.

"Wouldn't either reason be enough?" she asked.

From the very first they attracted each other. Aldinger admired and sought her because, in that misty dress, not quite pink nor yet a wisp of moonlight, she was the prettiest woman in the room; because her eyes and her smile were full of understanding; because she was magnetic and—but how does one analyze these things? And Mrs. Blair liked his admiration because he was a stranger and handsome, and said the things a pretty woman likes to hear.

"What brings you to this dull little town?" she asked, later that evening.

"*Is* it dull?"

"Fearfully. Don't you find it so?"

"I *did*," he said gracefully.

Mrs. Blair smiled. Then she repeated: "I'm really curious—why have you come?"

"To meet you," he replied, feeling at the moment that the words were almost true. Then he dropped his audacity and, grave with the gravity that comes to a young man with his first responsibility, he told her he had come to build the new Waterworks dam on Bull Creek. He was a constructing engineer, and his men were already at work out there at the Pump House. He would be in Cherryvale all summer.

"I'm glad you're going to stay," said Mrs. Blair, "but——"

"'But'?" His tone was a little reproachful.

"Oh, I was just thinking of the old dam—I hate to see it go."

"Why?"

"Oh, it was so pretty; and women are sentimental, you know."

Then, because the May night was soft and warm out there on the veranda, and because Aldinger's eyes told her he'd forgive it in her, she indulged her sentimentality. She told him what the Waterworks had meant in the lives of Pleasanton young folk: the old Pump House with its machinery to widen the eyes of youngsters, the pavilion for moonlight dancing, and the creek down below for moonlight boating—all, as it were, a whispering book in which was written the young love and courtship of Pleasanton.

"It was on the dam," she said, with that little half-smile at her lips, "by the flood-gate, that my husband proposed to me."

Aldinger smiled. "Well, I'm going to tear it down!"

There was a pause; then he asked:

"When would you like to go out and see it?"

She looked at him, startled. "See it?" she repeated.

"Yes, the dam; the construction work."

"Why—when would you like to have me go?"

They settled on the next day for the trip; Aldinger would stop by in his little car, early in the afternoon.

That night Mrs. Blair lay awake awhile, smiling a little, with no definite idea why she smiled. It was pleasant to think of the new man in town, a welcome variant to her placid routine. What nice eyes he had—almost bold at times, but frank and kind. And she liked the way his hair tossed back from his forehead to give him that boyish look; and there was something boyish, too, in his enthusiasm over this "job" of his. Somehow it all made her feel herself to be the older of the two, though she knew that, actually, she was not.

Sometimes she felt so old, though only twenty-four; and so devoid of experience, though Pleasanton had set her safely down in the ranks of the older married set. Pleasanton reckoned her most fortunate, for she was wife of the town's most influential citizen, mistress of the town's most pretentious home. She had everything one could wish for; each day followed the other smoothly by; yet— What was it? Why should there come, at times, that strange, vivid, desperate pull?—the feeling that life was slipping by, and that something which should happen wasn't happening, never would happen?

A queer, unreasonable kind of ache—and how Ben would laugh if he knew it! Or would he laugh? It might irritate him. Of course he couldn't understand, for she couldn't understand herself. And she appreciated how good he had always been to her.

She was just a silly young thing, home from her first year in boarding-school, when Ben began paying her attention. She had had admirers, but they were only boys. To attract Benjamin T. D. Blair was different! For, in Pleasanton, people were divided into two classes: those whom Ben Blair called by their first names—and the rest of the population.

When he chose *her*, how envious the town was! And she had been excited and thrilled. Of course he was nearly twenty years older, but to her romantic heart that had made him more the conquering hero. He was tall and square and massive, too, like a hero; neither his florid complexion nor his eyeglasses outbalanced that.

Besides, he was so proud of her—of her looks, her youth, her spirits. The day following their engagement he began the big house, and the day of their wedding he gave her the finest automobile in Pleasanton. They were happy—but life was so dull.

Her thoughts came back to the unwonted little holiday awaiting her tomorrow; and she drifted off to sleep, an anticipatory smile, like a child's, hovering at her lips.

The next afternoon Aldinger stopped for her and, in his runabout, they left behind them the wide, shaded streets of the town, the slick green slopes of the golf links, and followed the field-bordered road that leads past Smith's Woods to the Waterworks. The young corn was stirring in the wind; and there, in one big field, a million daisies, like silver stars, smiled straight at the sun.

"Look!" cried Mrs. Blair. "That means wedding-time in Pleasanton!"

Reminiscently, she went on:

"I remember the day we came out here gathering daisies for *my* wedding. I think I must have been the most excited girl in the world. Isn't it strange"—her voice dropped meditatively—"to look back at yourself—as at someone you've never seen before?"

"How long ago was that?" asked Aldinger, gazing at her.

"Six years."

"Six years?—for heaven's sake!"

"Only six years." And then, as if not noticing his interruption, she continued: "It was an awfully pretty wedding, the church simply a sea of daisies. No other flowers at all but wild roses."

"Your favorite flowers," he said parenthetically.

"Well," she smiled across at him, "I can prove to you my good taste. Wait till we come to Smith's Woods."

So, when they came to where Smith's Woods carries its whispering shadows up to the very roadway, they climbed from the car; and adventured into the gloom till, in a sunny opening, Eva knelt before a leafy shrine for shy pink buds.

"Not quite yet," she said. "But next week—just wait till next week!"

Aldinger seated himself beside her, cross-legged before the bush like some heathen devotee. It was all very lovely, very soothing there—soft clouds floating above, the cool, silky touch of the grass, little hovering insects, a bird invisible. And Eva felt as if she, too, wanted to start singing; but she started talking instead. They talked of flowers.

"Flowers are all right," Aldinger agreed. "A little of them is delightful. But we never know when to stop. We jumble up wagon-loads of them, and call it a garden; we jumble up a houseful, and call it decoration!"

Eva nodded. "I know what you mean. Yet nothing else gives me the pleasure that flowers do, and I couldn't have too many. Maybe you won't like my little conservatory."

"Try me!" invited Aldinger.

"It's really lovely; yet—"

"Yet—?" he reminded.

"Just a silly notion. I was wondering whether, after all, my conservatory gives me the pleasure I used to get when flowers came rarely. They don't send flowers much, in Pleasanton—but that was the way my husband courted me."

"Doesn't he send them still?" queried Aldinger, a little rashly.

"Of course not." Her eyes glimpsed a little imp. "Husbands don't do that—do they? They plant gardens and build conservatories."

"When they'd really do better to leave an order at the florist's," mused Aldinger.

"Oh," she said quickly, "you mustn't think I'm unappreciative. Ben—that's my husband—is awfully kind."

"'Ben'—that's funny! My name is Ben, too; they've always called me Benny."

Eva gave a little laugh, barely perceptible, as if she were laughing at her thoughts.

"What's amusing about it?" demanded Aldinger.

"Oh, nothing. I was just thinking how it would seem to call my husband Benny."

"How would it seem?"

"Oh, he's not that kind."

"Am I that kind?"

"How should I know?" she said, looking up to find his eyes up n her; then looking away, she started to rise. Aldinger jumped up to help her, and they went back to the car.

On the way to the Waterworks, she told him that Mr. Blair was in the East, attending a big bankers' convention and staying on to look after some business matters. He wouldn't be home for nearly three weeks.

"You'll meet him then," said Eva.

"I'll hope to," replied Aldinger perfunctorily.

Eva had a delightful time out at the Waterworks. It made her feel important to watch the busy workmen and the huge mysterious

Mr. Ponton Was Not Convicted

In the April McClure's appeared a story, "The Great Dominion Bank Robbery," in which it was stated that Mr. W. H. Ponton was among those convicted of robbery. We learn now that this is untrue, and that Mr. Ponton was honorably acquitted and now holds a responsible and trusted position. We are glad to publish this retraction, with many apologies to Mr. Ponton.

"Eva!" His voice sounded husky and strange. "This can't go on. It's killing me!"

machinery, and to have the young "boss" who controlled it all explain things to her as if she really understood. He so clearly wanted her to be entertained, to be pleased; and she couldn't help responding to that lift in his voice, that eagerness which made him seem so young and so likable.

Then came the ride home, leaving the woods like lonesome ghosts against the blood-red west; and Aldinger telling her what it means to a man, alone in a strange town, to be treated in a friendly and sweet way. Perhaps it was because he looked at her so gratefully, perhaps because she knew how the Commercial House must foster loneliness, that she felt an impulse to ask him to stop in and dine with her. With that impulse she played awhile; then she banished it, deciding to be conventional.

So she invited him to dine the following evening.

Next evening she felt a thrill more pleasurable than she'd known for many a day as she wandered about, a touch here and a rearrangement there, to see that the big house was looking its best; and then before her mirror, considering this gown and that, to see that the hostess was looking *her* best. At length, in white with faint pink ribbons to match her cheeks, for a long time she lingered before the glass. Was she prettier than usual? She touched her hair, smiled, stretched her hands, palms out, toward her reflection, and sighed; then, half-ashamed, she laughed at herself, and ran from the room.

Aldinger came, a little early, and she showed him the conservatory, which he liked; and the dinner was a success, the cook and maid at their best; and the light chat at table running along without a break.

After dinner, when they went into the big parlor, softly lit — the finest parlor in Pleasanton — Aldinger looked at the piano — the finest baby grand in Pleasanton — and asked whether she sang. But she told him she didn't, and presently they drifted out to the shadowy porch.

There was no moon, but the stars were out shuddering up there in the lofty dark; and the locusts, lost somewhere, were at their low, insistent lament.

Aldinger drew a chair up near hers, and, between them, for a time, was a rich and heavy silence. A moth adventured into the beam of light from the window, followed it to Eva's hand, settled there.

"Lamps draw the moths and burn them," quoted Aldinger.

She smiled and, fluttering her hand, shooed the mite away. But it circled about, in the gloom an indistinct whiteness, then came back to rest on her hand.

"See!" he said. "It hasn't got a chance!"

Eva gazed off into the night. "I don't know," she said, "that the moth needs our pity."

"Why not?"

"Oh — I don't know. Isn't it better for beautiful things to die while they *are* beautiful? It sometimes seems sad to me that we humans must live too long; our hopes fade, our youth shrivels, love ebbs away ——"

She paused, then went on:

"I sometimes think that Iseult was so much more fortunate than Helen. Of course her love was short and she suffered; but she went while still under the glory — before there could be any long-dragging aftermath."

"I don't like to think that," he objected. "I like to think that — the beautiful things *can* last."

"But *do* they?" Sunsets, Spring, a butterfly's life, rainbows, moonlight on the river, wild roses, youth — all of Nature's loveliest gifts, each individual loveliness is fleeting."

"You sound terribly right," he said. "Yet it's good to think, after all that glory is past, after the ecstacy has burned out, that something real and fine will remain — when we are old."

"Maybe you're right," she admitted. "I hope so." Then, half under her breath, she repeated: "When we are old."

Aldinger sharply turned his head away.

"Well, God have mercy on all lovers!" he exclaimed. His tone was light, and he laughed; but for a full minute he gazed out into the blank darkness.

Thus, as the day before these two had talked lightly of husbands, now they talked seriously of love. It was progression as natural as noontide after dawn.

The next morning Eva lay late in bed, half-awake, half-consciously dreading to open her eyes, lest some pleasant spell be broken. Then Effie, the second girl — the Blair household was one of the few in Pleasanton to boast more than one maid — appeared with a huge bunch of flowers, wild rosebuds still wet with dew.

Though there was no note, she knew who had sent them; and her face against the fragrant woodsy things, she realized that she had utterly forgotten how delightful it is to receive flowers.

That day she couldn't understand her restlessness. She tried to sew, worked at the flower-beds, rearranged the furniture in the sitting-room. She couldn't settle down to anything, and, somehow, didn't wish to. She started to dress for the Thursday Whist Club, then abandoned the idea of going. She wandered to the piano and regarded it wistfully — if only she could sing! Finally she took a book of favorite poems out to the porch, but even poetry had lost its charm. Before long she was back in the house for a look at her pretty wild roses. She stood there beside them, her hands caressing the cool green leaves; and, all of a sudden, such a wave of happiness came over her that she bent and laid her cheek against those little soft pink things.

Then, quickly she stood up straight, wondering why she had wanted to caress those flowers. A wave of self-consciousness stole upon her: had she, without realizing it, been feeling sentimental about that man? Why, he was a stranger, a man she'd seen only three times! She scarcely knew what he looked like!

And then, as if in derision, some demon hand painted his likeness there before her in the air: the dark hair tossed boyishly back, the dark, deep-set eyes, the quick, eager smile that seemed to light up from within. She gasped and, trying to blot out the vision, buried her face in her hands.

Well, life is made up of meeting things we never before knew to exist. Dangers alien to our experience and therefore unreckoned; weaknesses in ourselves, unsuspected because never called into the open. And when suddenly these factors leap from ambush, we prove our mettle by the way in which we meet them.

Eva cringed before some inner sense of shame, but she didn't try to soothe herself by deluding herself. She cried a little; then resolved to be sensible and to avoid seeing Aldinger more than she could help.

So she threw away the pretty flowers; and wrote a letter to her husband, so long and tender that it must have amazed him. She determined to write him every day. She set about to make herself extremely busy. She planned an extra meeting, at her house, of the Whist Club which bored her to death. She delighted the Minerva Literary Club by attending for the first time in a year, straightway bringing upon herself a request to use her grounds for the club's annual lawn fête. She read poetry by the hour — not the wisest prescription!

Of course Aldinger telephoned. He wanted to take her to see the progress out at the Waterworks. She was sorry, but was too busy just at present. Could he call? She was sorry, but she had no leisure just now. His voice, then, over the wire sounded troubled. Was she, perhaps, offended by the flowers? Oh, no! After which there seemed nothing more Aldinger could talk about, so he said good-by and hung up. She knew he was hurt; and told herself she must, of course, be glad he was hurt.

A week went by in the effort to be her old normal self and to appear to others her old normal self. Perhaps she would have won out — who knows? — had she not, one evening, on impulse gone over to the Hopkinses', and found, after she arrived, that Aldinger was there, also.

Well, what could have been expected? In a small town like Pleasanton, persons with friends in the same circle cannot long evade meeting each other. Moreover, there was no outward reason why she should avoid meeting Aldinger — the Hopkinses couldn't possibly have guessed one. So they cheerfully proposed bridge, and the four of them sat playing late, alternating partners, relaying local gossip, and with the atmosphere so cheerful and so commonplace that Eva told herself she had been a simpleton.

The Hopkinses took it for granted that Aldinger would see Eva home. There was a moon, now, a high silver lamp which turned the grass into a silver carpet and the leaves into fairy-white blossoms. Yet, for all the magic of the night, Eva needn't have feared. For Aldinger, walking beside her, chatted on of commonplace, impersonal things. He didn't even ask why she had been aloof with him. That pleased her — of course. Nor, though he alluded to the work on the dam, did he again ask her to visit it. She was glad of that; and yet ——

He wasn't sentimental about her, after all. When she was alone, Eva derided herself for having been a vain fool. She was glad he didn't suspect what a vain fool she was; he would despise her! But he was too sensible even to suspect her. He was so very sane. That realization should have comforted her. But, lying there watching the drift of moonshine through her window, Eva's heart did not feel comforted.

The next day was Sunday, and she awoke to find the moon's fair weather gone and a quiet rain drizzling from the leaves. She felt a strange lassitude, a dull ache through her whole being. She decided to go to church, started to dress, decided not to go. The Sunday papers contained nothing interesting. The morning crept along to the late midday dinner; then, that over, the rest of the day stretched like an endless gray waste.

The quiet rain persisted. And the gray mist, those dripping trees, that sweet scent of wet, growing things, all seemed to steal into her; and left a pain, a longing for something — she didn't know what.

If only she had something to do; something that she *must* do!

She had just come back to the side porch once again, and was standing there with palms outspread to the rain, but with head bent as if listening — listening — when she heard the telephone and fairly ran to answer it.

It was Aldinger. He was lonely at the hotel. He just thought it might cheer him up to hear a friendly voice. He wouldn't ask to come up, because he ought to make out a lot of reports. Eva said that such weather always depressed her, too.

"Then why don't you ask me to come up?" he suggested. "It would cheer us both."

"But you said you must work."

"But I can't work — can I? — if a nice lady wants me to call."

Eva laughed. "Old Adam refuses to eat the apple himself," she said, "but sits around waiting to be urged, and then says: 'God knows it's none of *my* doing!'"

"I'll confess to the old Adam, if you'll tempt me."

She hung up the receiver with a surge in her heart that told her she shouldn't have asked him to come; but before Aldinger arrived, her mood had miraculously lightened.

"Well," he said as he shook hands, "this is worth even a gray day. I'd begun to think I was never to see you again."

"You forget last night," she began, then bit her lip.

"I don't. That's the trouble. But I'm willing to forget it — now."

"Even though I'm a temptress?"

He looked at her. "Don't tempt me too far."

They went into the big shadowy sitting-room. The room seemed very still, only that quiet whisper of rain out there beyond the porch; and all the room, all the world, infinitely, like a dim and peaceful sea, flowing up to that one rose-shaded lamp on the table. They sat near the light, but, even there, a strange hushed spell persisted; a sense of everything silent, asleep.

Presently from their first talk of inconsequential things, Aldinger drifted into reminiscence: his adventurous apprenticeship "in the field" in regions which sounded to her wild and remote; his first job down in the border desert country, and a feud with Mexicans and a battle with knives; and irrigation work down in the Everglade swamps, among those shy, proud, oppressed people, still aboriginal, who live in dreams of past glory; and blasting on the isthmus; and a thrilling expedition into the South American jungle, where subtle fevers lurk.

Eva listened with widened eyes. "It must be awfully dull and tame for you, coming back to a place like this."

"No. It's blessed to be back in a place like this. There come times when tameness seems a luxury."

"I wish I could feel like that; but I've never had anything but tameness. Nothing ever happens here."

His voice was gentle as he asked: "What do you find to do?"

"Oh, there's little to do. There's the bridge club, but I don't care for bridge; generally I stay home."

"And then?"

"Oh, I read. I love poetry, and I like to read it aloud."

"What? — to yourself?"

"Yes. My husband doesn't care for it. Anyway,

The Bugles

by

Daniel M. Henderson

HOW tame, how infinitely tame,
The desk, the shop, the plow, the game!
The zest has gone from things we do:
The trade we make; the road we hew;
The train we run; the well we drill;
The rules we teach; the field we till;
The bridge we build; the gold we mint;
The book we write; the sheet we print!
We hold, in commerce or finance,
The cast-off garments of Romance!
All that could yesterday enthrall
Has lost its lure — the bugles call!

he thinks I read too much, and says it makes me moody. Then sometimes I go out on the links with him; but I'm no good at golf."

There was a pause, then Eva gave a little laugh. "Sometimes I wish I didn't have two maids — so I could do more housework. You know it's considered very opulent here in Pleasanton to have two maids — I suppose that seems amusing to you."

"Oh, no," replied Aldinger. "I was brought up in a little town — smaller than Pleasanton."

So that gave them something more to talk about; strengthened the feeling of kinship between them.

"You see I feel at home here," he said. "I hate to think of South America; I may have to go back in the fall."

"Oh, *don't!*" The exclamation escaped before she thought. Quickly she added: "I hate to think of you back among all those snakes and things."

But that little outslipped exclamation still sang between them; a subtle, mute melody such as creeps into the heart and, at unexpected moments, sounds its ever clearer call.

WHEN he left her that afternoon, Eva contrived not to give him her hand in good-by. She did not give it because she was afraid to; she was afraid because she had wanted to give it so much.

Yet she had promised to go with him next day to the Waterworks. And, on the way out, they stopped to see how the wild roses were progressing. And, after that, Aldinger came again to see her; and again; and they talked together and laughed together, and were silent together. And Eva, throughout that long short week was happy; happier than she had ever been before; happy with a determined, desperate kind of happiness, like one who basks in the sunshine and will not see the clouds rising in the west.

Then, the end of that week, there was another dance at the Club House; and Aldinger came and escorted her; and danced with her — not too often; and sat with her on the dim porch — not too long.

Then he took her home in his car, neither of them saying very much. And he walked with her up to her porch, up the steps. Everything seemed to her frightfully still — not even the locusts tonight; no sound but his breathing, irregular and with a catch in it, which she divined rather than heard. They stood there in the shadow of an endless minute, and she never forgot the blurred ghostly shapes of the shrubs out yonder in the wan moonlight, nor the faint fragrance of the ramblers asleep. She hesitated, wondered if she dared, then offered her hand, and, striving for an emotionless tone, began:

"Thank you for —"

Suddenly she felt his hands on her arms. They burned her flesh. She could not move.

"Eva!" His voice sounded husky and strange. "This can't go on. It's killing me! God!"

She tried to speak and could not. She tried to pull back, but those hot, quivering hands gripped harder.

"Oh, Eva!— I love you!"

"What, you —?" But she couldn't finish the inane sentence.

"Yes — yes! I love you —"

Some flying thing of the night, sensed rather than seen, brushed between them. Eva gave a strangled cry. And then he let go the clutch on her arms and drew her to him.

"No — no!" she whispered.

But she ceased to struggle as he kissed her.

Eva did not sleep that night; she lay on her bed, still in her party dress, face downward. She did not weep; with dry eyes and aching throat she lay there, in a sort of painful swoon. She couldn't yet comprehend just what had happened to her. Here, all these dreary, empty years, she had been dreaming of love, longing for it — longing for it to come and put its warm, kind sweetness in her heart; and now it had come — but in her heart was unrest, and shame, and fevered fear. An ache more intolerable than emptiness! If only she, too, had gone East! — had stayed there and missed *him* altogether. But no! She wouldn't have had it that way if she could! It was sweet to know he loved her. Nothing ever could take that much away from her; nor the kisses she still felt hot against her mouth.

He would suffer — that was one thing that made it so hard to bear. She visualized those deep, tender eyes — how could she possibly endure seeing in them hurt and anguish?— and because of her. Perhaps it was *her* fault. Could it, perhaps, have been her fault? Should she have made herself run away a week ago? Perhaps she was a wicked, guilty woman. Oh! it was horrible to feel like this.

But she must do something; must decide, now, to do something. And do it quickly! Anyway, people never died of broken hearts. They would live through it somehow, both of them. If only — But there wasn't any *if*, now.

And she must manage so that Ben would never know — dear, kind old Ben, suspecting nothing, so placidly having his good time. If he but guessed — but no! A thing like that would simply kill Ben; she couldn't bear to hurt Ben like that. Perhaps she could go away to visit. She could visit her mother, would wire her tomorrow. Better not risk seeing *him* again.

And then, at that thought, there swept over her a desolation so cold and bleak she felt she must turn to ice.

Oh, *why* had this fallen on her? She had always thought Love was peace. And here it had come creeping up to play this trick! Well, it couldn't kill, anyway. Somehow she'd live through it. And *he*, too, would live through it. Perhaps, anyhow, he didn't care so much as he thought, not so much as she did — because it had been such a short time.

And then it seemed that a whirlwind descended upon her, something swiftly hot and cold; and it left her trembling and sick in her heart.

Next morning she wired her mother. At noon an answer came, asking her to wait two weeks; they were painting the house, and all upset. House-paint! Another queer instrument of Fate!

So, since after all she must stay on in the same town with him, she decided she'd better see him once more, to tell him they must avoid seeing each other any more. And when he telephoned her, she said he might come that evening. In the interim, she rehearsed over and over what she would say.

But when he came, all eagerness, in that first second together, all her rehearsals went for naught.

"I was a fool, Eva!" he cried. "Last night I actually imagined it was my duty to give you up!— not to seek you, demand you for my own!"

She felt her heart leap in response to his protests; but she made herself say:

"You only think you love me."

"Only *think!*" he interrupted violently.

She felt a weakness, like fluid, flowing through her being. She backed away and sank into a chair. He followed, leaned down and caught her hand again.

"Oh, Eva!" he choked.

Then, suddenly, he knelt and put his hot forehead against her lips; he was like a little child asking to have his hurt kissed and healed. And Eva, then, could not hold back the healing balm; and she brushed back his hair — as so long ago she'd dreamed of doing.

"Love me!" he murmured.

All ready to serve—

No labor nor bother for you. No marketing, no preparing of vegetables, no cooking nor delay. Yet, in this favorite *Campbell* "kind," you have a soup as wholesome and tempting as if you had labored all day over it.

Rich in food value; prepared with utmost daintiness and care; and so skilfully cooked, blended and seasoned that it is all ready for your table in three minutes after you open it—

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Its every ingredient is high-grade, nutritious and delightfully appetizing.

The meaty nourishing stock we make from selected beef.

We combine with this the best Maine-grown white potatoes, choice Jersey sweet potatoes, Canadian rutabagas and tender Chantenay carrots—all attractively "diced."

We add tomatoes, okra, celery, sliced cabbage, "baby" lima beans, small peas, and "Country Gentleman" corn; beside plenty of nourishing barley, rice and "alphabet" macaroni.

We flavor this well-balanced combination with fresh herbs and a delicate touch of leek, and sweet red peppers. You never tasted a more savory and satisfying dish.

Good soup is a positive essential to the correctly balanced diet.

Keep a supply of these nourishing *Campbell* "kinds" on your pantry shelf, and enjoy them every day.

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

"Solenne in quest' ora"
from
LA FORZA DEL DESTINO
by MR. KARL JÖRN *and*
MR. ARTHUR MIDDLETON
of the
METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

Messrs. Jörn and Middleton have given a wonderful performance of the superb duet, "Solenne in quest' ora." Their performance is literally Re-Created by

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

Messrs. Jörn and Middleton have sung this duet in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of their performance. It was found impossible to detect their living voices from the New Edison's Re-Creation thereof. The illustration on this page is from an actual photograph taken while this comparison was being made.

Visit a licensed dealer in your vicinity and ask him to let you hear the Re-Creation of Jörn's and Middleton's voices. Also ask to hear the Re-Created voices of Rappold, Matzenauer, Case, Zenatello, Urlus, Goritz and other great artists, who, by similar comparisons, have proved that the New Edison Re-Creates their magnificent voices with literal fidelity and in a way that baffles the keenest ear to detect the original from the Re-Creation.

Request the dealer to give you a complimentary copy of the new musical magazine "Along Broadway"

Ask us for the booklet "What the Critics Say." The music critics of nearly five hundred of America's principal newspapers concede in their own papers that the New Edison is incomparably superior to all other devices for the reproduction of sound.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., Orange, N. J.

NOTICE: Please do not ask our dealers to sell you Edison Re-Creations if you intend to attempt to play them on any other instrument than the New Edison.

PROPERTY OF CASE LIBRARY

Tears came to her eyes; but she smiled as she answered:

"As if we women had any power in the matter! Beyond our own volition, without your knowing even, we give our love."

"You do love me?"

She didn't answer. He pleaded: she wasn't meaning to slip away from him — she couldn't be so cruel! But Eva, then, collected, compelled her whole strength. She loved him — but he had come too late. She would stay by her husband; on that she was resolved. This decision they must face; they had better say good-by now, and have it over.

She began to cry; overwrought as she was, she couldn't help it. And then, at last, he gave in to her. He couldn't bear to add to her misery with his importunities. If she commanded him not to see her, he would try to obey her wish.

And, after a while, one last kiss which was to be their good-by forever; and then he had left her — forever.

IT was two days afterwards that, unexpectedly, Eva's husband returned home. He was almost a week ahead of his schedule, but he had become worried about her. Her letters, unwontedly long and frequent, didn't sound quite natural, and she had mentioned not feeling well. That was the reason, perhaps, he had been bothered by the queerest feeling, a presentiment, almost, that something wasn't right at home. Had anything happened?

No; nothing had happened. Eva assured him of that over and over. She extravagantly admired the pretty gifts and souvenirs he had brought her — Blair was always very generous with his wife; and she asked him to tell and retell his experiences. Yet, at times, she scarcely seemed to be listening. She was always jumping up and moving nervously about; and when he asked if she wasn't feeling well, she'd get almost impatient in her denials.

Those days that followed were, for Eva, months — years — centuries of sheerest torture. To remain idle was unendurable. But to find something to do was a question. If only she had something to do! If only she had children to work for, to worry over, to love. But that solace was not hers. She tried to immerse herself in the little occupations, amusements, that made up her life. But they all seemed a hull which dropped away, leaving her soul naked and alone.

One evening, when she couldn't bear the lighted sitting-room a second longer, she stole out to the porch and stood leaning against a pillar. There was no moon, and the night was filled with a warm, rushing wind. She closed her eyes; and then, miraculously, it seemed that he was there with her, his hand on her hand. It was wonderful, that touch, and all around them the black, rushing night. And so real! She had never felt closer to him; not even when, in this very spot, he had gripped her arms, had burned her lips with his kisses.

And then, the miracle enduring, all thought faded away into memory, and once again she stood clasped in that dear embrace. He was there with her! And there was nobody else, nothing else in the whole world.

How long the trance lasted she had no idea. She was wakened by a touch, a physical, alien touch on her arm; and, as she recoiled, a voice, her husband's voice, in anxiety:

"What is it? Did I hurt you?"

So horrible it was to dread looking at him! She kept her head turned as, striving to make her tone sound ordinary, she answered: "You startled me."

"What were you dreaming about, out here in the dark?"

"Nothing much."

There was a long pause; then, troubled, he said:

"You're *not* well, Eva. You haven't been yourself since I got back. I should have taken you along. How'd you like a little trip somewhere?"

"No!" The exclamation burst out unconsciously. Then, quickly, she added: "You couldn't get away again, and I'd better stay with you. I'm all right."

He patted her hand; but his voice still sounded worried.

"We must have some parties, or something to liven things up."

She didn't reply.

"That's a nice young chap on the Waterworks job," he went on. "Met him today, and he said he'd met you."

She felt in her a wrench of sick fear, wondered if she was showing it — knew she must not show it — never! For this man, standing beside her, was the enemy to her love; yet so kind and friendly he was as, patting her hand, he continued:

"Maybe you'd like having him to dinner. You'd like him. And I hear he's had adventures worth the telling."

No, Ben didn't suspect! — but how could he suspect? With a desperate effort she slipped her hand from his, and said:

"Let's not have any dinner parties for a while, if you don't mind. I guess it's just the June weather that's pulled me down."

When he finally had gone in again, she leaned once more against the pillar. But no sweet, memory-soft communion there, now. She kept thinking over and over: "What am I going to do? What am I going to do?"

But, in life, how often events hang not at all upon what we do or don't do! Things just happen. Just as they happened that bright June morning when Eva started downtown to shop, walking slowly along the street; and, hearing the sound of an automobile approaching, turned her head to see Aldinger in his car.

He stopped.

"Come for a ride," he begged.

She tried to decline. But he was insistent. "I've got to see you — to talk to you. I was going to telephone — I'm desperate!"

So, seeing desperation in his eyes, she told herself it was, perhaps, better to go with him.

She got in the car and he turned to the Waterworks road. That earlier spring freshness had now given way to June's glare and dust. But life was at its full in every field, in every tree, in the simmering noontide air. She seemed to feel the quivering heat stealing into her veins, intoxicating her; and she strove to break the spell, to speak.

"No! Not yet!" he said.

Again she tried; and again he said, "Not yet."

Then, at last, they came to that opening into the woods where one day such a short time ago — such a long time ago! — together they had adventured for wild roses.

She never forgot how, after the hot sun, the woods opened to them like a cool green temple. Still no word was spoken, but no word was needed; in the very fabric of the woods, that hour, was their love incorporated. The beautiful woods! — a sadness came over her that there could be such beauty, beauty that made the heart ache, in a world that denied human happiness.

Still silent, he led her by the hand the way they had, together, gone before. Then, in the opening where bloomed the wild-rose shrine, he began!

He couldn't bear it! He was burning up, stifling the flame within him, carrying it as a shameful secret — and all for what? If she loved her husband, everything would be different. But she didn't love him; her belonging to him was just an accident — an accident which the world thought should endure because it had been made legal. But what was that worth — a superficial arrangement; yes, an "arrangement" only! — when weighed against love? Love was the supreme reality in the world. And to them it had come beyond any volition of their own; had spun itself out of something of which they had no understanding, no control; had caught them up in its power. When love came like that, it was of the divine; wicked, blasphemous, to try to stifle it! — false to the best thing in life! Better to die, even, than to go on, secretly longing, living a lie. If she hadn't loved him — but she did! *Didn't* she?

His eyes burned into hers. Scarcely able to breathe, she nodded her head.

Then it would be wrong, he persisted, to murder their love. *Wouldn't* it?

She trembled, but yet couldn't speak.

"Answer me! Tell me!"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Then you'll come to me?"

She caught her hands mutely to her breast.

"What is it?" he demanded fiercely. "What is it that holds you back? You don't fear poverty, I know — anyway, I can take care of you; you don't fear ignorant gossip — you're not that kind. What is it? Just a stretch of waiting — but we can bear that because we'll know what's at the end. And then we can be married — all our lives together! Oh, Eva! Don't you see that is right?"

And then, in a strangled voice he could scarcely hear, she told him he was right.

"Oh, Eva!" That seemed all he could say — just her name, over and over again.

Apply Pebeco with your fingers if you have Pyorrhea

PYORRHEA ALVEOLARIS—A loosening of the teeth accompanied by suppuration of the alveoli; Riggs's Disease.
—*Standard Dictionary.*

To the inflamed gums of the sufferer from Pyorrhea (Riggs's Disease), a stiff tooth brush is an instrument of torture. In the more advanced stages of the disease even a soft brush causes extreme pain.

Take a little Pebeco Tooth Paste on the tips of the fingers and massage the gums gently twice a day. This treatment is recommended by prominent authorities on the disease.

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

In Pyorrhea, the bony socket in which the tooth is embedded is slowly destroyed. Eventually teeth which have every appearance of health fall out because of lack of a proper grip.

"Acid-Mouth" is always present in Pyorrhea, as it is at the bottom of that other great source of mouth trouble, Dental Caries, as the writers on dentistry call it, or as the whole world knows it, Tooth Decay. Pebeco counteracts "Acid-Mouth" and thus gives the diseased tissues a chance to become healthy again. It also helps the gum tissues to regain their health by improving their circulation.

At the same time this present-day dentifrice keeps the teeth in that condition of scrupulous cleanliness essential to their well-being.

Send for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco and a package of Acid Test Papers

The Acid Test Papers will show you the true condition of your mouth, and the Ten-Day Trial Tube will prove to you the effectiveness of Pebeco as a real dentifrice.

LEHN & FINK
134 William Street
New York

· OUR SIGN IS OUR BOND ·
Lehn & Fink New York Inc.

THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

Every man who follows a useful occupation is a salesman. He is selling his wares, his services, or his knowledge. Successful salesmanship calls for ability plus enthusiasm. You can't have enthusiasm without good health — and this comes from nourishing foods that keep the mind alert and the body responsive.

Shredded Wheat

is the perfect food for men and women who sell things — for men and women whose interest in their jobs is vivid and potential. Thousands of men and women in all walks of life start the day with a breakfast of two Shredded Wheat Biscuits and hot milk. Sometimes they add two or three strips of bacon and a dish of stewed prunes. It is a wholesome, strengthening meal, easily digested, and supplies the maximum of nutriment at the lowest cost.

Made only by

The Shredded Wheat Company

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Then, suddenly peremptory, as lovers are, he demanded:

"Call me Benny! — you've never called me by name."

But she whispered: "I'd rather not — just yet." In her heart she felt she could never call him by that name. It was a ghost; she shivered and wished he had not brought back remembrance to her.

And, even while she shivered, her eyes, over his shoulder, for the first time noticed the wild rose bushes. Poor roses! budded, — blown — and shattering now, their pitifully brief life was almost done.

After that decision came a time more torturesome, if possible, than the anguish which had gone before. True there were the two or three occasions she contrived to see her lover, to forget everything, for a brief moment, in the sweetness of his love. But even that had to be broken by making plans; and then, back to the old mask, to the old deception more poignant for that brief forgetting; back to the affrighted suspense when her guilty heart gave to every insignificance a sinister meaning; back to the conscience that granted no rest, day or night.

One night she had a dream. She dreamed that she was dead. So pleasant it was to be dead. Her eyelids were closed, yet she could see the heavy earth above, and the grass, and the lovely leaves of summer; but the sight gave her quiet eyes no pleasure or pain. And, through those closed lids, through that deep, earthy roof, she could see her beloved. He stood there with outstretched hands, tears in his eyes, with choking voice calling to her; beseeching her to return to him, in the name of love. But she did not stir. So blessed it was just to lie with that unbeating heart — so blessed to rest.

She couldn't rest for long. She had to wake, to go through the old routine, to face her husband at breakfast and attempt to smile. That morning he looked across at her, glanced back at his coffee-cup, lifted it and set it down again without tasting its contents.

"Eva."

"Yes." Instinctively she dreaded what he might be going to say.

"Are you really well, Eva?"

"I've told you I am."

"And happy?"

"Why, of course."

But still he gazed into that coffee-cup, as though it held the answer to whatever was troubling him. Then, as she didn't speak, he said:

"There's nothing you want to do? — nothing you want that would make you happier?"

At that she couldn't resist reaching over and touching his hand. Dear old Ben! His fingers caught hers.

"Oh, Eva, my girl," he said with an unaccustomed thickness in his voice. "I've always wanted you to be happy — more than anything else. And I know you get dull. Sometimes I've thought maybe I'm too old for you — that maybe — "

He broke off; then, still clasping her hand and still gazing into that cup, not meeting her eyes, he cleared his throat and said:

"Always remember I'll give you anything I can — anything you really want — *anything*."

That ever-ready ghost leaped into her heart again — did he suspect? Did he mean he would give her, if she asked it, her freedom? Impossible! Yet — should she catch at this opportunity, ask it now? Days had gone by, she weakly striving for courage to tell him. Sooner or later she would have to hurt him; better to get it over at once.

She drew a deep breath, opened her lips, looked up at him and met his eyes at last, so honest, so helpless, so bewildered that, suddenly, scarcely realizing what she was doing, she jumped up and ran around the table to him. She put her arms round his neck, laid her hot cheek against his, and sobbed:

"Oh, Ben! I *do* want to go away. Take me away somewhere, anywhere — take me away!"

Later that morning, after Ben had promised her request and gone, when she knew that now, at last, her lot was decided, though her heart was broken, somehow life seemed easier to bear. All morning she sat alone in her room, burying her face in her hands, rocking to and fro. She had ceased to cry, now; it seemed that her last tear had been spent, that never would she cry again. Anyway, what was the use of tears? If only she had some other self, to whom she could cry out her heart, that might help. Someone who could know and understand. But Ben could never know (it was long after that she learned he *did* know); and *he*, whom she loved, would never understand; never understand that hers was not one clear, straight issue. For she loved Ben, too, in one way: she could not bear to hurt him. Just as, now, her whole being shrank from inflicting the hurt that must come to her beloved.

She must not give way. She must save her strength till she had seen him once more; till she had told him; had broken his heart even as her own was breaking.

But in his heart, as in hers, these emotions must spend themselves in time. That was Life! — the bane and the blessing of Life. There would come a time — But, even now, when love had her heart on the rack, she couldn't bear to speculate on her heart placid since love was gone.

Well, hearts are but poor straws on life's dark flood. And — who knows? — perhaps after all it was better to catch hers back now, still glorified by passion and grief; better than to wait the time when a kiss is — only a kiss.

Thus, with a philosophy bitter enough in one so young and inexperienced, she groped for comfort. Nor could she take too much time for repining; for that was the night of the Club House Dance, and Ben — for her sake! — had insisted on attending.

And of course *he* was there — not yet knowing. It pierced her heart to see in his eyes that eager look he could not utterly repress. And to him Ben himself led her, and said: "Here, Aldinger, my wife's the best dancer in Miami County!" And *he* smiled, and said some banality. And then they danced.

She couldn't say a word, too engaged in trying not to feel glad at being in those arms once more, and grieved because this was the last time; and trying not to show that gladness and that grief. He, too, was silent. But, when the music stopped, he led the way from the room, out to the porch, down the steps. And she let him take her, for now she must tell him.

Then, on the bench just beyond the lilacs, she told him. At first he was incredulous, then vehement. But the finality of her calm finally penetrated his unbelief; and he sat stunned.

The music of the night mocked them, the moon-white night just made for that scent, and for that waltz music in there which seemed the expression of scent in sound.

"But, Eva!" he protested huskily. "Just as we were going to be so happy — does the beauty of love mean nothing to you?"

"Yes," she answered, trying to keep her voice steady, "but our love wouldn't have an even chance. At best love's so frail; and that hideous part — the legal part — would mar the beauty, the romance. It would be like my poor wild roses — so soon shattered."

"No! — not with a real love! — a love like ours!"

"Yes," she insisted, still striving for steadiness. "There would always be the realization we had built on Ben's suffering — that we had stolen our happiness. We could never get away from that; and it would be like a canker worm on the rose. It's better to stop now, while we can still cherish something beautiful — if it's only a memory."

Then she tried to say words which would comfort him. She stifled the sobs in her throat so that she might utter philosophy. Because his heart was breaking, he must not know that hers was also. And at last, having to go in now, lest someone notice, furtively daring one last kiss on that exposed bench, she left him there, bowed, in the moonlit fragrance.

Next month, the clever Dana Gatlin has collaborated with a new writer, Arthur Hately, and their remarkable yarn, "Divided We Fall," will appear. A tale of the sea that will astonish you. Also, "Soap and Sophocles," by Earl Derr Biggers, a ripping satire of Greenwich Village. Nothing cleverer has been written by the author of "Seven Keys to Baldpate." You will howl with delight

Protect Your Children's Health!

You would spend any amount of money to cure them when they are sick—why not spend some to keep them well?

One of the greatest authorities on health in the world recently said: "In the ordinary refrigerator, bacteria multiply rapidly. Milk sours before it is all consumed, vegetables wither and meats spoil. A good refrigerator is the most economical, and prevents much wasted food and danger from tainted food."

Many cases of typhoid and ptomaine poisoning have been traced directly to unsanitary refrigerators. Just keeping food cold does not prevent its becoming tainted. If there is no circulation of air in a refrigerator it becomes even more stale than a room in which there is no ventilation. There is no way for the odors and impurities to escape.

McCRAY

Sanitary Refrigerators

are lined with spotlessly clean, snow-white Opal Glass with rounded corners. The shelves are of straight metal bars—for the purpose of better sanitation. There are no sharp, inaccessible corners to clean, where dirt can accumulate and breed germs. The air-tight, water-sealed drain provides for the carrying away of all impurities but will not allow any insects or dust to enter from the bottom.

McCRAY Refrigerators are built in a great variety of sizes from $30 up, for every requirement of residences, hotels, clubs, restaurants, delicatessen stores, groceries, meat markets, florists, hospitals, public institutions, etc., which are fully described in the following catalogs:

No. 92 for Residences—No. 70 for Grocers—No. 51 for Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Delicatessen Stores, etc.—No. 74 for Florists—No. 62 for Meat Markets.

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR CO.
727 Lake Street, Kendallville, Ind.
Agencies in All Principal Cities

Mail Coupon for Catalog

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR CO.
727 Lake Street Kendallville, Ind.

Please send me Catalog No......
Name.....
Street.....
City..... *State*.....

A King in Babylon

[*Continued from page 16*]

went out to take another look for Mlle. Roland. But by this time, it was dark as a pocket on deck, and after blundering into two or three people and falling over somebody's feet, I was about to give it up and go to bed, when some impulse caused me to stick my head into the lounge, and there were Creel and Jimmy and the girl in one corner, with Creel waving his hands and talking. I drifted up, casual-like, and as he nodded and didn't tell me to go away, I sat down and listened.

He was talking about the picture, of course, and there was a pile of criss-crossed manuscript on the table in front of him.

"The first time you see her," he was saying to Jimmy, "is in the slave-market. She's a princess — has been captured somewhere in the interior — we'll show the raid on the village, and the death of her father defending her, and all that, of course. Digby can do the father. And then she is dragged away, and brought down the river and put on the slave-market. As you happen to be passing through you see her — in chains, half-naked, and mad enough to kill herself — ready to, in fact, the first chance she gets, because she knows perfectly well the fate in store for her. We'll get a great scene out of that first meeting."

Jimmy's eyes were glowing.

"I oughtn't to see her in the slave-market," he said. "A princess would never be offered for sale like that — not until the king had had a chance at her. How would this do: I've sent one of my generals to conquer her father, who is an independent old scout and has given me a lot of trouble; and my general kills the old king by treachery, and takes his daughter captive, and brings her to me as a sort of offering. And I can tell by the way she looks at me, when she is brought in, that she isn't conquered, and it occurs to me that it would be a pleasant and exciting game to break her spirit, so I order her away to the harem, and get me a whip — a particularly heavy and savage whip, which will cut her flesh to ribbons. . . ."

"Great!" broke in Creel. "Don't you think that's better?" he added, turning to the girl.

She was staring at Jimmy with wide-open eyes, in which I saw again that look of horror. Jimmy saw it, too, and went pale as ivory.

"If Mlle. Roland prefers it the other way," he stammered.

But the look had passed and she was herself again in an instant, though her face, too, was very pale.

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "Your idea is splendid. It sounds as though — as though — it might have happened!"

"That's just it!" said Creel. "That's just the way it struck me — and that's the way I'll fix it. Now the next scene ——"

Mlle. Roland passed her hand wearily before her eyes.

"If you do not mind," she began.

"Of course not," Creel broke in. "I forgot you were tired. Forgive me! We've plenty of time to work it out."

"Then," she said, "if you are sure you do not mind, I will go to bed."

We watched her as she disappeared through the door. Then Creel waved us away.

"You two boys run along," he said. "I want to work out this first reel."

Jimmy was very silent as we walked back along the deck together.

"Did you see it?" he asked at last. "That look!"

"Of course I saw it," I said savagely. "She was feeling the scene — she's an actress through and through — full of temperament. That's the way she'll look at you when you order her to the harem ——"

I didn't really believe it. I felt there was something back of it I didn't understand. But it wouldn't do to let Jimmy think so. So I rattled on as convincingly as I could. At the end, Jimmy shook his head doubtfully.

"Maybe you're right," he said, at last; "but I have a feeling ——"

He stopped and seemed to ponder something at the back of his mind. Then he shook his head again.

"No; it's impossible," he said.

"What's impossible?" I asked.

"That I should have met her before," he answered, and stalked away to his room without bidding me good night.

Chapter VII

THERE are two kinds of directors in the motion-picture business.

The first, and oldest, and commonest kind believes in doing all the head-work himself. He never tells his actors anything of the story as a whole, or consults them in any way. He gets them together, places them in the various scenes, tells them what he wants them to do, rehearses them till they do it to his satisfaction, and then tells his camera-man to shoot. So the actors go through scene after scene without in the least knowing why; they seldom know what it is all about until they see the completed picture on the screen.

There are a good many arguments for this method, the principal one being that moving-picture actors, for the most part, depend on the outside of their heads rather than the inside — in other words, they make their living by their looks, not by their brains, and the only way for the director to get the results he is working for is to treat them like a lot of cattle. And then, since it is almost always impossible to take the scenes consecutively as they occur in the story, it is impossible to work up the action and emotion from scene to scene as is done in a play.

The great objection is that, under such conditions, the acting is almost certain to be more or less wooden; and in the effort to get away from this, there are a few directors who like to sit down with their actors before they begin a production, and talk the thing over. There are also, quite recently, a few actors with sufficient self-respect to insist on reading the scenario as a whole before they go into it.

Creel could be as autocratic as any director in the game; but he could also recognize intelligence when he saw it. He wasn't afraid of it, and he was always anxious for criticisms and suggestions.

So, in the days that followed, he spent a good deal of time with Jimmy and Mlle. Roland, gradually building up the picture, and was evidently very much elated at the progress he was making.

He had, of course, worked out the plot in a general way before we left New York, and the main lines of the story were not to be changed, but the particular way in which this or that effect could be best secured was the subject of endless discussion. It was in these small twists and touches that Creel delighted; they were to him what style is to the writer.

Ma Creel and Digby sat listening most of the time, and I would drift up now and then, and occasionally Mollie would tear herself away from her officers for a few minutes and stand behind Mlle. Roland's back and glare at her; but it was very seldom any of us contributed anything to the discussion. I wasn't surprised that Creel should know a lot about ancient Egypt, for he knew a lot about everything, and of course he had been reading up; but where the other two got their knowledge, I couldn't understand. It wasn't exactly knowledge, either — it was a sort of intuition — just a flash now and then.

It had been decided, after all, to have the slave market, with Mollie as the principal slave, and to introduce Mlle. Roland later on in the way Jimmy had suggested. Creel was anxious to show Jimmy in his first incarnation in an aspect so repellent that the audience would be eager to see him get what was coming to him later on; so Mollie was to be treated in the most ruthless way, her spirit broken, her body tortured — business with the whip! — till reason left her and she was driven out into the desert to die. Then would come the other woman's turn; but hers would prove to be a spirit as strong as her master's, and the struggle between the two was to provide the dramatic interest for the third reel, culminating when the woman, overcome by a passion she had struggled against in vain, threw herself to her conqueror's feet, and begged for love. And he, fighting back an impulse to stoop and raise her, kicked her into the dust and turned away with a laugh of contempt.

I admit that doesn't sound much better than the summaries I have scorned, but the way Creel described it, and the way Jimmy and Mlle. Roland looked at each other as they imagined the action, was enough to give

Men of Tomorrow

Many a boy, started off with a sorry fund of health, has been built into a mental and physical "husky" by helpful environment and properly selected food.

No one can build a sturdy, time-resisting wall with poor materials. No one can build a strong, manly boy on flimsy food.

The boy is really more important than the wall!

Ever think of that?

You may be very particular when you inspect the materials you are to put into your house walls.

But how about the boy—is his building material being considered?

A true Brain and Body food is

Grape-Nuts

It possesses those vital elements required by Nature for building up strong young bodies and active brains.

"There's a Reason"

Rinex Soles

"YES, Rinex Soles *are* better than leather. They look just as well, are much more comfortable and wear decidedly longer. You'll never go back to leather soles once you wear Rinex."

Sole leather, at its best, cannot compete nor compare with Rinex as a sole material. Here is the synthetic product of the world's largest rubber company, conceived and manufactured for one specific purpose—*shoe-soles.*

Rinex requires no breaking in. It is comfortable from the very beginning. It imparts the spring and swing of youth to all who wear Rinexed shoes. Rinex Soles enjoy many other advantages that will be apparent at a glance.

Next pair of shoes you buy, whether for yourself or any other member of the family, tell the clerk you want Rinex Soles. Next pair of shoes you have re-soled, tell the repairman the same thing.

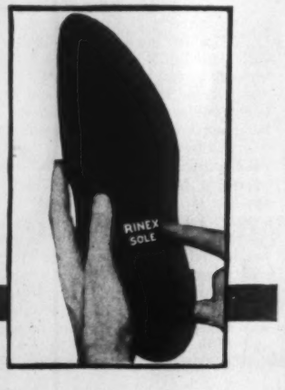
The genuine have "RINEX SOLE" stamped in the shank. Always look for this name.

United States Rubber Company

Sole and Heel Department, 1790 Broadway, New York

60 High Street, Boston

In black, white and tan at first-class shoe-stores and repair-shops.



one the shivers. These long discussions had brought them closer together, in a way; they talked without constraint, almost with friendliness; and yet there was something strange in the way they sometimes eyed each other — a sort of half-frightened, half-fascinated curiosity. It reminded me of two wrestlers manœuvering for a clinch.

In spite of the fact that her aversion seemed to have vanished, Mlle. Roland held steadily aloof from Jimmy. They never walked together or sat together or talked together unless Creel was present, and the talk then was entirely about the picture. When she did any walking, it was with me, and I was mighty glad of her company. In fact, if it hadn't been for her, I'd have been mighty lonely, for Mollie seemed farther away and more inaccessible than she had ever been.

Well, we plowed on eastward with perfect weather, zigzagging back and forth by day and wrapping ourselves in darkness by night. We sighted a warship, now and then, or a freighter loaded deep with munitions, but never a submarine; and then one morning, as I was looking over the side, I saw that the water had changed from deep blue to a sort of yellowish-green, and somebody said it was the Nile water pushing out into the sea; and pretty soon a tall lighthouse was in sight, and then a lot of masts and funnels, and then a huge breakwater, with a ridiculous statue on it which somebody else said was de Lesseps; and almost before we could see the flat shore, we had passed the harbor entrance and were at Port Said.

Previous to this, everybody who was going to get off there had been summoned before an officer with the coldest eyes I ever saw and put through the third degree as to his business, antecedents and moral condition, and all this information had been carefully written down; and we were then lined up, checked off, and delivered to a guard on the pier, who marched us off to be examined again by the port authorities.

The train for Cairo didn't leave for about two hours, and Mlle. Roland insisted that I take her for a walk about the native quarter. I asked Mollie if she wouldn't like to go, too; but she said tartly that she really didn't care for pig-pens. It wasn't so bad as that, but it was pretty bad, and I was astonished at the way Mlle. Roland enjoyed it. Her eyes were shining like stars and her lips were red as poppies, and she sniffed the air with distended nostrils as though it contained some delicious perfume of which she couldn't get enough. I had scented it long before we got ashore — a peculiar, penetrating odor — a compound of flowers and spice and filth and human sweat — the smell of the East.

"You certainly *do* seem at home!" I said, at last.

"It is curious, is it not," she assented, "but I feel as though I belonged here in this atmosphere, among these people."

"Nevertheless, I wouldn't let them crowd too close," I said, and poked a verminous young beggar with my cane. "The whole place smells like a circus."

But Mlle. Roland declared it was delightful, and when we finally pulled away in the train, she stared out in ecstasy at a landscape which seemed to me extremely depressing.

The railway was a narrow-gauge affair, running right along the bank of the canal, an uninspiring ditch about a hundred yards wide filled with muddy water. There were a number of battleships in it, and on the other side, as far as the eye could reach, were the round white tents of the expeditionary force — enough of them, so it seemed to me, to shelter the whole British army — and guns, and great piles of supplies, and herds of camels.

We came at last to a dinky little town whose name I never knew, and there we changed to a real train, and Creel and Digby checked up our baggage, and in a few minutes we were off to Cairo. It was swelteringly hot, and a fine white sand was continually filtering in from somewhere, though the country we traversed was green and fertile-looking, with nothing of the desert about it. And we all grew very cross and uncomfortable. All, that is, except Mlle. Roland. She had taken to Egypt as a duck to water. Jimmy, whom I had suspected of an Oriental strain, was as miserable as any of us, and I concluded that he was pure Irish!

It was not until we were nearing Cairo that Creel imparted the cheerful news that we were not to stop there, but were to go straight on to Luxor. That, it seemed, had been one of the conditions of our being allowed to enter Egypt at all. I had always thought of Egypt as a small, one-horse country, and I was astounded to learn that Luxor is five hundred miles from the sea, and that it is only about a third of the way to Khartoum!

It was evening as we pulled out of the station at Cairo, but we caught a glimpse of the shadowy mass of the pyramids on the right before the night shut down; and then Creel, who was like a war-horse scenting battle, got out his scenario and summoned Jimmy and Mlle. Roland to sit by him, and began to talk and talk. Jimmy was too tired to do more than nod now and then; but the girl was fairly glowing with eagerness, and there was a strange light in her eyes as she listened to Creel. It couldn't have been caused by anything he was saying, heaven knows! It was as though she saw at hand, about to be realized, some supreme moment for which she had been waiting all her life!

Ma Creel and Mollie and old Digby had gone to their berths long ago, and the only thing that kept me awake was a peculiarly vile Egyptian cigar in which I had invested at Cairo and which I was struggling to consume. I gave it up, at last, and threw the frayed, rope-like fragment out of the window; and just then Jimmy's head dropped sideways, and he opened his eyes to find Creel looking at him reproachfully.

"It's no use, old man," Jimmy murmured; "can't keep my eyes open a minute longer."

"All right," said Creel; "go to bed, all of you. I'll work on this thing a while longer."

Mlle. Roland didn't look in the least sleepy, but she rose obediently, and said good night, and rustled away toward the women's end of the car, while Jimmy and I turned gratefully toward ours. I was asleep almost before I touched my pillow.

Chapter VIII

WE were four hundred miles up the Nile when I awoke next morning, and running close beside the bank of that historic river. I confess I was disappointed in it, and the squalid little mud villages strung along it did not seem fit for anything but pigs.

We crossed the river on a long iron bridge, while we were eating breakfast, and presently we ran past some most amazing ruins, and then — Luxor.

As we piled out of the carriage, a thin little man, wearing a big white helmet and with very bright eyes and eager face half-concealed by a snow-white beard, hastened toward us, and instinctively addressed himself to Creel.

"This is Mr. Creel?"

"Yes," said Creel.

"I am Davis," said the little man, and the two shook hands. "I have everything ready."

"Good," said Creel. "When can we start?"

"We can start this evening," Davis answered, looking at him with a certain anxiety.

"Good," said Creel again. "We'll be ready."

The little man's face brightened instantly.

"Mustafa! Mustafa!" he shouted, and a black-bearded pirate, wearing a dark blue turban and long black burnoose, who had been hovering in the offing, hurried forward. "This is Mustafa, our dragoman," Davis explained, and Creel nodded to the pirate, eying him admiringly. I knew he had already placed him in the picture. "We start two hours before sundown," Davis continued to the dragoman, who bowed.

"All will be ready, saar," he said.

"You will see that the luggage is attended to," continued Davis, and indicated the impressive pile of our belongings, which had come up in the car with us and were now assembled on the platform.

"I will tell Digby to make certain that nothing is overlooked," said Creel. "There isn't a thing there we don't absolutely need."

"Mustafa is very careful — the best dragoman in Luxor," said Creel, while Mustafa grinned with pleasure, disclosing a formidable row of very white teeth. "But of course it will do no harm to check him up."

Whereupon Creel called Digby forward and introduced him; and then he introduced the rest of us, and Prof. Davis shook hands hastily all around and said he was very glad to meet us; but his thoughts evidently were far away — out in the desert, I suppose, about that excavation of his.

Only when he came to Mlle. Roland was his interest aroused. The quick glance he shot at her from his keen little eyes was almost startled; but it faded in a moment, as though he had decided she was not worth while, after all, and he turned back to Creel.

You wouldn't burn your bridges

before you—yet it would be as logical as buying tires without making sure that the mileage, the strength, the vitality are really there and have not partly disappeared at some stage of manufacture.

Miller Tires

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

are always good tires because the Miller method of vulcanizing retains all of the natural vegetable wax and oil of the cotton fabric, the backbone of the tire.

Because Miller vulcanizing is a scientific uniform process instead of merely educated guessing, every Miller Tire is a good tire and the Miller guarantee is something more than a basis for argument with the adjuster.

Why not profit by this?

Miller Tires are for sale by Geared-to-the-Road dealers and distributors everywhere.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of the durable, economical and lightweight Rhin-O-Hide Fibre Soles for men's and women's shoes.

Miller

"Money Saving Accessories" have saved many expensive tires from premature ruin. Write today for the "What To Do" Book. It's free.

It illustrates and shows the cause of common tire injuries and explains how tires though badly injured, may be saved at slight expense.

Keep a Kodak Story of the Baby.

And, along with it, written on the film at the time, keep the dates and titles. How old was Baby when this was taken? Where were we the year that that was taken? Such records mean a great deal when baby has begun outgrowing baby ways and time has begun playing tricks with memory.

And to make an authentic, permanent record, *on the negative*, is a simple and almost instantaneous process with an

Autographic Kodak

All Dealers.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

"The ladies will wish to go to a hotel for the day, of course," he said. "A part of the Hotel de Luxor is still open; it is but a step — this way," and we trailed along behind him, with a crowd of beggars and dirty children clamoring beside us till we reached the entrance to the hotel grounds. "There has been no tourist traffic this season," Davis went on, "and the other hotels are closed. But M. Pagnon has managed to hold on. Cooks own the hotel, and I suppose it was a matter of pride to keep it open. As soon as the ladies are settled, I should like you to see the caravan. I think you will find it satisfactory; fifty men and ten camels, as you suggested. I had hard work getting the camels. The British have commandeered every one they could lay their hands on. These have been commandeered but not yet delivered, and their owner is making a little extra money renting them to us. I had to agree that we would pay for any that died or were injured."

"That was all right," Creel agreed. "I don't see why any of them should die."

"They won't — but there's a superstition that it is bad for a camel to photograph it — kills its soul, or something like that. Some of the natives are a little trembly about standing in front of a camera, but they won't object if they can move about, as that breaks the spell. I couldn't get any horses —the British swept them all up right at the start; but I got a good strong donkey for each of us. And supplies for two weeks. You said two weeks, I think?"

There was a feverish eagerness about Davis, as though he feared he might awake at any moment and find all this a dream; and he looked at Creel as though he would like to pinch him and make sure he was really there.

"Oh, yes," said Creel. "Two weeks will be ample. How long does it take to get to this oasis?"

"Two days. We start this evening and travel till midnight. Then we rest till an hour before sunrise, and start again, and push on to a watering-place, which we should reach about ten o'clock. We will rest there during the heat of the day, and start again as soon as it is cool enough. If the ladies are not too fatigued, we will push on till we reach the oasis."

"It sounds pretty strenuous," Creel commented.

"We can, of course, take another day, if necessary," said Davis. "You will find the oasis very pleasant."

"The photographs looked promising," said Creel.

"They didn't do it justice — they couldn't," protested Davis, eagerly. "And the ruins are splendid. I was just getting properly into them, when the government ordered me back to the river. There were some bands of Arabs about, and they were afraid I'd be attacked. I didn't think there was any danger, and offered to take all the risk and responsibility of staying; but they wouldn't listen. The British are a bull-headed race — it's no good arguing with them. I was nearly wild!"

"What happened to the Arabs?" questioned Creel.

"Oh, they were captured or driven back into the desert," Davis hastily assured him. "They never got anywhere near this part of Egypt — there was never really any danger."

WE were at the hotel by this time, and M. Pagnon greeted us with a warmth which told of many empty rooms; but he was desolated when he learned it was only for the day! The women decided they would rest till afternoon and then visit the ruins. Creel and I went off with Davis to take a look at the caravan.

"I am glad you are ready to start at once," Davis said, as we threaded our way through the town. "I was afraid you might wish to remain here for a time. But every day, more and more sand must be drifting into my excavations, and the sooner we get to work there the better."

"You understand, of course," Creel pointed out drily, "that what we have come to Egypt for is to take pictures, not to dig up buried cities."

"Certainly, I understand; certainly," Davis assured him. "That was made very clear in the letters from the Museum. But so little remains to be done there, that I am sure there will be time ——"

His voice trailed away nervously, and he walked on with bent head, pulling abstractedly at his beard. It was evident that Davis was interested considerably more in his excavations than in our picture — which was natural enough — but he certainly had got a good caravan together, as we found when we reached the camp — fifty of the most picturesque scoundrels I have ever seen, a herd of ten camels, a dozen donkeys, and as many goats.

"What are the goats for?" Creel demanded.

"They are principally for the milk," Davis explained. "They are very necessary."

Creel grunted skeptically. The smell of the goats was not alluring.

"Couldn't we take some condensed milk?" he asked.

"Goat's milk is much better — you will see. Of course, I can get some condensed milk, if you wish. But we will need the goats for the natives — they are very fond of the milk when it is sour; they will go with us more cheerfully and work better if they know they are to get some now and then. It is a luxury for them."

"Well, it isn't for me," said Creel; "but I suppose you know best. Is there any danger of these cutthroats murdering us some night?" he added, casting his eyes over the motley crowd.

"Oh, not at all," answered Davis, with a smile. "They have been selected very carefully. They are all good workers, and vouched for by Mustafa."

I was going to inquire who vouched for Mustafa, but at that moment that worthy himself came hurrying forward, his face wreathed in smiles, one hand against his heart, to welcome us to the camp. He showed us about as proudly as though he were Barnum exhibiting his circus. It was a good deal like a circus, and I reflected that Digby and Ma Creel, at least, ought to be happy!

I had never realized how much dunnage it took to maintain a party two weeks in the desert, and I was pretty sure that Creel hadn't, either, from the way he stared at it. It was all spread out for final inspection before being packed up, and there was certainly a lot of it. There was a sleeping-tent for the men and another for the women; a tent for a dining- and living-room, and another to serve as a storeroom for our supplies.

"Do you mean to say that ten camels can carry all this stuff?" Creel demanded.

"Oh, vurry easy, saar," Mustafa assured him.

"Each man can carry a hundred pounds," Davis explained. "I don't think our packs will run over sixty. A lot of this stuff is bulky, but not very heavy."

At that moment Creel's eye fell upon a great pile of flat wicker baskets with rope handles. "What are those for?" he asked.

"It is in those the sand is carried from the excavation," Davis explained. "They are very light," he added, "and one man can carry the lot of them. If you are really going to have pictures of excavating," he went on, for Creel's face was rather grim, "you've got to have the implements to do it with."

"I suppose that's so," Creel assented; "but don't overdo it, professor. What did all this stuff cost?"

"About twenty-five hundred dollars. The war has run the price up on a good many things. I have the inventory, if you care to check it over."

"No," said Creel, running his eye over the outfit; "I can see it's worth every cent of that. What do we pay these brigands?"

"Four piastres a day."

"How much is a piastre?"

"About five cents."

"What?"

"A piastre is about five cents — they get about twenty cents a day."

"Hum-m-m!" commented Creel. "No labor unions in Egypt, evidently!"

"They get their board, too, of course," Davis added.

"The stuff they eat is included in the twenty-five hundred?"

"Oh, certainly! They do not require a great deal. The camels, tents, donkeys, and camp dunnage will cost a thousand dollars for the two weeks — pro rata if we stay longer. And Mustafa will expect a present if everything goes well," he added in an aside; "say a hundred dollars."

"I think I can run to that if he makes good," said Creel. "My compliments, professor. I knew from the first that you would be a good investment."

"Oh, I know the ropes," said Davis. "If you're satisfied, I'll tell them to begin to pack up."

"All right," said Creel.

Davis nodded to the waiting Mustafa, and a moment later one would have thought a riot had broken out in the camp, as the

FAIR LIST PRICES

FAIR TREATMENT

GOODRICH SILVERTOWN Cord TIRES

Patrician in Look Yeoman in Service

THOUGH you make sure *of* Silvertown Cord Tires by their Red-Double-Diamond trade mark, you can always pick them by their *Patrician* look—their generous yet symmetrical *extra-size*

Ten Silvertown Cord X-cels

1. Increased engine power.
2. Smoother riding.
3. Fuel saving.
4. Speedier.
5. Coast farther.
6. Start quicker.
7. Easier to guide.
8. Give greater mileage.
9. More resistive against puncture.
10. Repaired *easily* and *permanently*.

You *can not afford* to be without their *smarter appearance, smoother riding COMFORT and ultimate ECONOMY.*

Where You See This Sign Goodrich Tires are Stocked

GOODRICH TIRES

Ask Your Dealer for Them

The B.F.Goodrich Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

Also Maker of the Famous Fabric Tire Goodrich Black Safety Tread

SILVERTOWNS MAKE ALL CARS HIGH GRADE

A Day In June

In the Morning

Puffed Grains mixed with berries. Airy, crusty morsels which taste like nut-meats puffed. They add to a fruit dish what a flaky crust adds to a shortcake.

At Playtime

These nut-like dainties doused with melted butter or just salted. Better than peanuts or popcorn, and whole-grain foods such as young folks need.

At Noon

These bubbles of grain in milk. They are toasted, thin and flavory. As every food cell is exploded, they easily digest. And every atom feeds.

At Dinner

Puffed Rice on the ice cream. Like nut meats in taste, but so flimsy that they melt away like the cream. They make the dish doubly delicious.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

Whole Grains
Made to Taste Like
Confections

Some whole grain foods are not very inviting. You know folks need them, but flour foods are liked better.

Here are the whole grains—wheat or rice—made into airy confections. Grains steam exploded—puffed to eight times normal size.

Crisp, flaky bubbles with a nut-like taste. Every food cell exploded, so digestion can instantly act.

No flour-made food compares with Puffed Grains. Don't serve it where Puffed Grains are better.

These are not occasional dainties. They are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. Keep all three kinds on hand.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1581)

laborers, under Mustafa's eye, began to pack the supplies. Creel walked over to where old Digby was perched like a sentinel on our pile of baggage.

"Is all the stuff here?" he asked.

"Every piece," said Digby, with satisfaction; "and I'm going to stay by it and see that none of it gets away."

"That's right," Creel commended; "and keep the film cases under cover. This sun is something fierce."

Digby nodded and resumed his seat.

"We can start, I think, at five o'clock," said Davis, as we prepared to depart. "I should like to show the ladies about the ruins, but I have so much to do, that I'm afraid ——"

"That's all right," Creel broke in. "They can get a guide at the hotel. Besides, Billy here is available — camera-men never have anything to do! Not that he knows anything about ruins, but that doesn't matter! You run back to the hotel, Billy," he added, "and make yourself useful. I think I'll stay here with Digby a while."

At four o'clock we all sat down to the last meal we should eat amid civilized surroundings for some time. We were a little thoughtful and silent; this trip into the desert, seen thus close at hand, loomed up as considerably more formidable than it had appeared from New York! I think even Creel was just a little nervous over it. But he pretended to take it as all in the day's work. Then Davis was at the door with two carriages; and we drove away toward the camp.

Long before we reached it, we were aware of a hideous uproar — a vibrant squealing, as though a hundred pigs were being killed at once; and Mollie, who was in my carriage, edged a little closer to me.

"What *is* that terrible noise?" she quavered.

Davis laughed as he saw her alarmed countenance.

"They're loading the camels," he explained; and then we drove into the camp, and I saw that every camel, crouched upon its belly on the ground, was protesting at the top of its voice as the natives tightened the straps which secured its load. I never knew that a camel could yell so loud.

"The poor things!" protested Mollie. "Those brutes are killing them!"

But Davis only laughed again; and indeed we found out later that a camel yells just as loud when its load is being taken off as when it is being put on. I suppose the camel thinks it is part of the game!

Then the carriages stopped, and Mustafa hurried forward and helped the ladies to alight. His brown face was shining with excitement.

"All is ready," he announced, and the donkeys were led up, and the saddles adjusted; and pretty soon we filed out eastward toward the hills which bordered the Arabian desert.

Chapter IX

WE formed a picturesque procession — picturesque, at least, to the eyes of a New Yorker — and also not without a certain impressiveness. At our head, very upright and dignified in his blue turban, rode Mustafa, as befitted a master of ceremonies, his aquiline nose scenting, as it were, first in one direction and then in another, and sublimely unconscious of the rabble which looked on or ran beside us clamoring for money. Behind him came the camels, stalking slowly and majestically along as though on parade, with legs that seemed bowed outward by the weight of their immense packs, looking out upon the world from under half-lowered lids with a gaze melancholy and resigned.

The tail of the procession was its least impressive portion; but I defy anyone to look impressive when mounted on a beast so small that one has to hold up one's legs to keep them from dragging on the ground! In fact, it seemed like cruelty to animals to ride such beasts at all; and then I looked at Mustafa, who weighed twice as much as I did and whose donkey was even smaller than mine, and my conscience grew more reconciled.

So, zigzagging along a narrow road which mounted gently toward a low range of hills, we crept away eastward.

As we rode along, Davis strove to entertain us by pointing out various things of interest — the hills a mile or two away across the river honeycombed with the entrances to the tombs of the Kings; the high-water mark of the last inundation; the mighty mass of Karnak; the mud village which marked the end of the arable land — and also, thank heaven, of the beggars! — but I scarcely listened. For the most wonderful thing of all was that I should be here, in this company, riding away into the desert. As I looked around, I saw the same wonder in the eyes of all the others.

We threaded a narrow pass between two low scraggly hills, and quite suddenly we came out upon the desert. It stretched away and away to the horizon, one ridge of sand behind another, like waves of a frozen sea, trackless and illimitable, waiting to engulf us. It daunted me — it overawed me; to venture into it seemed to be courting death.

But Mustafa, without drawing rein, plunged on; I saw the showers of yellow sand as the camels plowed along behind him; then the natives were ankle-deep in it; and suddenly my donkey's feet were cushioned and silenced, and we rode on as noiselessly as a company of phantoms.

A moment later, I was conscious of the heat — as though we were riding straight through the door of a white-hot oven. The sun was low above the hills behind us; it was from the sand the heat mounted — mighty waves of it. The helmet which Creel had given me felt clumsy and heavy; my clothes seemed to weigh me down; the heat of the donkey penetrated the saddle; my legs began to ache. . . .

Creel looked around at Davis anxiously.

"I don't know whether the women can stand this," he said.

"Oh, yes, we can!" protested Ma Creel, smiling bravely, though her face was purple. "It's my poor donkey I pity!"

"It will be cooler very soon," said Davis. "We will get the breeze from the sea as soon as the sun is a little lower."

"Which sea?" asked Creel.

"The Red Sea," Davis answered. "It's about a hundred miles away, over there to the east."

The Red Sea, Pharaoh, the children of Israel! So we were really here in this land which was old before the rest of the world was born! I looked around again, with a little in-taking of the breath. And just then, I felt on my forehead the first hint of coolness, gentle as a kiss.

"Look at the sky!" said Ma Creel suddenly, and, looking up, I saw for the first time, the wonders of a desert sunset ——

An hour later, we dismounted for a short rest and a cup of tea, which Davis and Mustafa brewed for us on a little alcohol stove. It was very strong and black, and flavored with goats' milk, and we tasted it somewhat gingerly — and found it delicious! There was never any further protest about goats' milk after that! Then we tried to talk, but we were all too immersed in wonder.

A little distance away, among the camels and goats and donkeys, the natives sat crouched around some wooden vessels filled with a greasy sauce, into which they dipped pieces of greenish bread, eating with great gusto.

As we sat there, the desert turned suddenly to beaten gold, the sun sank behind the hills to the west, and then a weird chant rose among the natives; and we turned to see them apparently washing their hands with sand and bowing toward the east.

"Maghrib," said Davis in answer to our look. "The Muslim always prays just after sunset," he added, seeing that we did not understand; "it is called Maghrib."

"What sort of prayer do they say?" asked Ma Creel, who was very religious in her own way, and who was watching the ceremony with evident awe.

"They recite a verse from the Koran, usually — a good deal like our Lord's prayer."

"But Mustafa isn't praying," someone pointed out; and indeed there sat Mustafa with his legs crossed, a little apart, calmly smoking a cigarette and looking at the kneeling crowd with an air distinctly disdainful.

"Mustafa is a Copt, and therefore a Christian," explained Davis. "You can tell that from his blue turban and black burnoose. And the Copts despise the Muslims."

The prayer was ended, and Mustafa, taking a last long pull at his cigarette, threw it away, rose and came toward us.

"We will go on, if you please, saars," he said; and summoned two boys to clear away the tea-things; and in a few minutes we were again in the saddle.

Quite suddenly the color faded from the sky, darkness fell, and the stars leaped out. Leaped is the only word for it — and such stars! Our caravan became a line of shadows, drifting across the desert without a sound.

Involuntarily we drew closer together.

and I somehow found myself riding by Mollie's side. Her face was only a white blur in the darkness, but it seemed to me friendlier than it had been for a long time. Indeed, from the moment she had nestled up to me in the carriage, I had felt that the hatchet was buried and that we were friends again. And I resolved that it shouldn't be I who dug it up!

"Splendid, isn't it?" I said, reining nearer to her.

She nodded, looking at me with shining eyes.

"Aren't you glad you came?" I asked.

"Yes; it's wonderful! Too wonderful for talk!"

I agreed with her, and we rode on in silence. And I began to hope again. Perhaps, after all, out here in the desert, I might still have a chance. . . .

It was by the stars, I suppose, that Mustafa guided himself. At any rate, his pace never faltered. Behind him plodded the camels, strangely at home in these surroundings; and then the dark mass of natives, drifting like a cloud across the glimmering sand; and as they went, they crooned a low, graveyard chant, well suited to a land which had been dead for centuries! It went on and on; my eyes closed; my head nodded. . . .

I caught myself as I was slipping from the saddle and the shock of it startled me wide awake. I looked around a little sheepishly to see if Mollie had noticed — and found myself gazing into the dark eyes of Mlle. Roland.

"You were nearly asleep!" she taunted, in a low voice. "I saw you nodding!"

"I caught myself just in time," I admitted, wondering what had become of Mollie. "Aren't you sleepy?"

"Oh, no, no!" she breathed. "I feel as though I should never sleep again!"

"I feel as though I should never be fully awake again," I said. "This is getting into my blood. The rest of my life will be passed in a kind of trance."

She smiled again at that, and her face seemed very wonderful. I noted how the starlight was caught in her hair and reflected in her eyes.

"There would be many fates worse than that!" she murmured.

Yes, I reflected, there were many worse fates than that — to live, as it were, drugged by this perfumed atmosphere, without thought for the past or care for the future.

"Oh, look, look!" cried my companion, and following her pointed finger, I saw that the horizon ahead of us was flushed with rose. "It is the moon!" she breathed.

The flush deepened, grew, shot up into the sky, and then, over the horizon's brim, peeped a glowing disc. . . . It was not the cold, white moon I knew; but a more brilliant orb, burning with its own light, throwing a rosy flush over the gray sand, transforming the world into a wonderland.

We rode on in silence, with rapt faces and trembling hearts.

. . . . . .

Out of the darkness ahead came a sharp word of command, startlingly loud in the silence.

"It is here we stop," said Davis's voice, and I realized that the word of command had come from Mustafa.

In a moment the natives had thrown off their packs; the camels were kneeling down and being relieved of their burdens. As I slipped from the saddle, and helped Mlle. Roland to dismount, Mustafa appeared out of the darkness and spoke to Davis.

"We will put up the tent for the ladies," said the latter, after a moment, "but we men will sleep in our blankets. The halt is only for a few hours — we will be off again at dawn. Perhaps some fruit would be welcome."

Mustafa hurried away again, and presently a native appeared with a basket of oranges and dark-brown dates.

As I looked around, I could see dimly that we had halted beside a huge mound of sand.

"Is this an oasis?" I asked Davis.

He laughed at the question.

"That mound is a tomb buried in the sand," he said. "There is no evidence that there was ever any vegetation here. The tomb was opened some years ago," he added, "but it had been rifled by the Arabs."

"What on earth did anyone want to build a tomb out here for?" asked Ma Creel.

"I do not know, madam," answered Davis. "Nobody knows. The tombs to which we are going are much farther in the desert. There are many things about ancient Egypt we do not understand — but perhaps, some day . . . At least, I hope to solve the riddle of those tombs."

There was an intensity in his manner which impressed us, and a little silence followed. Then, suddenly, Mlle. Roland laughed — a low laugh full of mockery.

"It is but one riddle of a thousand, is it not?" she asked.

Davis had started round toward her nervously at the sound of that laugh; now he stood blinking at her uncertainly.

"One of many thousand," he said quietly at last; "but still worth solving. There is your tent, ladies," he added, in another tone, and I saw that a white shape had arisen against the mound.

"Is — is it all right?" asked Mollie, a little tremulously.

"Perfectly all right," Davis assured her. "There is not the slightest danger. The natives are camped on the other side of the mound, and we shall be sleeping just outside."

"If we only had a light," began Ma Creel.

"There *is* a light, madam," Davis broke in; and indeed the tent was suddenly illuminated faintly from within. "You will find it very comfortable."

Nevertheless, by a sort of common impulse, we accompanied them to the door of the tent. Ma Creel was the first to enter, and she gave a cry of delighted astonishment.

"But look!" she cried. "It is perfect! Come in! Come in!"

We crowded in at the door and saw that it was, indeed, surprisingly well arranged. Curtains of canvas divided it into three apartments, in each of which was a cot spread with spotless blankets. Beside each cot lay a narrow rug, and on this stood a folding-chair. The entrance formed a sort of vestibule, in which stood a folding-table, with basin and pitcher of water, and soap and towels. There was even a mirror. The light came from an oil-lamp, hung against the center-pole.

"Oh, I feel all right, now!" said Ma Creel. "This is like home! Good night, everybody!"

We bade them good night, and Mustafa led us to the spot where our own blankets had been spread upon the sand.

"Iss anything else required, saars?" he asked, looking around at us.

"No, I think not," Davis answered.

"Then good night, saars," said Mustafa, and disappeared around the mound.

Chapter X

MUSTAFA awakened us an hour before dawn. He had coffee ready, and while we drank it, the natives struck the tent and loaded the camels and shouldered their packs, and presently we were streaming away eastward again.

Mustafa finally gave the signal to stop for breakfast, and our native cook served us a surprisingly appetizing meal; and then we pressed on again. For an hour or two, the heat was scarcely noticeable; then, as the sun climbed higher, it grew more and more oppressive, till at last Creel protested.

"I don't think we ought to be riding under this sun," he said to Davis. "Some of us will have a heat-stroke."

"If we stop now we will lose a day," Davis protested.

"We'd better lose a day than lose our lives," said Creel. "I think we ought to stop."

"Very well," Davis assented, but he did not look pleased. Those ruins were calling him!

He signaled to Mustafa; the caravan halted; the natives dropped their packs with alacrity; some shelters were run up, and under them we drowsed till late afternoon. Then we were off again, stopping only for dinner at sunset, and it was very late before we camped for the night.

We had all of us grown a little moody during the day — or perhaps reflective would be a better word. At any rate, there had been little attempt at talk; we had ridden along in silence, singly; and now, when we dismounted, instead of lingering around the basket of fruit which one of the servants set before us, we scattered as soon as we decently could. My own impulse was to get away for a quiet smoke before turning in; and I had just settled myself comfortably in the sand when I was surprised to see someone coming toward me. I lay still, hoping he would go past, but he evidently caught sight of me, for he altered his course, a little, and came straight on. Then I saw that it was Jimmy.

"Hello!" he said. "I saw you coming out this way. You don't mind if I sit down?"

"Of course not," I protested.

"I thought I'd like a little talk," he said,

It Does the Work the Easy Way

There are no intricacies—it is a matter of seconds to make pictures with a Premo Film Pack camera, even without previous experience.

The illustration shows how easily and quickly the camera may be loaded or unloaded. Just open the back in any light and drop in the unexposed pack or lift out the exposed one. To make the exposures, locate the subject in finder, snap the shutter, and pull out from top of pack a black tab.

That's all there is to it. This operation is simply repeated until the entire pack of twelve films is exposed. However, at any time you can take the camera to a dark room and easily remove one or more films for development, without injury to the unexposed ones. This is a unique and most valuable feature, as you are not obliged to expose the whole pack on those occasions when you want just a few pictures.

Film pack film is from the same stock as the Eastman N. C. films—an assurance of highest quality, and it offers you the advantage of tank development in the Premo Film Pack Tank. Its thin, flat form and its simple principle have made possible the manufacture of unusually light, compact and inexpensive cameras, one of which is the

PREMOETTE JR.

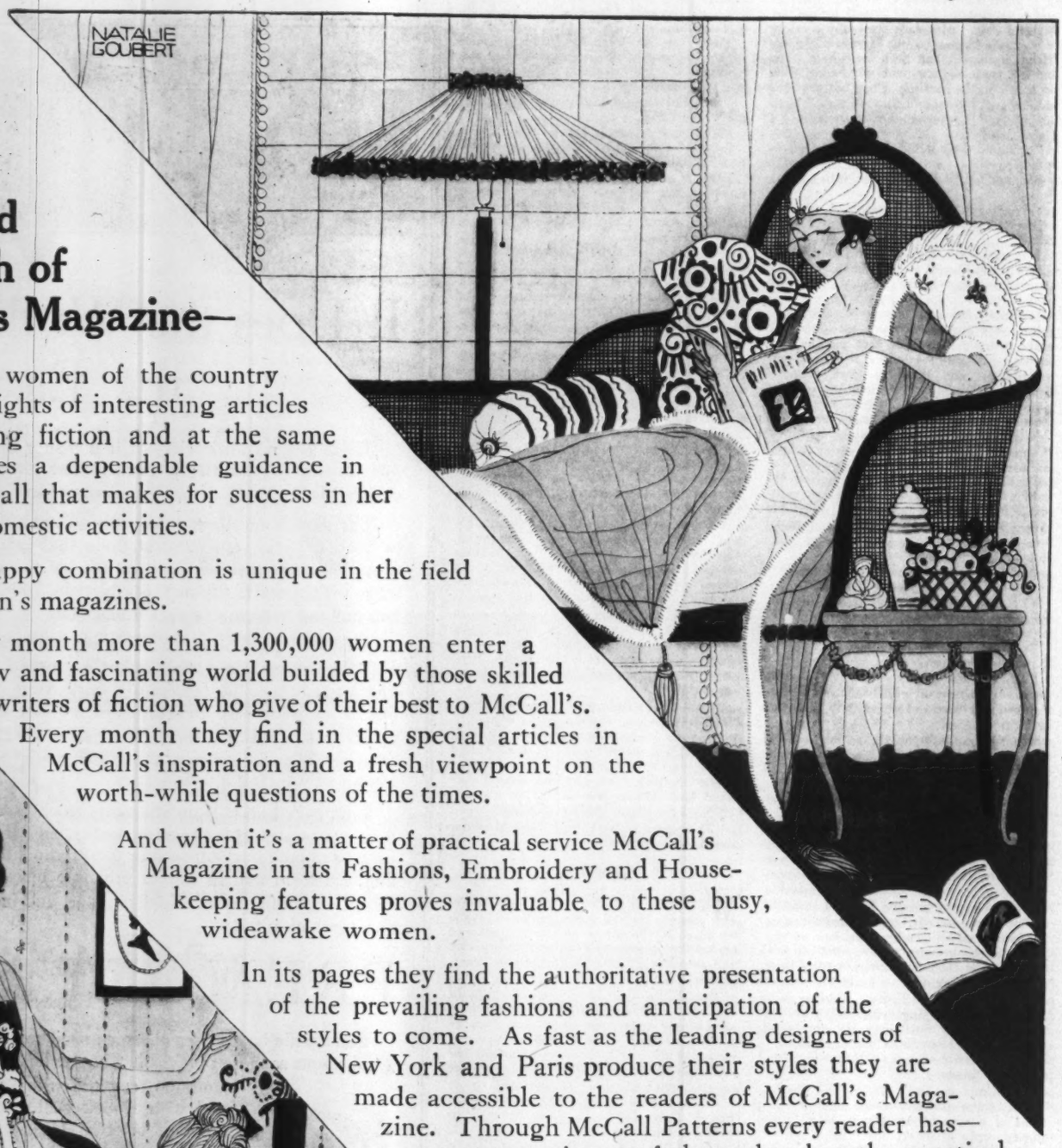
Just a trifle larger than the pictures it makes, yet capable of as good results as those obtainable with the largest cameras. Made of aluminum, covered with genuine leather, and fitted with Kodak Ball Bearing shutter and a choice of selected lenses, tested in the thorough Eastman way.

Prices

Premoette Jr. No. 1, 2¼ x 3¼, with Kodak Ball Bearing shutter (without cable release) and meniscus achromatic lens	$ 5.00
Ditto, with R. R. lens	7.00
Ditto, with Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f.*7.7	12.00
Premoette Jr. No. 1A, 2½ x 4¼, with Kodak Ball Bearing shutter (with cable release) and meniscus achromatic lens	7.00
Ditto, with R. R. lens	9.00
Ditto, with Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f.*7.7	14.00

The new Premo catalogue describes in detail a complete line of film pack, plate and cartridge film Premos and accessories. It's free at your dealer's, or will be sent by us postpaid on request.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL DEPARTMENT
EASTMAN KODAK CO. ROCHESTER, N. Y.



This is the Two-fold Triumph of McCall's Magazine—

that it offers women of the country the keen delights of interesting articles and absorbing fiction and at the same time provides a dependable guidance in fashion and all that makes for success in her social and domestic activities.

Such a happy combination is unique in the field of women's magazines.

Every month more than 1,300,000 women enter a new and fascinating world builded by those skilled writers of fiction who give of their best to McCall's. Every month they find in the special articles in McCall's inspiration and a fresh viewpoint on the worth-while questions of the times.

And when it's a matter of practical service McCall's Magazine in its Fashions, Embroidery and Housekeeping features proves invaluable to these busy, wideawake women.

In its pages they find the authoritative presentation of the prevailing fashions and anticipation of the styles to come. As fast as the leading designers of New York and Paris produce their styles they are made accessible to the readers of McCall's Magazine. Through McCall Patterns every reader has—not a mere picture of the style—but the practical means of making for herself the reproductions of the originals.

The loyalty of McCall's readers is born of actual service rendered.

You may purchase McCall's for June for 10c at your newsstand or the nearest McCall Pattern Agency. By mail 75c a year, 12 issues. (Canada $1.00. Foreign $1.50).

The McCall Company
McCall Building
236-246 West 37th St.
New York, N. Y.

and sat down and filled his pipe, and for a moment smoked in silence, staring out across the sand.

"Tired?" I asked at last, by way of starting things.

"No — not so very. But it's hard on the women."

"Mlle. Roland seems to stand it all right," I remarked.

"Yes — I wasn't thinking of her. Thank heaven there's only another day of it!"

"I rather like it," I said. "It's new and interesting. Listen to that, now!"

From the camp of the Fellahin, a short distance away, came a low chanting, as though they were trying to sing themselves to sleep.

"I know," he assented; "but all the same, the more I think about it, the more foolish it seems to travel away out here into the middle of the desert in order to get a location. There must be dozens of places along the river which would have done just as well."

"Creel doesn't think so," I said. "He went all through the river locations."

"My own opinion is," said Jimmy, "that the man at the Metropolitan or Davis or somebody put one over on Creel in order to get some excavating done. Of course it will be a good location, but I'll bet it's not the only one by a long shot!"

"Well, I don't think we have anything to complain of," I said. "Davis seems to have made every possible provision for our comfort, and the desert is wonderful."

Jimmy stirred uneasily.

"It's all of that," he agreed. "In fact, it's a little too wonderful!"

"What do you mean?" I asked, looking at him; and I saw that at last we had got to the subject he wanted to talk to me about.

"There's something in the air — in the silence — in all this vast emptiness that gives me the jumps. I can't sleep. Every time I lie down, I have a sensation as though the sand were going to pour down on me and bury me. I seem to be suffocating."

"Oh, you'll get used to it," I said hopefully.

"I hope so. The sensation isn't pleasant. And I hope I won't see any more ghosts," he added.

"Ghosts!" I echoed, staring at him.

"Look here, Billy," he said, edging closer and lowering his voice, "I haven't breathed a word of this to anybody, and for a while I thought I wouldn't; but it's been worrying me, and at last I decided to tell you. Don't think me a fool."

"Go ahead," I said, as he stopped. "Let's hear about it."

"Last night," he went on slowly, "as I lay on my back, staring up at the sky, something came and stood beside me."

"What was it?" I asked.

"I don't know. I hadn't heard any sound, and I didn't know anything was there till its face came in between me and the stars."

"An Egyptian face?"

"I couldn't see; it seemed to be covered with a dark cloth or something."

"Sure you weren't dreaming?" I suggested.

"Yes. I wasn't sleepy. I was lying there with my eyes wide open. And suddenly that face peered down at me. . . ."

He stopped, puffing moodily at his pipe.

"Go on," I said, at last. "What happened?"

"Nothing. It hung there for an instant looking down at me, and I could see its eyes glittering; and then it disappeared. I sat up and looked around, but it wasn't anywhere in sight. I couldn't understand that, either, for the moon made it as bright as day. There was the women's tent standing out white and clear on one side, and the empty desert on the other. . . ."

He stopped as he saw the expression on my face.

"Could it have gone into the tent?" I asked.

"I thought of that; but it couldn't have got as far as the tent; besides, the women slept right on. I sat there and listened ——"

I sat up and knocked out my pipe against the heel of my shoe.

"We must tell Davis at once," I said. "This is pretty serious."

"There's no use to alarm the women ——"

"We'll not alarm them — they don't need to know. But we can't have any of the natives prowling around their tent."

"Yes," agreed Jimmy; "that's the only sensible explanation — but somehow it doesn't satisfy me. It didn't look like a native."

"You didn't see anything but the head," I pointed out, "and that was wrapped up just as a native's might have been."

"I know — but there was a perfume ——"

He stopped abruptly and stared out across the sand.

"Go on," I said impatiently. "What sort of perfume?"

"You'll laugh at me, Billy," he said, "but I'll swear it was the odor of grave-clothes, of opened tombs ——"

"Now, look here, Jimmy," I said, "you don't mean to tell me that you seriously believe this thing was a ghost?"

"No," he answered slowly, "I don't believe in ghosts — at least, I didn't until last night. But anything seems possible here!"

"The dead are just as dead in Egypt as they are anywhere," I pointed out. "Your ghost was a native prowling around to see if he could steal something — or do some other mischief. Just get that firmly in your head, will you?"

"But where did he go?" Jimmy persisted, his voice a little shrill. "How could he disappear like that? If I'd seen him slinking away — but I didn't!"

"These natives are up to all sorts of tricks," I said. "He may have dropped behind a sand ridge — or he may have ducked under the tent. Come on — we'll tell Davis."

WE found Davis, after some searching, sitting hunched up by himself, with his arms around his knees, staring away to the east, as though by concentration he hoped to see what was happening to his beloved ruins; and we sat down beside him, and I told him the story. He listened with close attention.

"It was undoubtedly one of the natives," he agreed, "though I have never known anything of the sort to happen before."

"You don't mean to say no Egyptian will steal?" I asked.

"Oh, no; they're no more honest than other people. But what good would it do to steal anything out here? If the thief tried to leave the caravan, he'd die in the desert; and if he didn't leave it, he'd be discovered as soon as anything was missed, for all the natives would be searched. They all know that."

"Then what was his object?"

"I don't know," and Davis pulled his white beard thoughtfully. "In fact, I'd say it wasn't a native at all, if there was any other possible explanation."

"Jimmy is inclined to think it was a ghost," I said jokingly. "He says it smelled of grave-clothes. Of course he is a connoisseur of grave-clothes."

But Davis didn't appear amused. Instead, he looked at Jimmy quickly.

"What sort of odor was it?" he asked.

"I can't just describe it," said Jimmy, slowly; "a sort of musty, spicy smell — a smell I somehow associate with mummies — though I don't know that I ever smelled a mummy. They're always in tight glass cases — all I ever saw ——"

His voice trailed away, and he left the sentence unfinished. Instead of laughing at him, as I expected, Davis sat silent, plucking at his beard, and staring at the horizon. And poor Jimmy, crouching there, filtering the sand nervously between his fingers, and hungering for a word of comfort — and not getting it! At last I could stand it no longer.

"You don't mean to say *you* think it was a ghost!" I protested impatiently.

"Oh, no," Davis answered quietly; but there was something in his voice — a sort of undercurrent — I had never noticed there before. "It was one of the natives, without a doubt. But his object puzzles me."

"There are the women," I suggested.

But Davis shook his head decidedly.

"It had nothing to do with them," he said. "I know these Egyptians. But I'll see Mustafa."

As he started to rise, Jimmy caught his arm.

"We mustn't frighten the women," he said.

"I'll tell no one but Mustafa," Davis promised. "The whole thing had better be kept among us three."

He disappeared in the darkness in the direction of the camp. After a moment Jimmy rose wearily and brushed the sand from his trousers.

"I'm going to turn in," he said. "I'm dead tired. Are you coming?"

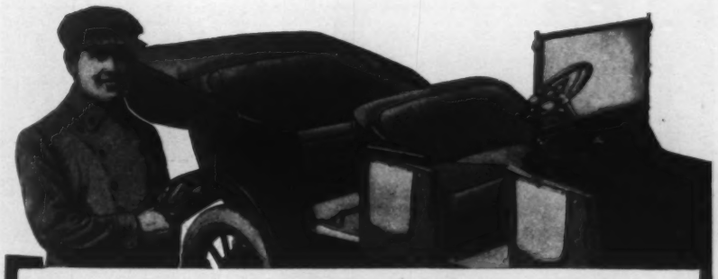
"No," I said; "I think I'll smoke another pipe."

"Good night, then!"

"Good night," I answered, and watched him as he walked away.

Davis came back presently and, somewhat to my surprise, sat down beside me.

"I've spoken to Mustafa," he said; "he'll keep his eyes open. I don't think we'll be bothered again — unless it's a case of nerves."



Come! Ride on These Clean Cushions

Sink right back and forget there's any dust, mud or grease in all the world.

Certainly there is none here, and when your drive is over there will be none on your clothes—for these are bright, clean

GORDON Seat Covers

—the last word in Auto-elegance and motor-tog protection.

Gordon Seat Covers make you proud of your motor car. Give it "class," distinction—that air of ***individual*** elegance that accords so well with personal tastes and wishes. Gordon Seat Covers are easily put on. Do not bulge, wrinkle or wear slippery. You'll call them "great."

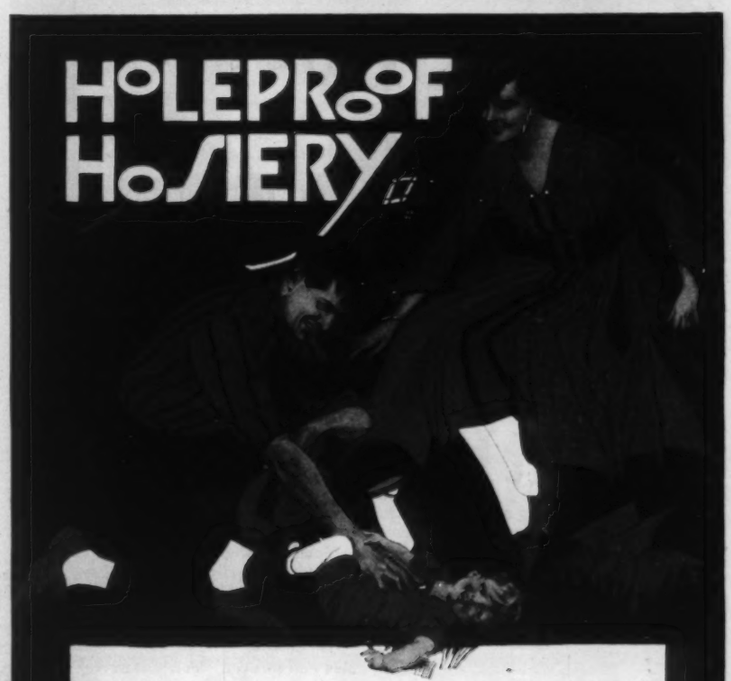
There are Gordon Covers for every American-made motor car—cushions, seat-back, doors and top, all "tailored to fit" and certain to do so. See your accessory dealer about them soon. Also write us for a free booklet printed in actual shades of brown, tan and grey, describing Gordon Covers in 26 distinctive fabrics and giving the prices of seat covers for your motor car in any of these fabrics.

Gordon Easy On Tire Covers

are responsible for saving many costly tires. If your spare tires are protected by these strong, good-looking covers, your tire bill will grow beautifully less. Try it and see.

THE J. P. GORDON COMPANY

464 N. Fourth Street **COLUMBUS, OHIO**



THESE perfect hose wear months without mending. And such charming styles in hosiery of double-strength would not be possible except for Holeproof methods.

We use long fibre yarns, fine spun and strong. And our exclusive method of lusterizing-yarns adds to their natural strength and gives them lustrous beauty.

Women's, 40c per pair and up **Children's, 35c and up** **Men's, 30c and up**

Year after year these famous hose are winning legions of wearers. When someone in the family tries them, soon all the members seem to go to Holeproof.

Ask your dealer for the genuine. If he fails to supply you, send direct to us. Write today for illustrated booklet. It's free.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Office 1906

Holeproof Hosiery Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, Eng.

FAIRY SOAP affords real refreshment in toilet and bath use. Its rich, creamy lather — its whiteness and lasting purity — are due to the skillful blending of choice materials.

The oval, floating cake fits the hand, and holds its refreshing, cleansing qualities to the last. The cost is but 5c.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

FAIRY

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

5¢

Don't Go By-

Don't Keep That Corn

Every drug store that you pass has Blue-jay waiting for you.

Stop and get it, and it means the end of any corn.

Pass it by, and the corn will stay. You know that from experience.

Blue-jay does more than end a corn. It proves that corns are needless.

Apply it, and the corn pain stops. Leave it on two days, and the whole corn disappears. Only extra stubborn corns need an extra application.

Prove that once, and corn troubles end forever. You will never again permit them.

To millions of people — users of Blue-jay — corns are a pest of the past.

Do what they did — try it. See what a Blue-jay does. Learn why so many millions are now used each year.

Lay aside the old-time methods. Use this modern way tonight. You will wish that you had started years ago.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain — Ends Corns
Instantly Quickly

15c and 25c at Druggists

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

"Jimmy was telling me that the silence and emptiness and all that was giving him the jumps," I said.

"I suspected it from the way he talked," nodded Davis. "I've seen just such cases before. Some men can't stand the desert at all — they develop mania and get worse and worse as long as they stay in Egypt. With others it wears off in a few days. If he's bothered again, I'll give him a sedative."

"What was the use of coming away out here in the desert, anyway?" I asked. "Why couldn't we have stayed somewhere near the river?"

Davis straightened out his legs and cleared his throat, as though suddenly called upon to defend himself.

"The place we're going to," he said, "is, as I understand it, the exact background Mr. Creel wants for his picture. He'll not be disappointed — I can promise you that — and it has this further advantage, that he can rearrange things to suit himself — something he would never be permitted to do with any of the better-known places along the river. I'm going to help with the picture all I can. But I don't need to pretend to you — I don't pretend to anybody — that it's the picture which interests me most."

"What does interest you most?"

"The solution of the greatest riddle in Egyptian history," he answered, his voice suddenly hoarse with emotion. "Between the twelfth and the eighteenth dynasties there is a gap of five centuries on which we have scarcely a single ray of light. It was during those five centuries that Egypt was ruled by the so-called Hyksos, or shepherd-kings — Arabs, probably. The period extends roughly from twenty-two hundred to seventeen hundred years before Christ. And it was during that period, according to the Bible narrative, that the Children of Israel were in bondage here; that Joseph was overlord at the court of Pharaoh; that the seven years' famine occurred — and all the rest of it. If we can unearth the records of that period, we will prove or disprove the Bible story."

"And you expect to unearth them out here in the desert?" I asked incredulously.

"I think it possible," he answered gravely.

A quiver of excited awe swept through me. I drew a deep breath. Here indeed was something big — something tremendous — something beside which our own business in the desert dwindled to ridiculous insignificance.

"But," I stammered; "but I don't see ——"

"The records of those five hundred years," Davis explained, "even the names of the shepherd-kings, were destroyed by the native kings who came after them, who were determined that not a single memento should remain of that period of alien rule. The great Sphinx in the Louvre, the Bagdad lion, the sacrificial stone at Gizeh — all these were covered by the records of that period; and they were all chiseled away so carefully that scarcely a word is decipherable. Not a single inscription was left anywhere; and if any still exist, it must be in some remote place where they remained undiscovered ——"

"But why out here?" I asked. "What makes you think ——"

"I believe one of those kings was buried here," Davis answered. "If I can find his tomb — if it is still intact ——"

He was combing his beard nervously again, and I suddenly discovered that the hand which held my pipe was trembling violently. Then Davis rose with a jerk.

"We must get some sleep," he said. "And I would ask you not to repeat anything of all this. It is a secret I don't share with everyone."

There was a note in his voice which told me that he was already wondering how he had come to share it with me!

I promised, of course, to say nothing; and followed him to bed. But my head was whirling as I lay, wrapped in my blanket, staring up at the stars. What a tremendous business — to prove or disprove that splendid Bible story! It was a long time before I could compose myself for sleep.

Chapter XI

WE were up at dawn and jogging eastward again — as it seemed to me we had been doing for days and days. We were all in better spirits — our moodiness had vanished — we were getting acclimated to the desert, I suppose; and for the first time since we started, there were jests and chaffing.

Jimmy had seen nothing more of his ghost, so he said, when I took occasion to inquire, and I concluded that Mustafa's police regulations, whatever they were, had had their effect. Jimmy himself seemed entirely recovered from his nervousness; he had slept well, he said, and he was quite ready to laugh at his fears of the night before.

"Though night *does* make a difference!" he added.

I joined Davis a little later, and told him of Jimmy's recovery; and then I tried to take up again our talk of the night before; but he refused to be drawn out. And then Mlle. Roland joined us, in the gayest of spirits, and rode along between us, asking Davis all sorts of questions about the desert and the oasis we were bound for.

It wasn't a real oasis, it seemed; a real oasis is fed underground, in some mysterious way, from the waters of the Nile. This one was at the bottom of a natural basin into which was drained all the rain which fell for miles and miles around. Underneath it, so Davis hazarded, there was a reservoir of some sort, holding enough water to carry it over the dry seasons; for there was a well in the center of the oasis which always had water in it. The whole place was only a few acres in extent, though there were evidences that it had once been much larger — maintained, perhaps, by artificial irrigation; but it was steadily shrinking before the ceaseless onslaughts of the desert, and would probably, some day, be wiped out altogether. The ruins which he had been excavating had once stood in the midst of vegetation, but now there were some three hundred yards of sand between them and the edge of the oasis.

I hoped from the way Davis had loosened up under the charm of our companion that he would go ahead and tell us something of what he hoped to find in the ruins; but perhaps my wish was too evident in my face, for he suddenly shut up like a clam, excused himself and urged his donkey forward to join Mustafa at the head of the column. He was so evidently anxious to get rid of us, that the girl and I couldn't help laughing as we met each other's eyes.

I had never seen her looking so beautiful. She had disdained a veil from the first, and sun and air had given the faintest tinge of bronze to her skin; her full lips had taken on a deeper crimson; her whole face fairly glowed with some deep, mysterious well-being. She was vivid, radiant — and I told her so.

She bowed her thanks.

"It is just happiness," she explained. "For some reason, I am very, very happy. It is as though some great desire was about to be realized."

"What desire?" I asked.

"I do not know — I only know that within me there is a strange peace."

"At least you know what your great desire is!" I protested.

"I have never had a great desire — unless it was to be an actress — a really good one."

"Well," I began; but she shook her head.

"Oh, no; it is not that! I am certain it has nothing to do with that! Most probably it is nothing at all — nothing but the wonder of all this."

She looked out eastward across the sand to where, faint against the horizon, the serrated peaks of a range of rugged hills could just be discerned.

"Prof. Davis says that the Red Sea lies beyond those hills," she added. "But you will notice that we are turning more to the south."

"Has Davis been talking to you?" I asked in some surprise.

"Oh, I did most of the talking; but when he gets started, he is most interesting."

"Has he told you ——"

I stopped, remembering my promise.

"That he hopes to make a great find? Yes. It seems there is a king's tomb somewhere among those ruins."

"He's only guessing," I said; "but if he guesses right, it will be a tremendous thing for him."

"If he finds the tomb," she added, "perhaps we shall see the ghost of that old king! Their ghosts are supposed to live in their tombs, you know."

I laughed as I glanced at her, for I supposed that she was jesting; but I was astonished to see that her face was very serious.

"You're not in earnest!" I protested. "Do you really believe in ghosts?"

"I have always believed in ghosts."

"Have you ever seen one?"

"No — not yet!"

"Then you ought to talk to Jimmy Allen," I began, and stopped suddenly, remembering that the women were not to be alarmed. I

have to confess that Mlle. Roland did not seem in the least alarmed.

"Has *he* seen a ghost?" she inquired tranquilly.

"He thought he saw one night before last ——"

I stopped again, for the expression of her face had suddenly changed. The glow had left it — it was almost sallow — and there was something like fear in the eyes that looked at me.

"Go on!" she commanded. "Tell me!"

"I shouldn't have said anything about it! It wasn't a ghost, of course. One of the natives was wandering about the place, and Jimmy saw him — that was all."

She breathed a quick sigh of relief.

"I thought you were going to tell me something exciting," she said. "But most ghost stories turn out that way."

"All of them," I said positively, and we dropped the subject.

Then Jimmy Allen rode up, and I had another shock.

I have already told of the impression she gave me of holding Jimmy at a distance; and I had had the feeling that he was beating vainly against a wall of ice. But the wall had vanished. The eyes she turned upon him were much more than friendly. What had been going on, I wondered?

And then I saw that it was as much a surprise to Jimmy as to me; for he turned pale and then red, and clutched his saddle as though he feared to fall.

And suddenly I felt like an intruder, and reined my donkey in and fell back with the others.

But at least I could look at them — at the way their donkeys drew together, at the turn of their heads, the inclination of their bodies.

"Jimmy seems to be getting on!" said a low voice at my elbow, and I turned to find that Mollie had ridden up beside me.

"Yes," I agreed; "and I don't understand it."

"What don't you understand?" she demanded sharply.

"She has always seemed to dislike him — and here, quite suddenly ——"

"She makes eyes at him," said Mollie. "There is nothing surprising in that. Jimmy is a very handsome fellow."

"Too handsome to live with," I amended. "I prefer the rugged type of countenance."

"Like your own!" she mocked.

"Well, yes," I said. "Why shouldn't I admit it?"

"Most people would call it just ugly," she remarked, looking at it impersonally.

I hadn't deserved that, but I managed to bear up. It was far better to be knocked about than to be calmly disregarded. I drew a little nearer.

"At least it has a chin," I said; "which is more than can be said of some."

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded.

"I was thinking of certain long-nosed, close-eyed, narrow-foreheaded idiots in uniform," I explained. "And I was thinking of the miles and miles I've seen you walk beside them; and the hours and hours you've leaned over the rail with them. How could you do it, Mollie?"

"You were pretty fully occupied yourself," snapped Mollie, with a show of temper which surprised me. "I didn't know you had time to look at me!"

Which reminded me to look again at Mlle. Roland; and I saw with astonishment that she and Jimmy were riding quite a distance apart and both were sitting very stiff; and just then Mlle. Roland reined in her donkey and passed us with a frigid little smile; while Jimmy rode on alone, his shoulders drooping dejectedly.

Mollie leaned over to me, her eyes snapping.

"She's a cat!" she hissed. "And you defend her! You have the nerve to defend her!"

And without waiting for me to answer — though, indeed, I was quite incapable of answering! — she wheeled her donkey and joined Ma Creel, who had entrusted the guidance of her donkey to a boy, and was jogging placidly along under a white umbrella, the only real philosopher in the lot of us!

I rode on, divided between disgust and bewilderment. I hadn't defended Mlle. Roland — I had never suspected that she needed defending! Even yet I couldn't see that she did; but in any event, she was thoroughly competent to take care of herself. The only thing I was sure of was that Mollie had dug up the hatchet again.

I found myself looking at Jimmy's dejected figure with a sort of fellow-feeling, and I joined him presently, thinking that perhaps we might console each other; but there was no hint of welcome in the look he turned upon me, and he didn't even take the trouble to listen to my remarks. But that evening, he was a little more communicative — to the extent, at least, of repeating certain well-worn aphorisms. We had sort of gravitated together for a smoke after dinner.

"Davis says we'll get there tonight," I said.

"Get where?" he asked, waking out of a sort of dream.

"Where we're going, of course!" I snapped, my own nerves being considerably frazzled.

"I beg your pardon, Billy," he said. "I wasn't listening. It's an oasis, isn't it?"

"You don't need to make conversation for my sake," I said.

"But I really want to know," he persisted. "*Isn't* it an oasis?"

"Davis says it isn't a true oasis," and I repeated what he had told us. "It does rain sometimes out here, so Davis says," I added; "sort of laps over from the Red Sea."

"One would never think it," said Jimmy, looking absently out over the sand. And then he startled me by adding, "Women are the devil! First they blow hot — then they blow cold."

"My experience has been principally on the cold side," I said. "Yours, so far as I have observed it, has been the other way."

"They make me sick!" he said. "I thought I knew them!"

"And now when you find you don't, you're sicker still!" I said.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded, and glared at me.

"Oh, what's the use of trying to bluff me?" I asked. "I can see what ails you — anybody could!"

"My God!" he groaned. "Is it as plain as that?"

"Oh, come!" I said. "We're not making a film! Besides, it's nothing to be ashamed of. Everybody knows I'm in love with Mollie Adams and that she won't look at me ——"

And then, to my amazement, Jimmy suddenly forgot his troubles and turned over on his back and laughed and laughed.

"I'm glad it amuses you!" I snorted; and that seemed to set him off again; and just then Mustafa gave the signal to start.

I tried to find out, later on, what it really was that had set him off like that; but he just rode along without looking at me. For blowing hot, then cold, a woman is nowhere with an Irishman!

I found out, eventually, that nobody wanted to talk to me. I endeavored to have an explanation with Mollie, but she treated me like a leper; Creel, his brows furrowed in thought, waved me impatiently away; Davis was so excited by the prospect of beginning work on the morrow that he didn't even pretend to listen; Digby and Ma Creel, riding side by side, were reminiscencing again; and finally I was astounded to see Mollie rein in beside Mlle. Roland, and engage in an apparently intimate and engrossing conversation.

So I fell gradually to the rear and let my donkey jog along any way he pleased, and reflected upon the inconsistencies of human nature. Now *I* was not subject to such ups and downs. You would find me tomorrow just where I was today. I didn't like people one day and hate them the next; I didn't call people cats and then take them to my bosom the next moment! I didn't ——

Suddenly an excited clatter broke out among the natives, and I looked up to see a bunch of ghostly palms faintly outlined against the sky. We had reached the oasis.

Chapter XII

IT was not until next morning that I was able to get any but the vaguest idea of the spot of earth which was to be the theatre of our drama. Then it didn't take me long to discover that the photographs hadn't begun to do it justice.

In the middle of the oasis, at its lowest point, was the well — a tiny circular pool of clear water, fed from underground — over which Mustafa set a guard at once to make sure that the water was not by any chance wasted or defiled. I tasted it and was surprised to find that it was quite cool.

Three hundred yards away to the east, with the marbled sand stretching all about them, a series of mounds marked the ruins where Davis hoped to make his great discovery. Looking out at them, it seemed hardly possible that they had once stood in the midst of palms and flowers.

Davis and Mustafa, after considerable talk, agreed on the details of our permanent camp; and then Davis, at the head of a gang

How Do You Expect *to* "Work Like a Horse"

—yet treat yourself as an intelligent farmer would scorn to treat his plow-horse? Your body demands careful attention, like any other finely adjusted piece of machinery. It responds just as readily to good treatment and suffers just as acutely from neglect.

Neglect of the bowel function and the habitual use of laxative pills and waters frequently result in chronic constipation. Drug "remedies" for constipation whip the bowels into action until eventually the system comes to demand the spur of a cathartic before it will work at all. For this reason physicians everywhere are recommending Nujol—the internal lubricant. Nujol, unlike physics or drugs, acts mechanically by keeping the intestinal contents soft and so facilitating normal movements.

Nujol being a lubricant, does not gripe or upset the system. It is tasteless, and easy to take.

The Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) has used its world-wide resources in producing Nujol and its reputation is behind the product.

Nujol is the only remedy for constipation we manufacture. The genuine sold only in pint bottles bearing Nujol trade-mark. All bottles filled at our Nujol plant, absolutely modern and sanitary.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)
Bayonne *Dept. 5* New Jersey

Nujol
for Constipation

Please send me booklet on the treatment of constipation
Write your name and address plainly below

Name..... Address..... City..... State.....

Whitman's

Sweets of your Childhood

Very likely you have not tasted some of the candy kinds in Whitman's Old Time Favorites since you were a child. In this box are assembled a variety of the pure stick candies, the taffies, the mints, the mallows, the caramels, and others which used to make your eyes grow big with visions of delight.

Old fashioned things must be good to endure until the present. These candies have held their place in the affections of the public for generations. And to taste them as Whitman makes them is to know the reason why. Sixty cents the package of 20 ounces.

Packages such as this—quaint, artistic, original, exactly meeting the varied tastes and moods of connoisseurs in sweets — are characteristic of Whitman's—the National Sweets famous since 1842. Ask our agent for Whitman's booklet. Or write us.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

GIVE YOUR CAR A NEW FINISH · DO IT YOURSELF WITH ONE OR TWO COATS OF

Effecto AUTO *FINISHES*

MAKES your car look like new, at small expense. Not a wax or polish. A durable, quick drying, high luster auto finish. Made in seven colors, also Clear Varnish and Top and Seat Dressing. Keep a can of Effecto handy for touching up rusty spots.

Sold by paint, hardware and auto accessory dealers. Send for Color Card. Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 147 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 93 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

of men, hurried away to the ruins, while Mustafa, at the head of another, got the ground ready and put up the tents. When they were all in place, they made quite a little settlement. The two sleeping-tents were placed side by side, some eight or ten feet apart, and in front of them the dining- and lounging-tent was pitched. A little to one side, the cook set up his sheet-iron stove, while farther to the left was the tent for properties and supplies. The native camp was on the other side of the oasis, hidden from sight by a swell of ground. The only tent there was a small one marking Mustafa's headquarters. About it the camels and donkeys and goats were picketed in picturesque confusion.

Ma Creel and old Digby went to work at once unpacking the properties and sorting them out, while Creel hurried away to select his locations. I unpacked my cameras and assured myself that they were all right; then I loaded one of them with a small cartridge, for I wanted to test the light. I had an idea that in this dry atmosphere it would prove much more intense than any I had ever worked with. As I came out of the tent, with the camera on my shoulder, I met Jimmy. He was not looking happy.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Blowing cold this morning?"

"A regular iceberg!"

"Where *are* the girls?"

"They're fitting up their new home. They said they didn't need any help. In fact, they wouldn't look at me! What are you up to?"

"I'm going to try out a bit of film. I thought I'd go over to the ruins and shoot the professor. Have you been over there? Come along, then."

FIVE minutes later, we were toiling across the sand toward the low mounds, about which we could see the laborers swarming — for Davis hadn't lost any time putting them to work, when he found that Creel didn't need them — but it was not until we got quite near that we realized the extent of Davis's operations. When I saw the great gashes he had cut in the earth, I began to have a new respect for the man. It was like excavating the Panama Canal! And what a background for our picture!

He saw us coming and hurried out to meet us, his face red and shining with excitement.

"Everything's in splendid shape," he said, triumphantly. "The sand has drifted very little. There's some clearing up to do and then I can go ahead from right where I left off."

"Great Scott!" I said, for we had come to the top of a mound from the farther edge of which a mighty chasm stretched below us. "Do you mean to say you dug all that out?"

"Yes — the sand had drifted ten feet above it. I worked here nearly a year."

I could well believe it. The excavation extended from side to side of what seemed a sort of court, through the center of which ran a row of queerly twisted columns, only a few of which were still upright. The court was surrounded by walls of white limestone, which were only partially uncovered — or perhaps the sand had drifted over them again during the months that Davis had been away. It was at this sand the laborers were working, filling their baskets, hoisting them with a quick swing to the shoulder, and toiling up out of the excavation by what seemed a double stair, for the returning laborers, their baskets empty, were descending at the same time. I walked over to it and found that it *was* a double stair, with an inclined plane between the two flights of steps. And then I remembered that I had seen it in one of the photographs.

"Why the inclined plane?" I asked.

"Tomb entrances were always built that way," Davis explained, "so the great stone coffins could be got down."

"But how did you ever know where to begin?" I asked, looking about at the stretch of tumbled mounds.

"Oh, I probed about until I found the staircase. Those are my exploratory ditches out yonder," and he pointed to the great gashes we had seen first. "When I found the stair, I knew I was at the starting-point. What's the matter with Allen?" he asked suddenly.

I turned quickly to find that Jimmy had sunk down on a mound of sand and was holding his head in his hands as though he feared it might burst. There was something in his attitude — so lax, so abandoned — that sent a thrill of fear through me.

"What's the matter, Jimmy?" I cried, running toward him. "You're not ill?"

He looked up at me with a sort of haggard stare that seemed to go right through me; his face was livid, with great drops of sweat standing out across the forehead.

"I don't know what's the matter," he muttered huskily. "My head's whirling —"

"It's the heat," said Davis, who had hurried up. "You'll have to be careful till you get used to it. I'll have a couple of my men help you back to the tents. You'd better lie down for a while."

But Jimmy was already better. He straightened up and wiped away the sweat, and a little color came back into his cheeks.

"I'll be all right in a minute," he protested, and rose shakily. "I can't imagine what came over me!"

He was staring down into the excavation as though it fascinated him.

"It's the sun," Davis repeated; "one doesn't realize how hot it is. I've seen a lot of men taken just the same way. You go back and lie down."

"I believe I will," said Jimmy, tearing his eyes away from the excavation by a visible effort and turning toward the oasis.

"You're sure you don't need any help?" I asked.

"Oh, no; I'm all right," and he clambered slowly down the mound.

We followed him with our eyes, and I, at least, was very anxious; but in a moment his shoulders straightened and his pace quickened.

"He'll be all right with a little rest," said Davis; "but he'll have to be careful not to over-do it, or he'll have a regular stroke. Were you going to take a picture?" and he nodded toward the camera.

"I was going to try out the light," I said.

"If you need me, just whistle," he said, and sprang down the steps three at a time.

I ran through a few feet of film with various apertures, and then descended into the excavation and did the same thing there. Then I sat down and watched the men working, and presently Creel appeared at the top of the mound, and came down the steps and joined me. His face was radiant.

"It's great!" he said. "I wasn't looking for anything half so good. We'll start this afternoon."

"I've been testing out the light," I said. "I don't want to over-expose."

"You'd better develop the film right away. I'll be ready for you by three o'clock."

"You'll have to be careful how you work Jimmy Allen," I said. "He had a little heat-stroke a while ago."

"The deuce he did!" said Creel, and the light went out of his face. "You don't mean to say he's sick!"

"No; but Davis says he will be if he over-does it."

Creel took off his helmet and ran his fingers through his hair.

"We can't have anything like that happen!" he said. "That would be awful!"

"It isn't so bad as that," I assured him. "Jimmy will be all right, I guess. Anyway, he'll work as long as he's able to move."

"Yes," Creel agreed, "Jimmy's no quitter. I'll shield him as much as I can," and he walked over to Davis to arrange the work for the afternoon, while I went back to the supply-tent, and in a dark corner I had rigged up for myself, developed my scraps of film.

As I had expected, the ordinary aperture was far too large for the brilliant desert light; even at the bottom of the excavation, a shade smaller size gave the better film — which was all to the good, because, of course, with the smaller aperture I got a cleaner picture with more brilliant definition. If the film was a failure, I told myself, it wouldn't be the fault of the photography.

Creel had decided to start with some caravan scenes, and Jimmy donned the very becoming khaki suit which was to be his costume as an explorer and excavator; though Davis remarked cynically that he had never seen a real Egyptologist in such a rig. Creel got into a similar but less striking suit, for he was to be Jimmy's companion and assistant — a sort of chorus, as it were; the camels and donkeys and goats and natives were mustered in; Mustafa donned an unusually voluminous burnoose; and we plowed out into the sand, and I took a string of pictures — first of the caravan in the full desert, and then with the oasis in the background; and then I panned right up to its edge, with the camels disappearing among the palms.

After that there was a hundred feet or so of the camp, with Creel and Jimmy sitting at the table examining maps of the ruins, and eating dinner, and discussing plans, and so on. Then the whole lot of them dived indoors to change their costumes, while Digby and Mustafa brought out a lot of

trappings for the camels; and then Digby went in to change *his* costume, and Mustafa and the astonished natives adjusted the trappings, the camels protesting lustily, for they couldn't in the least understand what was going on.

Presently old Digby came out again in full war-paint as a priest of ancient Egypt, and Mustafa had quite a time preventing the natives from bolting. Then Mustafa picked out a dozen of the most intelligent of them, and made them stand still while he and Digby dressed them as ancient warriors. Mustafa himself was to be prime minister or something, and when he got into his togs he certainly looked the part. Ma Creel and Mollie, as the attendants of the king's favorite, were not so convincing, and Creel sent them back to put on another layer of bronze.

"I ought to have brought along some native girls," he said; "but I probably couldn't have made them act! And they've got to do considerable acting. Isn't Mustafa gorgeous?"

And just then Jimmy came out, and I heard the gasp which ran around the group of natives when they saw him. Indeed, I gasped myself, for if anybody ever looked like a king of ancient Egypt — at least, as I imagine they looked, and as they should have looked, whether they did or not — it was Jimmy Allen. He struck an attitude in front of the tent, and I saw the natives shaking, but Mustafa spoke to them sharply, and then Jimmy grinned and came forward. The grin broke the spell, for there was nothing Egyptian about it. It was pure Irish.

"Great, Jimmy!" said Creel. "Couldn't be better. Only, for heaven's sake, don't smile!"

Then his wife and Mollie came out of the tent again and presented themselves for inspection.

"You'll do," he said, looking them over critically. "But stay in profile as much as you can. Where is Mlle. Roland?"

"Coming!" cried a clear voice, and she stepped out from the tent.

For an instant there was silence. Then, with an inarticulate cry of fear and stupefaction, the natives dropped to their knees as one man and touched their foreheads to the ground. I could see Mustafa staring with open mouth; I saw Jimmy, after one long look, sink slowly into a chair; I felt my own knees shaking.

For there before our eyes was something more than an embodiment of ancient Egypt — it was ancient Egypt itself, its very spirit, risen from the dead in amazing resurrection! It wasn't through the eyes alone I sensed it — it was through some instinct far more subtle and convincing. There was an aura — a perfume — an exhalation as of grave-clothes and opened tombs. . . .

[*To be continued*]

The mystery deepens in the next instalment. The company really gets down to work, and thrilling drama begins

Have You Stopped Growing?

[*Continued from page 17*]

Cast about among your acquaintances and you can see the theory working out. In a concern where men of ability climb into bigger jobs every two or three seasons, a thoughtful, intelligent young fellow has been hanging around for the last eight years, gaining a little by sheer seniority.

"Too bad Frank didn't get a college education," his employers say, to excuse themselves for not promoting him. So staying out of a school — any school — for thirty-two months can draw a double red line across a man's future? Not much of a man! Frankly, the fellow is contented to drift. Lack of education is a popular "fence" for mental laziness.

Another man blames a physical breakdown for his failure. Some keep their minds in sullen opposition to new ideas; and there is no surer way to grow old young. Many are like Fredericks — too comfortable. The head of a big industry acknowledges that he has "too much to lose" to take chances he used to enjoy. He will never know how big he might be if he had to go his limit.

Only something that fires the deepest motives we feel seems to bring a man out of the rut. The doctors will tell you there is not one chance in a hundred that he will ever rouse himself. It may take the failure of the bank where his money is, or a forced trip around the world, disgrace or hunger or war.

No other motive is perhaps so sure to respond as pride — a man's pride in his reputation, his courage, his people — country — God. If a man is so valuable or well-liked that his business associates will make a campaign for him, they can sometimes make a winning play on this motive. A pat on the back sometimes serves as well as a bump on the head.

The Case of Norton

AT forty-five, Norton, the successful sales manager for a New Jersey mill, had settled down in his New York office to "enjoy life." It looked like a life berth and he had won it by hard work. Then the mill changed hands over night and the future became as uncertain as a mined strait. Norton waited to see what the new management would do. One of the first things it did was to begin changing about machines, men and systems in all the factory departments, complicating an already desperate delivery situation. A howl went up from the trade, and within a week the new proprietor received a demand from his biggest customer for a personal conference.

The proprietor despatched his secretary, a discerning young man, first to size up conditions at the mill, and then to go on to New York for the conference. The trouble man first spent two or three evenings in the offices and ran through the correspondence files. Here he found a moving word-picture of a sales manager deteriorating into a figure head, and finally growing peevish. Norton was merely taking each day's work as it came — he no longer planned and initiated a complete campaign. He had stopped growing. So the young man went on to New York.

"What you tryin' to do over there at the mill, eh?" inquired the largest customer, an important Jewish jobber, after two fat, black cigars were drawing nicely. "Norton says you haf a green man in charge. It's a mighty good rule to wadch a business for a year or so before making any changes, 'nt you think?"

"Do you really want to know what we're doing up at the mill?" the young man fired back.

Then he told in detail how the new factory head, already known for his success in reorganizing three other plants, was putting the mill on a scientific basis which would soon make deliveries run like clockwork. The natural thing to do next was to look for a new sales manager. The trouble man did nothing of the sort. He began to plan a series of moves by which, within a few months, he hoped to rouse the present sales manager from his lethargy.

First he asked the customer to help Norton handle and explain the delivery situation. He took Norton back to the plant with him and filled him with the idea that the reorganized concern had a boundless future. Finally, he explained that as staff head of promotion, he should have to rely constantly on the experience of the sales manager.

After that, Norton got a brief note every month or so, asking light on such points as these:

What are the seasonable styles the mill should have cleaned up by June 1st? Can we make this date on all the work signed up and in view?

What kinds of work should we be doing in the summer months? How much of this have we in sight? How much more are we going to need to keep all units busy? How does this compare with what we did the last three summers?

What new kinds of work might we get for summer — check on enclosed list?

What plans have you under way to bring

"Father Time and Mother Nature grew the tobacco. I guess they cure it best."

A PIPE load of VELVET gives you every last bit of enjoyment that there is in a pipe.

VELVET'S two years' ageing in wooden hogsheads brings out the last bit of mildness, mellowness and taste that is naturally in Kentucky's best tobacco. That two years' ageing is Nature's own method. No shortcut processes can even *touch* it. And VELVET will prove this to *you*.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

THE best natured fellow in the world will lose his temper if you push him too hard. An' even good Burley tobacco loses a lot of its fren'liness if you rush the curin'.

Velvet Joe

10c Tins
5c Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

GEM
$1.00
The Sign of "The Best Safety"
7 for 35¢
The Difference
Gem Damaskeene Blades are unlike others, and as you use blade after blade you marvel at their fine quality—the finest Damascus steel tempered by the Gem process to hold a smooth, keen cutting edge. Each blade tested before going into sealed, waxed paper wrapped package—moisture and dust proof.
7 blades for 35c
You'll appreciate the simplicity of the Gem, for there is nothing to take apart or get out of order—lift hinged top, insert blade and snap down the top, that's all. Self shaving saves time and money.
Outfit includes razor complete, with seven Gem Damaskeene Blades, shaving and stropping handle, in handsome case. $1.00
Dealers Everywhere
Gem Cutlery Co. Inc.
New York
Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal
GEM
GEM DAMASKEENE BLADES
RAZOR

Here is the Key
to robustness. Locks the door against weakness, anæmia and under-nourishment. Opens the door to strength, health and a sound digestion.
ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK
Liquid-Food-Tonic
A key whose repeated use has made it shine bright in the esteem of the medical profession and in the affections of the millions who have benefited by its fine tonic properties.
The key to the situation
Malt-Nutrine
All Druggists—Most Grocers
Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product—not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14.50 per cent malt solids—1.8 per cent alcohol.
Interesting booklet on request.
Anheuser-Busch St. Louis, U. S. A.

in the regular business for next fall and the following spring?

Every one of these queries reached a weak point in the somnolent sales manager's work. Yet seasonal fluctuations were accepted as unavoidable all through the trade, and he had been no more bound by tradition than his competitors. The chance to show what he knew, temptingly put by a man of keen, original ideas, was like "turning over" the engine. His mind caught the spark of enthusiasm, began to function as the trouble man had planned, and has already made him known as one of the dynamic thinkers of the concern.

When is a Man Slowing Down?

MOST of us recognize the signs when the other man's mind begins to set in the mold. Wave a new idea and he sees a red rag. He seems afraid to let opinions fight it out and the best win. If he still reads, thinks, and listens, it is all in familiar channels. He may get about a good deal, but he gathers no new impressions. He is a shark on criticism, but a jellyfish on constructive ideas. Or he is undecided on vital questions and contented not to get the facts.

To see these things in one's self is a horse of a different color. Frederick's periodical efficiency rating is one way. Engineers, employment managers and associations have test charts a man can use. James Hartness, ex-president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and Robert G. Valentine, the Boston industrial counselor, recommend a "human" report annually in a concern, which shall show each worker how nearly he has measured up to his best, whether he is contented in his job, what is being done to broaden him and whether his pay is keeping pace. The manager of an automobile factory has a formula by which he rates a man's value to the concern and reminds him every few months if he is not growing. "We are not trying," says an industrial adviser, "to raise wages beyond a certain point for routine work. If work is worth only that much, competent people need to be spurred out of it, not encouraged to hang on." To hold the mirror up to some of his district sales managers and salesmen who were living the easy lives of the middle-aged and well-to-do was an inner purpose of a sales contest the head of the greatest paint organization in the world put on two years ago. The standing of the men, published weekly, proved to many that they were slipping back. Stung pride and their instinct for the "game" started them to growing again.

There is a warning for us all in the graphic curve a correspondence school maintains to show the age of its students. This firm uses advertising which is calculated to rouse intense ambition, shame a man out of failure, and encourage him to build a business of his own. How thousands have responded to this appeal not to abandon themselves to an endless grind is shown by a graphic curve on the manager's desk. At twenty-five to thirty the line is at its highest, representing the great plateau of initiative, daring and ambition in a man's life. Thirty seems to mark the time when men "get set"—a landmark in life and, in fact, the great divide between energy and inertia. Immediately after thirty, the response drops off almost forty per cent, as if men were entrenching themselves to hold what they have won. At thirty-three and thirty-five the curve recovers almost one-third of the way. After that, men seem to take stock and earnestly attempt to better themselves roughly at five year intervals; forty, forty-five less distinctly, fifty with great determination, then at fifty-three, fifty-five and sixty desperate efforts to make a new start, wavering off into silence after sixty-eight.

This curve makes no pretense of considering all possible factors. But it does tell us, if nothing more: "Make sure at thirty, at thirty-five, at forty, at forty-five, that you inventory higher than ever before and that you are headed right. Face the new facts now—don't wait!" It warns us that while many men at these pivot ages mean to make a new start, fewer and fewer do. To the coming man, it pictures opportunity periods, when men of determination forge ahead.

Go in for yourself at thirty-five, runs the rule of thumb, or the chances are you will never take the dare.

"I've burned my bridges," a young professional man who at thirty-four has made a complete change recently told me. "I figured that the fellow who passes my age in a comfortable routine place, with increasing personal responsibilities, will almost certainly vote 'safety first' all his life. It was do something decisive or get reconciled and settle down to get what I could out of the old job, regardless of what it made out of me.

"I've never forgotten," he continued, "what an old buffalo hunter once told me; that the thumb of a blacksmith, the eyes of an Indian and the robe of a bison simply show how Nature makes good on demand. I used to doubt whether I could measure up with other men. One thing I acknowledged I dare not attempt—to sell. Some essential part of me was atrophying. When that begins—when a man passes his own dare and puts comfort above accomplishment, it's time for him to take the firing line and call on Nature to give him a new start."

This is heroic doctrine, but there are men who live it. Roosevelt understands it; in his fifties he traces down a jungle-bound river. Men like Willys and Herbert S. Collins understand it—the scores of them who, having built up great enterprises, still reach out for bigger responsibilities. The men and nations of Europe understand it. A young executive who has just given up his place in an association office at Chicago understands it. At twenty-seven, caught in a blind-alley job, he heard the suggestion of the man above him that they hire a secretary for certain work.

"Good idea," he agreed. "Just add twenty dollars to his wages and let him take over my work. There is nothing in it a clerk can't do. I'll look for something else."

Soon he had declined two better places and his chin had gone up several notches.

Of course, the stories are about these men who have shifted, but the men who are making the wheels turn are those who stuck—and brought their new fires of energy to bear on the same old work. The acting version of a job is just as root-bound and moss-grown as the men who have played the part. Learn to look at your own work in a big, heroic way and it may scare you with the chances it offers the man you would like to be.

And if it takes a big man to keep alive to all the possibilities of his own job, to keep fresh at the same desk year after year—always to see big chances and make the fight for them—is hardest of all for the boss. Some managers have put out guards against going stale.

The Value of a Fresh Viewpoint

A DALLAS real estate man never hires real estate men, though he has picked up brilliant young fellows from a half-dozen other lines. "I don't want men familiar with all the patter of my trade," he once told me; "I need men who can bring me a fresh pair of eyes."

"What you need is a sabbatical year," a scientist recently told a business man who felt that he had stopped growing. "Get away from your office for six months. Breathe the sweep of new ideas from round the world. Serve your time in something else, and do it so thoroughly that you get your feet on bottom."

Yes! the business man actually did it—did the heroic! More and more men in business are doing it. Cartoonists have laughed us out of the New Year resolution, but the fashion of taking one's own Man Inventory at least once a season is coming in. Some take the quiet of a vacation in the north woods to gage themselves against last year's height-mark. If they have "gone back," they lay out a program that will set the sap of ideas running anew, even if it means war on fat living.

Another great business article next month—"Uncle Sam Talks to Farmers," by Waldemar Kaempffert. There couldn't be a more alluring talk to young men. Uncle Sam tells them how to get rich—not quickly, but honestly, and under his own auspices. Mr. Kaempffert personally answers every letter that comes to him in our care

More About Husbands and Better Children

[*Continued from page 27*]

that is true. I should like to ask a thousand women-readers to tell me honestly, anonymously, (*just one word on a postal card,"yes" or "no"*) if they think that is true?

Tell me this — as women grow older and face loneliness (a husband may die) do they or do they not regret the little children they might have had but did not? *Have pleasures and vanities fully compensated them for the sons and daughters they might have had but did not?*

As women enter the gray fifties, the saddened sixties, and know pain and bereavement, do they yearn for the glad young voices, the strong supporting arms that might be about them but are not? *Do they, or do they not?*

I come now to a recent scientific discovery that brings a message of hope to the thousands of women who at present find themselves in the non-procreative class by reason of birth-refusal errors or because of some disease or disease tendency that debars them from longed-for motherhood joys. Such women may begin to take heart for, even though they are sterile, even though they carry in themselves a tragic inheritance of tuberculosis tendency, cancer tendency, insanity tendency, yet the day is almost here (in certain cases it is already here) when they may have children, *healthy children that will be in no danger of inherited disease!*

How is this wonderful thing possible?

It is possible by means of an ovarian grafting operation, still in its experimental stage, that has been repeatedly performed on animals at the biological laboratories of Harvard University and that has been successfully performed on a woman in at least one case in New York City. I can speak of this case with a certain authority, since I know the surgeon who performed the operation and have the details from him.

Before I describe the amazing experiences of this woman, let me say a word about the Harvard laboratory experiments. We know that a pure black female rabbit mated with a pure white male rabbit always gives birth to black rabbits, never to white rabbits, never to rabbits mottled black and white. *But —*

If this ovarian grafting is performed on a pure black female rabbit and the ovaries of a pure white female rabbit are substituted, then, if this black female (with white-rabbit ovaries) is mated with a white male rabbit, *the offspring are pure white rabbits!* This has been repeatedly demonstrated and its great significance for the human race is apparent. *The sex inheritance on the mother's side comes from the germ plasm of the grafted ovaries, not from the germ plasm of the mother!*

What does this mean translated into everyday language and applied to human beings?

"It means that a woman suffering from some disease or disease tendency that she would naturally transmit to her children, may now transmit healthy qualities, assuming that her ovaries have been replaced by the ovaries of a healthy woman. Which is possible."

"In that case a consumptive wife may have a child without fear that it will inherit her malady?" I asked Dr. Robert T. Morris, the surgeon who performed the operation.

"Yes."

"A woman who is apparently sterile may have a child?"

"That is what happened in the case. This lady could never have had a child. A microscopic examination for her *ova* made that certain. Her hopes of motherhood would never have been realized."

"But in this way her hopes were realized? She had a child?"

"She has had two children, both of them healthy. One died of scarlet fever, but that might happen in any family. Her other child is living, and is perfectly normal."

"Is this generally known?"

"It is known among doctors. And a number of women have heard of it — quite a large number of women. You see, doctors mention the case to their patients and such news travels fast. I must have refused a hundred requests of women who are crazy to have the same operation performed on themselves."

"Is it a dangerous operation?"

"Not particularly. No more dangerous than the ordinary abdominal operations that we perform on women."

"No more dangerous than the appendicitis operation?"

"I should say not. It's safe enough. That is not the difficulty."

"What is the difficulty? Why did you refuse to operate on all these women?"

"Because I was afraid of disappointing them. I would operate willingly if women understood that at present we can count on success only in a small proportion of cases, say one in seventeen — I mean success up to the point of having the desired child. The ovarian grafting is simple enough, the patient recovers quickly, but in many cases the new tissue does not last long enough for impregnation; the cells of the body resent the presence of these stranger cells and try to destroy them; in fact, they usually do destroy them."

"In the case of the lady who had the two children the grafted tissue must have lasted at least two years?"

"Yes, but that was the end of it. The unfriendly body-cells finally destroyed it."

"Then she cannot have a third child?"

"Not without another grafting operation, which might not succeed."

Dr. Morris described to me two other recent cases where he has performed similar operations of cellular-life transplantation, the patients being men, and the results being equally encouraging. In one of these cases the grafted tissue retained its potency for about a year.

I asked Dr. Morris if he looks for important developments in this new method of procreation.

"Undoubtedly," he said. "In the not distant future surgeons may be able to perform these ovarian grafting operations (and corresponding operations on men) with methods of precision instead of proceeding by guess work, as at present. We may learn to lessen the antagonism between body cells and new tissue cells, between the host and the guest, so that the latter will persist after the grafting.

"As to the main principle involved, it is already demonstrated that the healthy new cells, not the impaired old cells, will transmit the life principle to the next generation and determine the type of the offspring."

FOR the encouragement of those who have no children it may be pointed out that there are other ways of performing our duty to posterity than in parenthood service. We have it in our power to confer immense benefits on future generations (even those who have no children) by lessening the burden of illiteracy and degeneracy among poverty-bound millions.

Poverty! Illiteracy! Degeneracy!

There writhes the triple-headed monster more formidable than the war dragon, that lurks in all our slums and insatiably devours or defiles our children — millions of our children. How can we entertain race-betterment hopes as long as poverty endures?

No doubt poverty does some good, racially speaking, in that it destroys great numbers of the weak and the unworthy before they are able to perpetuate their weakness and their unworthiness, and it serves as a terrible racial training school through which the supremely strong and supremely worthy pass and come forth victorious; but for one such triumphant survivor poverty destroys a thousand others that might have been admirable citizens in a favorable environment. Poverty is an evil thing in the main, a perpetual race-menace that must be somehow reckoned with before this nation or any nation can look for any noticeable betterment in the great mass of its child population.

One definite service that we can render the next generation is to relieve it of undesirable immigration from the slums of Europe. Why are we swelling the ranks of our own slum-dwellers, already a formidable menace to American civilization, by bringing in hordes of the feeble-minded, the illiterate, the degenerate, gathered from the social dregs of Russia, Austria-Hungary and southern Italy?

A New York Commissioner of Immigration declares that immense numbers of these herded immigrants "do not know the days of the week, the months of the year, their own ages or the name of any country in Europe outside their own."

One of the Concrete Roads built by the New York State Highway Department near Watertown. Burns Bros. and Haley, Watertown, Contractors; Edwin Duffey, State Highway Commissioner.

Avoid Waste in Road Building by Constructing Concrete Highways

THE demand for good roads in this country is widespread and insistent. Farmers are dependent upon them; motorists must have them, and the average city dweller who does not own a motor car is beginning to realize that the high cost of living is largely due to poor road transportation.

Millions have been appropriated for improving highways and millions are being spent annually. There is plenty of money in the country and plenty of willingness to spend it for a public need so vital. The problem now confronting the American people is *how* to plan, *how* to build and *how* to pay for its highways.

It is easy to waste money in temporary construction, in endless renewals and repairs, in roads which can not stand an enormously increased traffic.

Plan a System of Concrete Roads to Serve the Greatest Number of People

Build the system all at once so that you may enjoy the full benefit now. Pay for the roads with a bond issue spread over say twenty years, which an annual tax levy of a few cents per acre will liquidate.

Build them strong enough to stand future traffic. On improved roads traffic increases faster than population. This is true of railroads; it is equally true of highways. Traffic is drawn away from parallel routes.

Our highways are now being torn to pieces by a growing motor car traffic; but this is nothing to the punishment by heavy motor trucks which improved roads will have to stand. If the roads are not strong enough, they will have to be rebuilt in a few years at heavy expense to the community.

Main traveled highways should be built of concrete. It has the solidity and strength which make it the universal material for great engineering works.

Write for Bulletin No. 136 containing interesting facts about concrete roads. Then confer with your road officials.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

Offices at

ATLANTA, Hurt Building
CHICAGO, 111 West Washington Street
DALLAS, Southwestern Life Bldg.
DENVER, Ideal Cement Building
INDIANAPOLIS, Merchants Bank Building
KANSAS CITY, Commerce Building
MILWAUKEE, First National Bank Bldg.
NEW YORK, 101 Park Avenue
PARKERSBURG, Union Trust Building
PITTSBURGH, Farmers Bank Building
SALT LAKE CITY, Kearns Building
SAN FRANCISCO, Rialto Building
SEATTLE, Northern Bank & Trust Bldg.

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

An Advertisement by
THE PULLMAN COMPANY

Coast to Coast.

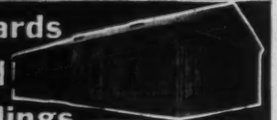
Through the far-reaching service of the Pullman Company it is often possible to arrange a railroad journey so that the night may be spent on the train, thus effecting a saving in hotel accommodations and the hours often unnecessarily used for day time travel.

The Pullman car includes in its construction not only the asset of increased safety, but every convenience afforded by the most modern hotel that can possibly be adapted to the limitations of car construction. And the service further includes the personal attention of employes trained to anticipate the individual requirements of the traveling public.

In the deserts of the Southwest; in the western mountains; in rural communities throughout the country, everywhere, regardless of local conditions, the traveler today can obtain, wherever he may board a Pullman, the same high standard of service that he would find in a Pullman car leaving the terminal of the great metropolis.

Standardized and extended to serve in equal measure travelers in practically every community, the facilities which the Pullman Company affords for convenience, safety and comfort are equalled by no other similar organization in the world.

Edwards Steel Buildings



Everything from Garages to Factories

Erected easily and quickly. Taken down just as readily and moved to any desired new location. Weatherproof, fireproof, time-proof. Wonderfully durable. Whatever the need—garage, booth, boat-house, office, storehouse, school, cottage, barn, hospital, or factory, there's an Edwards Steel Building for the purpose. Write today for descriptive literature and prices.

The Edwards Manufacturing Company
Metal Roofing, Metal Lockers, Rolling Doors, Etc.
1313-1363 Eggleston Ave. CINCINNATI, OHIO

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions," no "ruled lines"—no "shadings"—no "word-signs"—no "code notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
957 Unity Building Chicago, Ill.

TYPEWRITERS FACTORY REBUILT

Save You From $25 to $75

Up-to-date Machines of Standard Makes thoroughly rebuilt, trade-marked and guaranteed the same as new. Efficient service through Branch Stores in leading cities. Send for latest booklet.

AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO., Inc. 339 Broadway, N. Y.

Every Breeze an Ocean Breeze

Cape Cod

Where you'll enjoy a Quiet Restful, Healthful Vacation

A Summer Playground without a peer

Bathing in ocean or inland lakes.
Motoring over superb roadways.
Golf that delights enthusiasts.
Fishing in fresh or salt water that's worthy of a king.

"Quaint Cape Cod" or "Buzzards Bay" Illustrated booklets. Write Vacation Bureau, Room 461, 171 Broadway, New York.

New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.

Charity workers in Pittsburg, Fall River, Paterson, Jersey City, Boston are aghast at the vile living-conditions that prevail among millions of illiterate Lithuanians, Magyars, Slovaks, Slavs, Poles, Sicilians. They swarm in filthy hovels. They treat their women (many of them American women) as degraded slaves. There is much insanity, much drunkenness. A single Pennsylvania coal town of 1800 foreign workers consumes every week, according to Dr. E. A. Ross, in "The Old World for the New" *a barrel of whiskey and a carload of beer!*

What a crop of defective, degenerate and delinquent children is preparing here to poison the next generation! And the fault will be entirely ours if we do not insist upon proper immigration certificates of mental and physical fitness.

Better children! Perhaps fewer children! But surely *better* children! That is our plain duty to posterity. We must see to it that the great new science of eugenics is studied in our schools and in our homes, so that the people may understand that they have it in their power, by proper mating, to build up a finer and stronger human race. They must be encouraged to do this by force of enlightened public opinion, by national and state eugenic prizes for the most admirable progeny. And they must be taught the inestimably important facts as to whom they are *not* to mate with and in what cases of extreme racial inferiority or undesirability they are not to have children at all.

I may say here that many eugenists and public officials have declared themselves in favor of marriage health-certificates without which no matings may legally take place. Thus the Very Reverend Walter Taylor Sumner, dean of the Episcopal Cathedral in Chicago, points out our inconsistency in requiring responsible citizens to vouch for any push-cart peddler or shoe-string vendor before we will give him a street license, and yet we allow this same man to marry as he pleases with no surveillance as to the racial suitableness of his marriage.

"He goes down to City Hall alone and unknown," says Dean Sumner, "he may be a degenerate, an epileptic; or the cursed diseases of the social evil may be coursing through his veins. He passes his name through the wicker window with the name of a similarly unknown female and they are ready to marry and to propagate their kind and to pass on to succeeding generations, in an increasing geometric ratio, the physical, mental and moral deficiencies which they possess."

It is encouraging to know that since Easter, 1912, when Dean Sumner set the example of demanding health certificates before he would marry couples at the Cathedral, about 3500 clergymen of many denominations and in many states have decided to make the same demand. And justices of the peace in various cities have agreed to do the same.

Among other racial perils there is the alcoholism poison (I have dwelt on this in a previous article) and I may add that tobacco is said to prepare an unfavorable inheritance for our children. One authority says that tobacco decreases the sex power in a marked degree, this impairment being in proportion to the amount of tobacco used.

Blanche Eames, in her "Principles of Eugenics," reports that of 506 infants born during three years to women working in the Royal Tobacco Factory in Iglau, near Vienna, 181 died during the first year, and 101 of these suffered from brain disease and convulsions. She attributes these ill effects in great part, to the fact that the mothers during their pregnancy, breathed an atmosphere laden with tobacco dust. And she says that injurious consequences are to be expected when pregnant women breathe tobacco smoke and tobacco exhalations from their husbands' lungs and skin.

It is certain that these racial dangers and needs will be more and more considered as the years pass, and just as the United States Government now supplies farmers with priceless information as to the raising of better crops, sheep, horses, cattle, so it will in the future supply all citizens with information enabling them to have better children.

"The coming man will rank far above the man of today," said Dr. Kellogg at the first national race-betterment conference (Battle Creek, 1914), "in intelligence, in endurance, in length of days, size of body, bigness of brain and in all characteristics which make up human excellence. He will be, in every way, a bigger man. He will be a real aristocrat. In his veins will course not blue blood, but the red blood of abounding health, polluted with no disease or hereditary taint, equipped with alexins and antitoxins capable of resisting every infectious disease, and teeming with life and vitality."

There is an interesting question whether mothers can mark a child in the womb through intense longing or fright or other violent emotion; also whether it is true, as we have been told and love to believe, that, through the influence of intensely beautiful and inspiring thoughts, a mother can give her unborn child a precious spiritual inheritance.

Paul Popenoe, editor of the Journal of Heredity, and associate of Alexander Graham Bell, says emphatically that this is not true. He insists that there is no possible way in which a mother can transmit anything but nourishment to her unborn child and says that the mother will do her child much more good by leading a hygienic life with plenty of open-air exercise than by spending her time in "willing" what she wants the child to be. He furthermore says the idea that a child may be "marked" by something that happens to the mother before its birth is pure superstition and concludes that "there is not a shed of evidence to support the idea that a child's mental or physical character can be influenced in the slightest degree for better or for worse in any definite way, by the mental attitude of the mother before its birth."

"We don't believe it," cry thousands of women. "We know that the contrary is true. Mothers *can* influence their unborn children; they do it every day."

Certainly this is the general feeling, and it seems reasonable that a mother's mental and spiritual attitude which, as we know, so compellingly affects her own body should also affect the child within her. If by power of thought women, in religious ecstacy, have been able literally to mark their own bodies with the sacred *stigmata* (there are many records of such cases) why can they not similarly mark an unborn infant's body that is integrally a part of their own?

Heredity enthusiasts question the credibility of this *stigmata* evidence and take sharp issue with the contention that the mind has any such influence over the body as is claimed by many, notably by Christian Scientists.

This brings us to the agitated controversy whether, in our hope for better children, we must depend more upon hereditary or upon environmental influences. Volumes have been written on this subject, and the matter is still in doubt. If a young man who is naturally weak of will strengthens his will through years of effort (just as a man can strengthen weak muscles) will his children born *after* this improvement inherit the original weak will or the developed strong will?

And the children of a reformed drunkard, born *after* his reform—will they inherit the curse of alcoholic craving or the blessing of alcoholic resistance?

Take the case of a person who is naturally prone to anger, but learns self-control. Or of a person who is naturally indolent and ineffectual, but, through some spiritual change, becomes industrious and efficient. Or of a person who, having been dishonest, becomes honest. What about the children born to such persons *after* these favorable changes? Will the children inherit tendencies to honesty, or to dishonesty? To industry, or to sloth? To anger, or not?

In other words, do our children inherit from us only the original seed-qualities that were in us at birth or do they inherit these qualities as we have modified them — for better or for worse — at the time when our children are procreated? Is it what we were originally that matters to posterity or what we have made of ourselves when we become fathers and mothers?

Partisans of heredity take the discouraging position that we can transmit to our children only the germ qualities that were in us at birth; we cannot harm our children by harm that we do to ourselves in our life-time nor help them by good that we do to ourselves.

"If a man is to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven," says Samuel Butler in "The Way of All Flesh," "he must do so, not only as a little child, but as a little embryo, or rather as a little zoosperm — and not only this, but as one that has come of zoosperms which have entered into the Kingdom of Heaven before him for many generations."

On the other hand, partisans of environment maintain that acquired characteristics can be transmitted to offspring and become part of an established type; and they prove it by experiments with frogs and tadpoles in laboratories.

In an address before the Eugenic Educa-

tion Congress of Chicago, May 26th, 1916, Professor J. M. Coulter of the University of Chicago expressed the opinion that environment is far more important than heredity.

"The big thing is opportunity," he declared, "stimulating opportunity."

I am familiar with the history of three families, two rich and one poor, that show the influence of heredity and environment in the development of children.

The two rich families lived in Chicago, they were millionaire families, and the children had every advantage that money and cultured homes can offer. In one family there were three children, in the other nine, all intelligent and all healthy, yet the three children turned out badly; one of them, a young man of excellent promise, became a slave to drugs, and after drifting into doubtful company, was finally killed or killed himself in a rather discreditable way. And the girls grew up to be selfish, self-indulgent women with cynical minds and worldly ideals.

In the other rich family every one of the nine children turned out well. The girls married serious men and became devoted mothers; the boys worked hard and advanced to positions of usefulness and honor. They all remained kind and modest, quite unspoiled by fortune.

Now what was the difference in these two cases?

The difference was, possibly, in the spiritual environment created by the parents. In the one home there was a simple and sincere religious life; in the other there was no religious life, but rather the demoralizing influence of a vain and selfish mother, a pleasure-seeking father. Here was bad example rotting away the moral fibre of the young — a faithless husband, a querulous and exacting wife, finally a home broken up by divorce. What kind of children could be expected in such loveless surroundings? What kind of flowers bloom in a sunless garden?

It may be objected, however, that many children grow up in a religious atmosphere with the example of loving parents before them and, nevertheless, turn out badly. The poor family I spoke of is a case in point. Here in one generation were two hard-working, sober, God-fearing brothers, excellent men married to devoted wives and mothers; yet the next generation, in spite of good example, good health, wise and loving precepts, showed a miserable result — one suicide, one insane person, one drunkard, two or three loafers.

How, then, are we to account for such differences in the way children turn out, children that have had the same advantage and the same environment? What is the eugenic explanation of the "black sheep" that appear with tragic frequency in our best families? We see three daughters admirable and the fourth an outcast — why? We see four sons admirable and the fifth a criminal — why?

Unquestionably we must look to heredity for an explanation of these differences. There are biological reasons why no two children of the same parents (excepting the case of twins of the same sex) *ever* have the same ancestral inheritance. The thousands of millions of microscopic human-life seeds that are in every man are all different one from another, just as all leaves on a tree, all grains of sand are different from one another. Each human-life seed has its individual formula of goodness and badness, its own kaleidoscopic mingling of superior and inferior life-strains that reach down from the dawn of the race.

To go back only ten generations, each one of us has 1024 great-grandparents and we may be sure that even the best of us number among these a few thieves, murderers, harlots, weaklings and miscellaneous undesirables, as well as men and women who were great and admirable. It is the exaggerated imprint of these undesirables upon one particular human-life seed which happens to find the egg, the blending of two or three unfortunate racial "throw-backs," that *partly* account for the family black-sheep.

I say *partly*, because I believe that, however unfortunate the herditary inheritance of a man or woman may be, he or she can, through knowledge and through power of the awakened will, do much to offset this racial handicap and lessen its harmful influence. How many there are who have triumphed splendidly over physical and moral weakness and been able to cast out hereditary devils that possessed them! I like to think that heredity works *with* environment (let us say equally) in shaping our destinies.

Take the case of Theodore Roosevelt. I do not believe that he was predestined to become what he did become. I believe that his own efforts had as much to do with it as his ancestral inheritance His doctors tell us that he was born with a frail body and was delicate in his youth; but he made the best of his possibilities, physical and mental. He was assiduous in bodily exercises, he lived an open-air existence on our Western plains, he rode horseback and went in for manly sports. And, instead of becoming a neurasthenic or a consumptive with one or two puny children, as would probably have happened had he remained in an unfavorable environment, he became one of our most rugged and effectual citizens and has raised a large, healthy and vigorous family.

IN conclusion, it appears that the cause of race improvement should be promoted by encouraging good strains to multiply rather than by sweeping measures of repression against bad strains. We must be on our guard against exaggerated statements made by certain eugenists who would have us believe that mankind is on the verge of destruction through the act of various racial poisons, including alcohol and tobacco. Let us not be hysterical. These racial poisons are real dangers, as we have seen, but the human swarm has increased prodigiously in spite of them (the world's population is far more numerous today than it has ever been), and some competent authorities deny that the race ravages of alcohol, tobacco and the sex-waywardness poison are anything like as great as they are often said to be.

Except in extreme cases of feeble-mindedness or criminal degeneracy we must oppose plans for the lethal-chambering or sterilizing of the weak and the unworthy. Let us remember that some of the greatest and noblest of earth's dwellers have sprung from an unpromising parentage. Thomas Lincoln, the father of Abraham Lincoln, was a shiftless and illiterate person who would probably have been condemned to the undesirable non-procreative parent class by some of our over-zealous race reformers.

And Elizabeth Tuttle would have suffered salpingectomy or been relegated to some unfruitful segregation camp had she lived under a regime where the seemingly unfit were not allowed to have children.

Who was Elizabeth Tuttle?

An unpromising candidate for eugenic honors, if we judge by family traits and by her own behaviour. A charming lot, those Tuttles of Hartford, Connecticut, in the year of Our Lord 1691! One of the sisters was a murderess — she killed her own son; one of the brothers was a murderer — he killed his own sister; as for Elizabeth herself, the records show that her husband, Richard Edwards, divorced her "on the ground of her adultery and other immoralities!"

And yet — notice this — the life seed in Elizabeth Tuttle, the germ plasm that would have been destroyed by sterilization advocates, was as necessary to American culture and as precious to the welfare of future generations as any seed that was ever carried by any American woman. We may almost say that the continued existence of the United States depended upon the preservation of this woman's life-strain, since Ulysses S. Grant was one of her descendants.

And what a galaxy of other brilliant names! Jonathan Edwards, president of Princeton College; Jonathan Edwards, Jr., president of Union College; Robert Treat Paine, signer of the Declaration of Independence; David Tyler of Civil War fame; Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College; Merrill Edwards Gates, president of Amherst College; Morrison R. Waite, chief justice of the United States; Grover Cleveland, president of the United States; Aaron Burr, vice-president of the United States (here we glimpse the inherited evil strain); Pierrepont Edwards, a remarkable but eccentric lawyer; Winston Churchill, the novelist. All descendants from Elizabeth Tuttle.

Cleveland Moffett's July article is entitled "Training Acorns to be Oaks" — a magnificent, illuminating talk on how to bring up your children. Nothing bigger or finer has come from Mr. Moffett's pen

Where a slip means ruin!

Big hoists that lift a hundred-ton load with ease and precision are controlled by brakes that must not slip, crush or burn. The motorist, too, knows that a safe brake band is the best protection to his life and his car. And both the giant hoist and the motor-car have brakes lined with

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Asbestos

Resistant to heat, water, wear and weather

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

TO many fields, in many forms, this wonderful substance brings safety — roofings that resist fire and time, and wrappings for electric wires — theatre curtains and flame-proof clothing. Skillfully fashioned from the natural rock, Johns-Manville Asbestos today serves men in countless homes and industries. The list of J-M Products below is but an outline, but it tells the story. Asbestos in useful form — this is Johns-Manville's achievement.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE COMPANY
New York City
10 Factories — Branches in 55 Large Cities

Asbestos Fabrics, Packings, Roofings, Shingles, Brake Linings, Building Materials, Electrical Devices, Heat Insulations, Refractory Cements, Waterproofing.

When you think of Asbestos you think of Johns-Manville

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

gently neutralizes all body odors

Just a finger-tip of this snow-white cream applied here and there after the morning bath, preserves one's sense of personal cleanliness throughout the hottest day. Harmless to skin and clothing. A jar lasts a long while.

25c—at drug- and department-stores

"Mum" is a Trade Mark registered in U. S. Patent Office

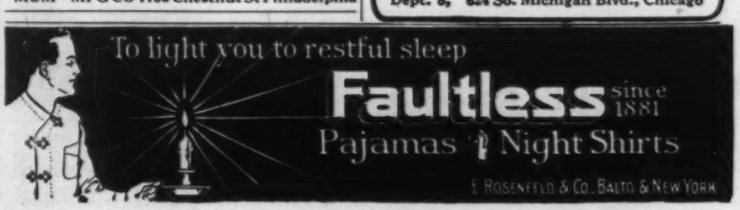
"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

Susanna Cocroft's Physical Culture for the Face

will make the outline of your face, neck and chin graceful — relieve wrinkles, sagging muscles and facial blemishes — make your skin clear and soft, your eyes bright. You can make your hair glossy and abundant — your hands smooth and white — your feet comfortable, through definite directions which will take only a few minutes at home each day.

Write for information and our free booklet giving many valuable hints.

Grace-Mildred Culture Course,
Dept. 8, 624 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago



"An Eagle Brand Baby"

Summer Weather Intensifies Your Infant Feeding Problems

If for any reason your baby is not thriving on its present food try

Gail Borden
EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK
THE ORIGINAL

This clean, wholesome milk has been successfully used for sixty years. It is peculiarly valuable to the baby during the heated spell. Wherever you may be at home, or away, it provides an easily obtainable, easily prepared, safe, uniform food. Write for our booklet on care of infants.

Borden's Cond. Milk Co.
NEW YORK

Established 1857

"Leaders of Quality"

The Charm of Youth

No woman likes to part with it—nor is it necessary.

CARMEN Complexion POWDER

helps to retain this choicest of Time's fleeting gifts.

It adds to the skin a natural, flower-like glow that radiates Youth and Beauty.

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream
50c Everywhere

STAFFORD-MILLER CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

CLEARS THE SKIN — **Cuticura SOAP & OINTMENT** QUICKLY REMOVE PIMPLES, DANDRUFF — SAVES THE HAIR

SAMPLES FREE. ADDRESS: CUTICURA DEPT. M, BOSTON. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

No Clue — *Continued from page 20*

the upper hall, in front of Mr. Jarvis's office — I did not find it, sir."

"Did you look in Mr. Jarvis's private office?"

"Certainly not, sir, since Mrs. Alexander did not go there."

The testimony, relative to the bag, created a sensation at the press table. The reporters fairly shoved their noses in the copy paper as they wrote their various accounts of the missing bag, then sent the copy flying, by special messenger, to their papers. The spectators were puzzled. They felt that something important had been added to the solution of the crime, and yet they were unable to grasp its significance.

The witness then repeated the details of finding Jarvis's body and was excused. The District Attorney stated that Baron de Heyse had waived his rights as a representative of a foreign power and had expressed his willingness to testify in regard to the interview he had had with Mr. Jarvis on the night of his death. Appreciating the courtesy of the Ambassador, the District Attorney had sent to Washington for Baron de Heyse's sworn statement.

When read and shorn of legal verbiage and the redundancy of formality, the statement was to the effect that Baron de Heyse had received the impression from his friend, Mr. Henry Morris, vice-president of Jarvis, Morris & Jarvis, that a war loan for the benefit of his government might be negotiated through his firm. He had gone to New York, at Mr. Morris's suggestion, only to find that the senior member of the firm had changed his mind and appeared to have become highly prejudiced against Baron de Heyse's government. This the Ambassador had deeply resented, stormy arguments had followed, and Baron de Heyse, realizing that nothing but ill feeling was likely to result from the interview, had left. In all, he had been about forty-five minutes with Mr. Jarvis. The Baron further expressed his willingness to testify at the trial if he could be of further assistance to the District Attorney.

After this statement had been read, the star witness of the hearing was called — the dead man's daughter. The morbid interest of the crowd in regard to this woman, about whom so much had been said and written, seemed to leap like hungry tongues of flame toward her. She was one of those unhappy creatures who, through no fault — unless that of eminence — seemed destined to stand, stripped to the soul, in the glare of a scorching publicity. She had been twice unhappily married; there had been the notoriety attendant on divorcing her first husband, and the spectacular death of the second. She had temporarily estranged her father, by suing his second wife for her mother's jewels; a son by her first marriage had not turned out well. She and her affairs seemed to be perennially before the world.

The crowd in the court-room gaped its fill of her, in frank peep-show fashion, and her beauty — fine as a bit of rare porcelain that had miraculously survived rough handling — seemed to repay the jostling ordeal they had paid for a glimpse of it.

The District Attorney, deferential to the point of mockery, was yet merciless in his cross-questioning. Why had she come to New York, from her place in Long Island, over an hour's journey, to see her father, and then failed to do so? What had she done during those twenty-five minutes, in which it was alleged she sat in the upper hall outside her father's office? Had she told him she was coming, or was the visit intended to be a surprise?

He pelted her with one ruthless question after another. She gasped; she was like a wayfarer beating her way through a blinding storm. Unconsciously, she put up a small defenseless hand. "If the gentleman will only let me tell what happened, in my own way — challenging every statement seems to confuse me."

He consented with rather a sour grace, and she continued: "I had to have a very trying interview with my father. It concerned my oldest boy, who was in trouble. I had given my word, some time before, that I would not again appeal to my father on my son's behalf. I dreaded breaking my word — I dreaded telling him things that would seem bitter and ungrateful. He seemed so old and broken, and the conference with Baron de Heyse would be distressing, I knew. I sat outside his door, trying to gather courage to go in. I thought of many things — of coming here when I was a child, of the old clerks who used to make so much of me. I could not keep from crying, I was so completely under the spell of those happy, irresponsible days. At any rate, I could not make up my mind to go to my father with troubles, nor did I want him to see that my eyes were red. Perhaps it may seem unaccountable to you, that I should have come all that way and failed to do the thing I had in mind. Perhaps it seems weak, inexplicable — but it's true."

Damaging and inconclusive as was her testimony, the crowd in the court-room seemed to have come completely under the spell of her personality, her beauty, a something that convinced them the world had always been against her. She was excused, and sat down amid a little ripple of sympathy.

The reporters about the press-table had noticed that she sat apart from her father's family and that no greeting had passed between them. The cause of this was evident when her half-brother, Stephen Jarvis, took the stand.

He deposed to being called to the telephone on the night of the murder by the janitor, who told him of his father's death, of his calling the family physician and their getting to the office in forty minutes. Interest began to wilt. The public had heard those things before. They sprawled on the benches and gazed at the beauty of Mrs. Alexander. And then the District Attorney asked, after a moment's pause: "Did you find anything in your father's office belonging to someone else?"

"I did."

"What was it?"

"A gold mesh-bag belonging to my half-sister, Mrs. Alexander."

A suppressed murmur ran around the room. O'Connor staggered to his feet and cried out inarticulately. This bit of evidence was a cruel surprise to the old man. The color had drained out of Mrs. Alexander's face, leaving it a tragic mask. She would have fainted had not a bystander caught her. And having made his point, the District Attorney closed his hearing for the day.

The evening papers ran amuck, they spoke of an arrest to be made within the next few hours. Only two were able to deny themselves the expression, "drag-nets tightening."

Kennard, after writing his story of the dramatic revelations of the preliminary hearing, betook himself and his grudge to the offices of Jarvis, Morris & Jarvis. He had kept his word to Flora Jane Hull, he'd held off the pack from the firm, by promises of divvying with them the priceless tips of the spinster, but it seemed she had pocketed her news for the District Attorney. Naturally, the rest of the reporters regarded him as a cheat and other things.

The Troglodyte, as he secretly called her, wasted no time in defending herself. She said, in that dead, soulless voice of hers, that "they" had just come into some startling information that might go a long way toward annulling the testimony of the morning. If he still held off the pack, he was welcome to it.

It seemed that the telephone operator who had charge of the late Mr. Jarvis's private wire had just made up her mind — owing to the advice of a "gentleman friend" — that it might be of importance to the District Attorney to know that on the night of the murder, the telephone in the dead banker's office had rung at twenty-eight minutes past ten. This was thirteen minutes after Mrs. Alexander had left the building.

The operator had further stated that the sounds made by the telephone would indicate a struggle. The bell had rung furiously; she had answered immediately. There had been no response, but on the other end of the wire she could hear loud talking — words undistinguishable. There had been a crash, as if the telephone-receiver might have fallen, then all was quiet. She had called up Mr. Jarvis's private wire two or three times to inquire if he had rung, but on getting no response she made up her mind that an altercation had occurred among the cleaners of the offices.

"The little idiot! Why did she wait till

A NOISY CLOSET

may be a source of untold embarrassment; all the greater because borne in silence.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES CO.
SI-WEL-CLO
SILENT CLOSET

operates so quietly that it cannot be heard outside the bathroom. Built on the most sanitary principles—of china, vitrified and glazed, so that soil will not cling to its surface. A damp cloth removes any trace of dirt.

The same is true of our bathtubs, lavatories and other plumbing goods. Your entire plumbing should be of all-clay materials. You will find them ultimately economical, and the cost of installation and fittings is the same as on the cheapest. The "Star and Circle" trade-mark is your insurance of the best.

Write for Booklet P-18 "Bathrooms of Character"
It shows the better way of bathroom arrangement

THE
TRENTON POTTERIES CO.
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

World's Largest Makers of All-Clay Plumbing Materials

Tired, aching, tender feet;

corns, bunions, burning callouses, cramped toes, weak ankles, painful insteps, and aching limbs are almost invariably the symptoms of a weak or falling arch. Extra strain on the muscles supporting the bones of the arch, causes pain. Nine-tenths of all foot ills come from arch trouble.

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer
"Eases the Feet"

Help Nature. Wear Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer
This simple, but wonderfully effective device is constructed on scientific principles by orthopedic specialists. Sustains the body weight, removes strain and gives immediate relief. Worn in any shoe—prevents broken arch and flat foot. At shoe and department stores everywhere.

There is a
Dr Scholl
Appliance or Remedy For Every Foot Trouble

Ask your dealer to fit you with Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer. If not sold by him, send $2.50 with outline of your feet direct to us.

Dr. Scholl's Fixo Corn Plasters give immediate relief and removes the corn. 10c & 25c

Write for Free Booklet
"The Feet and Their Care"
by Dr. W. M. Scholl.

The Scholl Mfg. Co.
221 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

"WATCH YOUR FEET"

INSYDE TYRES

Inner armor for auto tires, prevents blowouts and punctures. Double tire mileage. Easily applied to any tire between casing and tube. Prices low. Details free. Agents wanted. Liberal profits. Am. Auto Accessories Co., Dept. 21, Cincinnati, O.

now, before turning in essential information like that? It changes the entire aspect of the case."

Kennard was facing the window and Miss Hull thought he had the look of a corpse. His abnormally lean hands fluttered, like shot birds, but his shell-rimmed pince-nez and dangling black ribbon were as jaunty as ever. Aloud she said: "It has settled the question of the weapon."

"What was it?" The reporter fairly leaped at her with the question.

"The telephone! One of the surgeons in charge of the case has been secretly working on this theory for some time; the body has been exhumed and re-examined, and the telephone operator's testimony confirms the doctor's belief. Mr. Jarvis was struck a glancing blow with a blunt instrument. It broke the thin plate of the temporal bone — which would be fragile in a man of his age. You remember that was the finding of the inquest? The question has always been, to find the blunt instrument. They have at last decided on that."

"And was there no trace of the blow on the telephone, no clotted blood, nor hair?"

"Not a trace. It must have been an ill-aimed blow, but it was sufficient to rupture an underlying artery."

"To find the murderer will be easy enough now — identify the finger-prints on the telephone."

"Do you know, I have a feeling" — never had the Troglodyte looked so dull, so heavy, so impressive — "that it will be an easy matter to trace the murderer without the finger-prints."

"A very remarkable case," Kennard remarked, dangling the string of his glasses. "I've never worked on a stranger."

IT was five weeks since the death of Price Jarvis, and his murderer was still at large. The army of detectives employed on the case had been unable to produce one tenable suspect. They had appeared, one after another, been gibbeted by popular clamor and certain of the newspapers, only to fade away in a halo of eulogism, on producing a convincing alibi. In turn, the Ambassador, the janitor, the daughter of the murdered man, had been pilloried under the kindly euphemism of "important witnesses;" and, as such, detectives had shadowed them day and night. And yet, at the close of the preliminary hearing, there had not been a shred of evidence sufficient to hold any of them.

As a news feature, the murder of Price Jarvis shrank from the first to the last page. Cranks wrote letters to the District Attorney claiming to have done the murder. Amateur detectives sent in theories, accompanied by diagrams; arrests were made from Maine to California, and yet the mystery remained unsolved. The reward of fifty thousand dollars, offered for the apprehension of the assassin by the family of the deceased, dangled — sour grapes for those who would, but could not reach — "an inside job," they said; "the murderer is safe."

Kennard went daily to the offices of Jarvis, Morris & Jarvis to inquire if there was "any news." That august firm, by this time, seemed to have become inured to his long-drawn shambling presence; at least he came and went and no more attention was paid to him than to a fly on the wall. It seemed to be understood that his dealings should be restricted to talking to Flora Jane Hull, and almost every day his long, brittle-looking figure might have been seen hunched in the neighborhood of that worthy spinster's desk. A shadow of a man, to begin with, as time went on he seemed to have become the shadow of a shadow.

Professionally speaking, Kennard had grown deeply interested in Miss Hull; mentally he had filed her "for future reference." Not an atom of her grim, durable personality had been lost on him. Her responsible and recognized services to Jarvis, Morris & Jarvis was her passion, her child, her life. Her whole gray little cosmos turned on her "position;" never had she bought a gown without considering its dignity-bearing relation to the firm; her hair was dressed, not to gladden the eyes of men, and draw their attention from ledgers, but rather to drive them to their daily toil. In sickness and in health, she had not missed a day from the office in thirty years. He would have given much to know if any man had ever called her by her first name. He told himself that some day he would write a great story about Flora Jane Hull. Henry James could have caught that inscrutably grim entity, with its curious sophistication, its lack of self, its passion of service — he'd do it wonderfully some day.

He used to watch her at the typewriter, her square, spatulate fingers never hurrying — suggestive in their deliberation of a dignified hen picking her way over rough ground. And yet the mass of work those never-ceasing blunt fingers turned out!

"This case has been messed horribly," he grumbled to her one day; "the District Attorney and the police at loggerheads, as usual. And then, this gaudy, gilt-edged private detective firm going about with its mouth watering for that fifty thousand — they're equal to a bodyguard for the real murderer."

She never relaxed her clicking at the keyboard. "You ought to take hold of the case, a bright young man like you!" He looked at her square face with its small eyes, and wondered if she were guying him. "You're wasting your time writing about this mystery; you ought to produce the murderer!"

"You flatter me, Miss Hull." His nervous, feminine laugh was almost a giggle; he hated ridicule.

"I'm deadly in earnest."

"You see, there's no clue — whoever did it wiped out every trace." His manner was defensive, excitable, as if he ought to have succeeded where the rest had failed.

"That is a clue, in itself." Her small beady eyes were full upon his. She suggested a snake about to strike.

"I'm afraid I don't get you."

"I'll be as straightforward as you please. One of the greatest financiers in the country is murdered. Robbery is not the motive. Private papers undisturbed — they're not the motive. And there is absolutely no woman in the case. All the elements are eliminated but one — a sudden quarrel with someone who came with no intention of killing! Someone who had entered unarmed and struck with the only weapon at hand — the telephone. On the telephone there are no finger-prints but the dead man's — it was his private 'phone, used by no one but himself. Yet he was killed by that telephone, on which the murderer failed to leave the impression of a single finger. Why? You follow me, I see, Mr. Kennard."

The reporter seemed to have become aware of hammering on the door — no, no, that was the blood pounding in his throat. The color had poured out of his face, leaving it sick and unshaven looking. He grinned at her stonily; he had lost control of the muscles of his face. She stopped typewriting, and this in itself was startling. For a moment there was an acute, terrible silence, and then she said: "Your fingers were painted with a medical preparation, Mr. Kennard — it does away with the impression of finger-prints."

The reporter seemed to "freeze" in his hunched attitude. He suggested the rigidity of concealment affected by wild things, when an enemy has ruthlessly overtaken them.

"Tell me why you did it. I haven't told a soul ——"

His over-strained nerves leaped to what they hungrily interpreted as a shred of sympathy. Day and night he had lived with this horror that had prodded him poignantly, or loosed its hold, according to the shot of dope he had been able to secure. But "reform" had nipped the halcyon days of Nirvana and now money could not always buy loss of personal consciousness. The Troglodyte knew — it was with a sigh, almost of relief, that he realized his burden was shared by someone.

He never thought of denial; on the contrary, his tortured nerves snatched at the immediate relief of confession. He had been shut up alone so long with the corpse of Price Jarvis. Yet somewhere in his brain, a warning signal flashed: "Put on the brakes, don't talk — there's not a shred of evidence against you!"

The impulse to talk — "to get it off his chest" — lured like "dope," struggles with which always went against him. He felt himself yielding to some outside influence, whether it was the sudden stillness in the room, or the bright, beady eyes of Flora Jane Hull fixed on his like a snake's — he didn't know — he didn't care — he'd got to tell someone. His "frozen" attitude relaxed, he settled in his chair with the relief of letting himself go at last.

"It was blistering hot that night and my hands set me crazy — I'd hurt them on an assignment, a day or two before. The doctor had painted my fingers and given me a big shot of dope to make me sleep. I told him I played with a hypodermic on my own account, but I didn't tell him I was letting up on it, because I wanted good and plenty, just then. The effect was magical; the rainbow

The Watson Is Not "Just Another Truck"

It wasn't introduced to add one more truck to the already long list. It was designed and constructed to answer a genuine demand for Heavy Hauling equipment that no conventional truck can pretend to answer.

There are hauling problems which call for unusual brute strength—flexibility—adaptability to any and every known Heavy Hauling job. Hence the

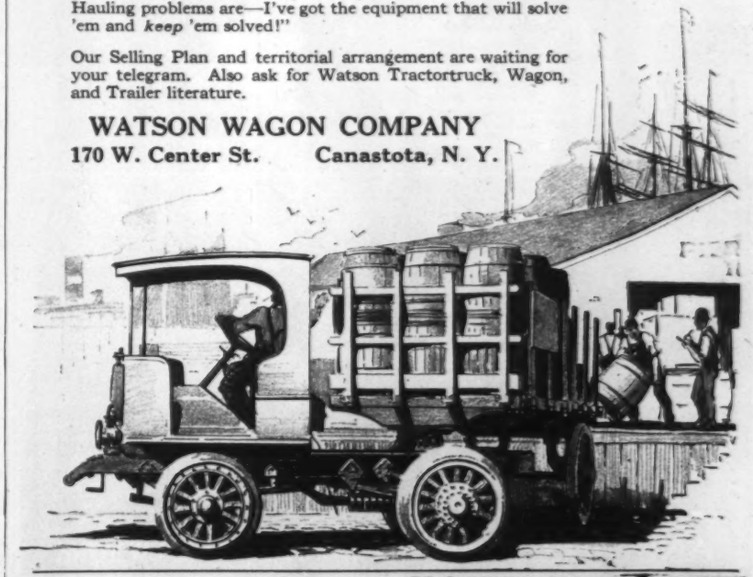
100% WATSON Tractortruck

The definite limit to the load that can be hauled by the ordinary motor truck is child's play for the Watson. The requirements of any job are not enough to tax its great reserve. With it you can use various trailers with the same tractor or several of the same type.

The Watson Tractortruck is *different*. Because it is absolutely in a class by itself, it gives Watson dealers unusual sales advantages. It makes it possible for a dealer to say to any user, "I don't care *what* your Heavy Hauling problems are—I've got the equipment that will solve 'em and *keep* 'em solved!"

Our Selling Plan and territorial arrangement are waiting for your telegram. Also ask for Watson Tractortruck, Wagon, and Trailer literature.

WATSON WAGON COMPANY
170 W. Center St. Canastota, N. Y.



1/2 PINT 1/2 DOLLAR

Buy the big Household or Factory Size 3-in-One and get 8 times as much oil for your money.

3-in-One keeps almost everything in home, office or store perfectly oiled—also as clean and bright as a new silver dollar.

Always use 3-in-One on sewing machines, typewriters, razors, cameras, talking machines, furniture, bath room fixtures, guns, reels, and hundreds of other things.

The 3-in-One Dictionary, with every bottle, shows you scores of ways this good oil makes hard work easy.

FREE Generous sample bottle sent on request. Try before you buy.

SOLD AT ALL GOOD STORES

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
165 KNM. Broadway, New York

Housewives—Try 3-in-One for Dusting.

CLOSE-TO-NATURE CANVAS HOUSES

A FRESH AIR RETREAT on your LAWN and a LUXURY in the CAMP. DESIGNED especially for SLEEPING and LIVING in the OPEN AIR. As OPEN to the AIR as an UMBRELLA but INSTANTLY closed WEATHER TIGHT or just partly. LETS the AIR IN but KEEPS the INSECTS OUT. Easily ERECTED or quickly COLLAPSED and rolled into BUNDLES without the REMOVAL of a BOLT or the USE of a TOOL. Why swelter under HOT ROOFS when the CLOSE-TO-NATURE houses are as COOL as the ATMOSPHERE. Eight sizes to meet all requirements. Send for illustrated catalog.

CLOSE-TO-NATURE COMPANY
320 FRONT ST. COLFAX, IOWA

WORK SHOPS

OF wood and metal workers without steam power, equipped with **BARNES' FOOT POWER MACHINERY** allow lower bids on jobs and give greater profit on the work. Machines sent on trial if desired. Catalogue free.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.
200 Ruby Street Rockford, Ill.

Rent or Buy

Highest grade Underwood Visible Writer on Ten Days' Free Trial. Or, Rent this **Underwood** 6 months' rent to apply on purchase price. Buy on easy payments at less than ½ manufacturer's price. Ask for Special Offer No. X.

10 Days' FREE Trial

5 Year Guarantee

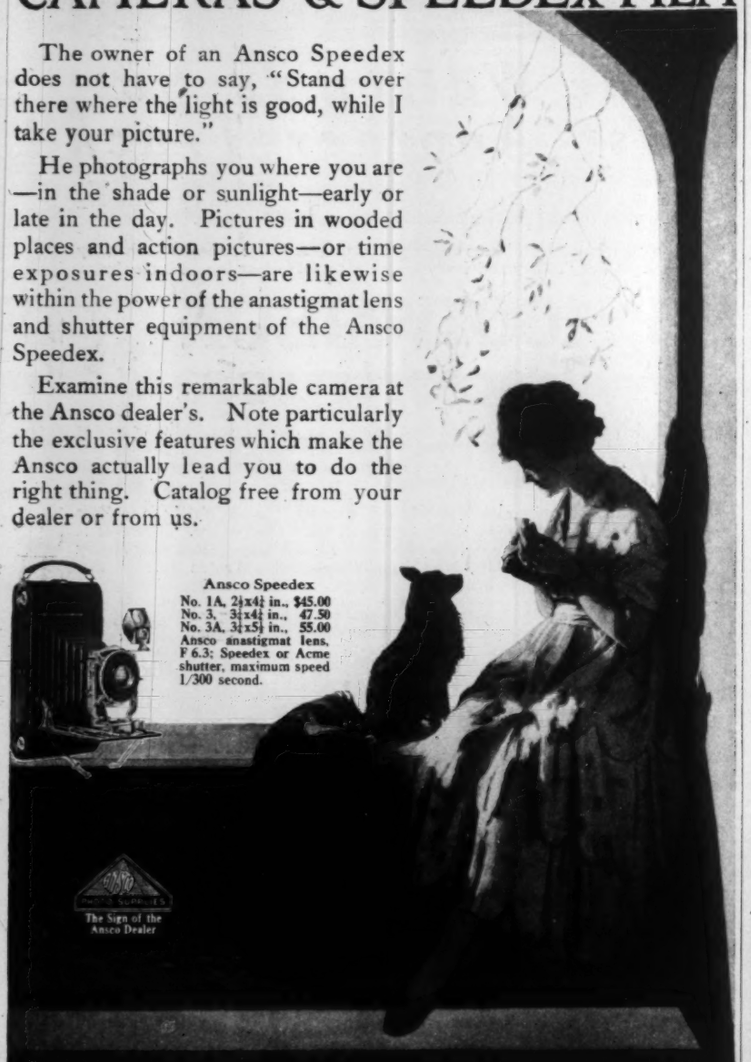
TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

ANSCO
CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

The owner of an Ansco Speedex does not have to say, "Stand over there where the light is good, while I take your picture."

He photographs you where you are—in the shade or sunlight—early or late in the day. Pictures in wooded places and action pictures—or time exposures indoors—are likewise within the power of the anastigmat lens and shutter equipment of the Ansco Speedex.

Examine this remarkable camera at the Ansco dealer's. Note particularly the exclusive features which make the Ansco actually lead you to do the right thing. Catalog free from your dealer or from us.



Ansco Speedex
No. 1A, 2½x4¼ in., $45.00
No. 3, 3¼x4¼ in., 47.50
No. 3A, 3¼x5½ in., 55.00
Ansco anastigmat lens, F 6.3; Speedex or Acme shutter, maximum speed 1/300 second.

The Sign of the Ansco Dealer

ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

MARK YOUR CAMP AND VACATION LINEN WITH

CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

Prevent loss at the laundry. They are neat and durable. Made in many styles in fast colors of Red, Blue, Black, Navy, Yellow or Green.

Your full name for $.85 for 3 dozen, 1.25 " 6 ", 2.00 " 12 "

Samples of various styles sent free

J. & J. CASH, Limited
2 North Chestnut St. South Norwalk, Conn.

John Smith James Dunn — Gilbert Brown

The Well Dressed Man wears **Custom Shirts**

TAILORED to *his* measure, cut to *his* figure, made for *his* comfort, of custom fabrics that *look* better, *wear* better, and have the "custom air."

3 shirts to YOUR measure $5

Cut, finished the way I make the shirts of distinguished men throughout the States. Also higher-priced work. Shop equipped for prompt deliveries. Expressage prepaid. Write direct for Spring samples, measurement blank and rules—*no agents.*

60 samples sent you to select from

Clarence E. Head
Master of Shirtcraft
111 Seneca Street Ithaca, N. Y.

SPRING-STEP RUBBER HEELS

The heel that provides protection, comfort and long wear, but has no holes to track mud and dirt—Ask for the heel with the Red Plug.

Obtainable in all sizes—black, white or tan. 50c. attached—all Dealers.

2 Packs Playing Cards Tally-ho quality, sent for 30c (elsewhere 50c) Spring Step 105 Federal Street, Boston.

hung ripe for my plucking — sleep was out of the question. Besides, who wanted to sleep, when he felt like that? I dressed and came down to the office, intending to begin a Sunday special that I had a couple of days margin on, but it was like a furnace in the city room, and I quit."

"I walked down Broadway and without any plan at all, happened to turn into this block. I saw a light upstairs in his private office. I suppose it was the dope, but suddenly the interview that the old man had never given to anyone, seemed dead easy to me. No reporter knew of his coming here at this hour. That was my chance. As I walked past, a telephone rang somewhere on the first floor, and the old man who had been sitting on the step smoking slipped the chain in the bolt and went to answer it.

"It shot through my brain that it was a good omen, the janitor being called away like that. I made up my mind on the spot. Not one man in a thousand could have done what I proposed to do, but I've always had the hand of a spook. I ran up the steps, shoved my fingers through the crack made by the chain and slipped the bolt. I listened. The old janitor was talking to someone, so I put up the bolt and chain just as I found them and crept up stairs. I had the crazy feeling that when Jarvis saw I had beaten him to it, he'd be a good enough sport to give me the interview. Outside his door I found a gold mesh-bag. Good, it gave me an extra reason for bearding the lion. I didn't even knock — I had that crazy feeling of owning the earth that dope gives.

"As I opened the door, he glanced up and made a grab for his pistol. I told him I was a reporter and what getting that interview would mean to me — also that I came to return a gold mesh-bag that I had found outside his door. Perhaps you've heard him when he was roused. I had never heard anything like him. He thought when I offered him the bag that I was trying to blackmail him and he wouldn't listen; he just stood there like a madman and roared scurrility. I wanted him to let me go, but he wouldn't — said he'd turn me over to the police. I knew the paper wouldn't stand for the way I'd broke in — they'd fire me. I begged him to let me go. He grabbed the telephone to call for help."

"And then a blind fury clutched *me* — and I hated him for his power, for what he was able to do with me, for his lack of common humanity, for the old screw and curmudgeon he had always been. I didn't want to kill him. Not that I didn't hate him enough, but murder is inconvenient. I wanted to stun him and get out. I jerked the receiver out of his hand and hit — not more than a tap. I was amazed when he went down under it.

"When I saw him huddled up at my feet, I went sane and cool and clear-thinking; the dope madness quit me in a flash. I began to scheme to get out before he'd come to. Those fool detectives have made such a mystery of my escape — there were a dozen ways I could have got out of this ramshackle old building and left no trace. As it happened, I went to the fire-escape on the third floor. I was careful to close the window after me — that's all. Anyone who had ever been a boy and climbed fences could have done it, I did it with hurt hands. This false skin that the doctor painted them with held; it left no clue." He did not speak for a couple of minutes. His voice was harsh as he gasped out: "No one was more amazed than I, when I heard he was dead."

She looked at him without either pity or aversion. She was neither moved nor appalled; it was all in the day's work — work for the firm. He saw her blunt fingers steal toward the push-button on her desk; simultaneously with the instinct of escape, there flashed across his mind the regret that he would never be able now to write his masterpiece about Flora Jane Hull.

"No, you don't. I'll not be caught like a rat in a trap." As the button began to buzz, he made a dash for the window. She followed, screaming. She saw him stand for a moment on the sill. Then he plunged through the window and sank, like a stone, on the pavement below.

They came trooping in, the entire office force, to see why the Sphinx had screamed.

"I'm afraid I've managed badly," she pointed to the window. "He did it."

Do you like mystery stories? Then watch for Mary Roberts Rinehart's serial — coming soon. No one in America can hold her readers as Mrs. Rinehart does

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

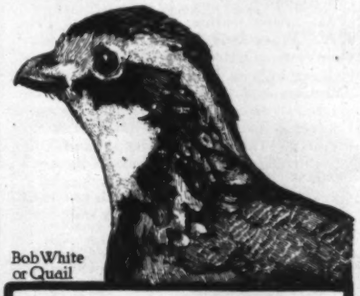
A Florsheim Skeleton Lined low shoe will increase your Summer's pleasures through cool comfort, "Hugtite" ankle-fitting and distinguished style. Every Florsheim low shoe is Skeleton lined.

$7 to $10

The Florsheim dealer is ready to show the season's assortment of styles. His name and booklet on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

White fibre sole and heel. Black or dark brown uppers.



Bob White or Quail

Write for These Books

They tell all about game farming—the profit and pleasure to be obtained from it. "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure" is sent free on request. It treats of the subject as a whole; describes the many game birds, tells of their food and habits, etc. "American Pheasant Breeding and Shooting" is sent on receipt of 10c in stamps. It is a complete manual on the subject.

HERCULES POWDER CO.
1019 Market Street
Wilmington Delaware

SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE A $2 BOOK FOR ONLY $1

By Winfield Scott Hall, Ph.D. Noted authority and lecturer. **Plain Truths of Sex Life** that **young men** and **young women, young wives and husbands, fathers, mothers, teachers** and **nurses** should know. **Sex facts hitherto misunderstood.** Complete, 320 pages—illustrated. In plain wrapper; only $1; postage 10c extra.
AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO. 605 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia

Summer— *Continued from page 26*

and making the upper sky so light that the stars looked as faint as their own reflections in water. At the edge of the wood, half a mile from North Dormer, Harney jumped from his bicycle, took Charity in his arms for a last kiss, and then waited while she went on alone.

They were later than usual, and instead of taking the bicycle to the library she propped it against the back of the wood-shed and entered the kitchen of the red house. Verena sat there alone; when Charity came in she looked at her with mild impenetrable eyes and then took a plate and a glass of milk from the shelf and set them silently on the table. Charity nodded her thanks, and sitting down, fell hungrily upon her piece of pie and emptied the glass. Her face burned with her quick flight through the night, and her eyes were dazzled by the twinkle of the kitchen lamp. She felt like a night-bird suddenly caught and caged.

"He ain't come back since supper," Verena said. "He's down to the Hall."

Charity took no notice. Her soul was still winging through the forest. She washed her plate and tumbler, and then felt her way up the dark stairs. When she opened her door a wonder arrested her. Before going out she had closed her shutters against the afternoon heat, but they had swung partly open, and a bar of moonlight, crossing the room, rested on her bed and showed a dress of China silk laid out on it in virgin whiteness. Charity had spent her last penny on the dress, which was to surpass those of all the other girls; she had wanted to let North Dormer see that she was worthy of Harney's admiration. Above the dress, folded on the pillow, was the white veil which the young women who took part in the exercises were to wear under a wreath of asters; and beside the veil a pair of slim white satin shoes that Ally had produced from an old trunk in which she stored mysterious treasures.

Charity stood gazing at all the outspread whiteness. It recalled a vision that had come to her in the night after her first meeting with Harney. She no longer had such visions . . . warmer splendors had displaced them . . . but it was stupid of Ally to have paraded all those white things on her bed, exactly as Hattie Targatt's wedding dress from Springfield had been spread out for the neighbors to see when she married Tom Fry . . .

Charity took up the satin shoes and looked at them curiously. By day, no doubt, they would appear a little worn, but in the moonlight they seemed carved of ivory. She sat down on the floor to try them on, and they fitted her perfectly, though when she stood up she lurched a little on the high heels. She looked down at her feet, which the graceful mold of the slippers had marvelously arched and narrowed. She had never seen such shoes before, even in the shop-windows at Nettleton . . . never, except . . . yes, once, she had noticed a pair of the same shape on Annabel Balch.

A blush of mortification swept over her. Ally sometimes sewed for Miss Balch when that brilliant being descended on North Dormer, and no doubt she picked up presents of cast-off clothing: the treasures in the mysterious trunk all came from the people she worked for. There could be no doubt that the white slippers were Annabel Balch's . . .

As she stood there, staring down moodily at her feet, she heard the triple click-click-click of a bicycle-bell under her window. It was Harney's secret signal as he passed on his way home. She stumbled to the window on her high heels, flung open the shutters and leaned out. He waved to her and sped by, his black shadow dancing merrily ahead of him down the empty moonlit road; and she leaned there watching him till he vanished under the Hatchard spruces.

XIII

THE Town Hall was crowded and exceedingly hot. As Charity marched into it, third in the white muslin file headed by Orma Fry, she was conscious mainly of the brilliant effect of the wreathed columns framing the green-carpeted stage toward which she was moving, and of the unfamiliar faces turning from the front rows to watch the advance of the procession.

But it was all a bewildering blur of eyes and colors till she found herself standing at the back of the stage, her great bunch of asters and golden-rod held well in front of her, and answering the nervous glance of Lambert Sollas, the organist from Mr. Miles's church, who had come up from Nettleton to play the harmonium, and sat behind it, his conductor's eye ranging over the fluttered girls.

A moment later Mr. Miles, pink and twinkling, emerged from the background, as if buoyed up on his broad white gown, and briskly dominated the bowed heads in the front rows. He prayed energetically and briefly, and then retired, and a fierce nod from Lambert Sollas warned the girls that they were to follow at once with "Home, Sweet Home." It was a joy to Charity to sing: it seemed as though, for the first time, her secret rapture might burst from her and flash its defiance at the world. All the glow in her blood, the breath of the summer earth, the rustle of the forest, the fresh call of birds at sunrise, and the brooding midday languors, seemed to pass into her untrained voice, lifted and led by the sustaining chorus.

And then suddenly the song was over, and after an uncertain pause, during which Miss Hatchard's pearl-gray gloves started a furtive signaling down the hall, Mr. Royall, emerging in turn, ascended the steps of the stage and appeared behind the flower-wreathed desk. He passed close to Charity, and she noticed that his gravely set face wore the look of majesty that used to awe and fascinate her childhood. His black frock-coat had been carefully brushed and ironed, and the ends of his narrow black tie were so nearly even that the tying must have cost him a protracted struggle. His appearance struck her all the more because it was the first time she had looked him full in the face since the night at Nettleton, and nothing in his grave and impressive demeanor revealed a trace of the lamentable figure on the wharf.

He stood a moment behind the desk, resting his finger-tips against it, and bending slightly toward his audience; then he straightened himself and began.

At first she paid no heed to what he was saying: only fragments of sentences, sonorous quotations, allusions to illustrious men, including the obligatory tribute to Honorius Hatchard, drifted past her inattentive ears. She was trying to discover Harney among the notable people in the front row; but he was nowhere near Miss Hatchard, who, crowned by a pearl-gray hat that matched her gloves, sat just below the desk supported by Mrs. Miles and an important-looking unknown lady. Charity was near one end of the stage, and from where she sat the other end of the first row of seats was cut off by the screen of foliage masking the harmonium. The effort to see Harney around the corner of the screen, or through its interstices, made her unconscious of everything else; but the effort was unsuccessful, and gradually she found her attention arrested by her guardian's discourse.

She had never heard him speak in public before, but she was familiar with the rolling music of his voice when he read aloud, or held forth to the selectmen about the stove at Carrick Fry's. Today his inflections were richer and graver than she had ever known them: he spoke slowly, with pauses that seemed to invite his hearers to silent participation in his thought; and Charity perceived a light of response in their faces.

He was nearing the end of his address . . . "Most of you," he said, "most of you who have returned here today, to take contact with this little place for a brief hour, have come only on a pious pilgrimage, and will go back presently to busy cities and lives full of larger duties. But that is not the only way of coming back to North Dormer. Some of us, who went out from here in our youth . . . went out, like you, to busy cities and larger duties . . . have come back in another way — come back for good. I am one of those, as many of you know . . ." He paused, and there was a sense of suspense in the listening hall. "My history is without interest, but it has its lesson: not so much for those of you who have already made your lives in other places, as for the young men who are perhaps planning even now to leave these quiet hills and go down into the struggle. Things they cannot foresee may send some of those young men back some day to the little township and the old homestead: they may come back for good . . ." He looked about him, and repeated gravely: "For *good*. There's the point I want to

If it hasn't this Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE

B.V.D.

BEST RETAIL TRADE

(*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries*)

It isn't B.V.D. *Underwear*

Form the habit of looking for the B.V. D. Label.

A summer of comfort is worth a few seconds of time.

In our own modernly equipped Cotton Mills at Lexington, N. C., the fabric from which these Loose Fitting B. V. D. Undergarments are made, is woven from specially selected cotton. This assures durability in wear and wash.

In our own B. V. D. Factories the garments are skilfully cut, evenly stitched and accurately finished to fit and to be cool and comfortable all day long.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50 cents the Garment. B. V. D. Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A.) $1.00 the Suit.

The B. V. D. Company, *New York.*

Copyrighted U.S.A. 1917 by The B.V.D. Company

"New-Skin"

—for cuts and scrapes

New-Skin is an antiseptic liquid for use on little hurts. It forms a waterproof covering over the wound and allows it to heal naturally.

In two sizes, at all druggists, 10c., 25c.

NEWSKIN CO., NEW YORK

Faces Made Young

Let me tell you the secret of a youthful face. Every woman who has a single facial defect should know about my

Beauty Exercises

which remove wr inkles, and "crow's feet," fill up ugly hollows, give roundness to scrawny necks, clear up sallow skins and restore the charm of girlhood beauty. No creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means.

Results Guaranteed

I offer the exercises at my own risk. No woman need be disappointed. Write for my Free Book which tells you just what to do to make your complexion smooth and beautiful. Write today.

Kathryn Murray, 644 Garland Bldg., Chicago

SEXOLOGY

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.

imparts in a clear wholesome way, in one volume:

All in one volume Illustrated $2.00 postpaid

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

PURITAN PUB. CO., 756 Perry Building, PHILA., PA.

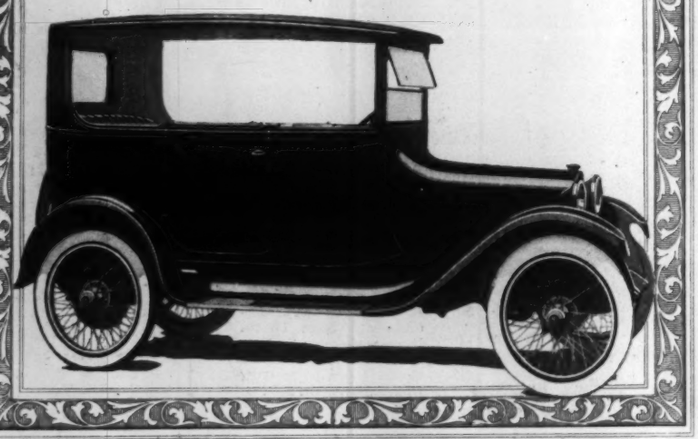
DODGE BROTHERS
CLOSED CAR

The varied uses to which the convertible sedan may be put make an especial appeal to women

For shopping, for touring, for social functions—it is always ready the whole year 'round.

Touring Car or Roadster, $835. In Canada, $1185
Winter Touring Car or Roadster, $1000. In Canada, $1420
Sedan or Coupe, $1265. In Canada, $1800
All prices f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



Runs on Kerosene

Alcohol, Gasolene or Gas

A most remarkable invention

No electricity, wires or springs. 1917 improved patented Models. Runs 8 hours for a cent on kerosene. Quiet—Convenient. Brings genuine comfort and satisfaction. Ideal for the sick. A proved success. The wonder Fan 2 models, 3 sizes.

A { 12-in.—$16.50—Alcohol or Gas only (Gas $1.50 extra)
16-in.—$18.50—Alcohol or Gas only (Gas $1.50 extra)

B { 16-in.—$19.50—Any Burner (Gasolene $2.50 extra)
21-in.—$22.50—Any Burner (Gasolene $2.50 extra)

F. O. B. Chicago. Cash with order only.

In Peace or in War KEEP COOL

LAKE BREEZE MOTOR, 555 W. Monroe St., Chicago

LE PAGE'S CHINA CEMENT

STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER 10c

TYPEWRITERS $10

up. ALL makes. Completely rebuilt. Five years guarantee. Shipped on trial. Write today for our Special Price Offer No. 131F—POSITIVELY A LIST OF BIGGEST BARGAINS.

WHITEHEAD TYPEWRITER CO.
186 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois

A Theological Education for One Dollar

THE WORD OF THE TRUTH. A complete Harmony and Exposition of the Whole Gospel, in simple words and order, conveying its entire meaning. *Description sent on request; or Book, postpaid for $1.*

The Truth Publishing Foundation, Eufaula, Ala.

$548 Buys It!

Ready-Cut Homes All lumber, lath, shingles, doors, windows, frames, hardware, pipe, gutter and painting material, for this pretty, roomy bungalow. Satisfaction guaranteed—or money back. This means great saving over regular prices.

Send For Book

Send for "Book of Homes," Free

Beautiful book—full of wonderful bargains. FREE plans—FREE estimates.

Montgomery Ward & Co. Dept. AY325
Chicago New York Kansas City Ft. Worth Portland, Ore.
WRITE HOUSE NEAREST YOU.

STALL'S BOOKS

8 Books on Avoided Subjects

What a Young Boy Ought to Know
What a Young Man Ought to Know
What a Young Husband Ought to Know
What a Man of 45 Ought to Know
What a Young Girl Ought to Know
What a Young Woman Ought to Know
What a Young Wife Ought to Know
What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know

No Medical Terms. Up to Date.

8 Books, $1 each, post free. Table contents free.

Vir Publishing Co. 424 Church Bldg., 15th and Race Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

make . . . North Dormer is a poor little place, almost lost in a mighty landscape: perhaps, by this time, it might have been a bigger place, and more in scale with the landscape, if those who had to come back had come with that feeling in their minds — that they wanted to come back for *good* . . . and not for bad . . . or just for indifference . . .

"Gentlemen, let us look at things as they are Some of us have come back to our native town because we'd failed to get on elsewhere. One way or other, things had gone wrong with us . . . what we'd dreamed of hadn't come true. But the fact that we had failed elsewhere is no reason why we should fail here. Our very experiments in larger places, even if they were unsuccessful, ought to have helped us to make North Dormer a larger place . . . and you young men who are preparing even now to follow the call of ambition, and turn your back on the old homes — well, let me say this to you, that if ever you do come back to them it's worth while to come back to them for their good. . . . And to do that, you must keep on loving them while you're away from them; and even if you come back against your will — and thinking it's all a bitter mistake of Fate or Providence — you must try to make the best of it, and to make the best of your old town; and after a while — well, ladies and gentlemen, I give you my recipe for what it's worth; after a while, I believe you'll be able to say, as I can say today: 'I'm glad I'm here —.' Believe me, all of you, the best way to help the places we live in is to be glad we live there."

He stopped, and a murmur of emotion and surprise ran through the audience. It was not in the least what they had expected, but it moved them more than what they had expected would have moved them. "Hear, hear!" a voice cried out in the middle of the hall. An outburst of cheers caught up the cry, and as they subsided Charity heard Mr. Miles saying to someone near him: "That was a *man* talking — " He wiped his spectacles.

Mr. Royall had stepped back from the desk, and taken his seat in the row of chairs in front of the harmonium. A dapper white-haired gentleman — a distant Hatchard — succeeded him behind the golden-rod, and began to say beautiful things about the old oaken bucket, patient, white-haired mothers, and where the boys used to go nutting . . . and Charity began again to search for Harney . . .

Suddenly Mr. Royall pushed back his seat, and one of the maple branches in front of the harmonium collapsed with a crash. It uncovered the end of the first row and in one of the seats Charity saw Harney, and in the next a lady whose face was turned toward him, and almost hidden by the brim of her drooping hat. Charity did not need to see the face. She knew at a glance the slim figure, the fair hair heaped up under the hat-brim, the long pale wrinkled gloves with bracelets slipping over them. At the fall of the branch Miss Balch turned her head toward the stage, and in her pretty thin-lipped smile there lingered the reflection of something her neighbor had been whispering to her . . .

Someone came forward to replace the fallen branch, and Miss Balch and Harney were once more hidden. But to Charity the vision of their two faces had blotted out everything. In a flash they had shown her the bare reality of her situation. Behind the frail screen of her lover's caresses was the whole inscrutable mystery of his life: his relations with other people — with other women — his opinions, his prejudices, his principles, the net of influences and interests and ambitions in which every man's life is entangled. Of all these she knew nothing, except what he had told her of his architectural aspirations. She had always dimly guessed him to be in touch with important people, involved in complicated relations — but she felt it all to be so far beyond her understanding that the whole subject hung like a luminous mist on the farthest verge of her thoughts. In the foreground, hiding all else, there was the glow of his presence, the light and shadow of his face, the way his short-sighted eyes, at her approach, widened and deepened as if to draw her down into them; and, above all, the flush of youth and tenderness in which his words enclosed her.

Now she saw him detached from her, drawn back into the unknown, and whispering to another girl things that provoked the same smile of mischievous complicity he had so often called to her own lips. The feeling possessing her was not one of jealousy: she was too sure of his love. It was rather a terror of the unknown, of all the mysterious attractions that must even now be dragging him away from her, and of her own powerlessness to contend with them.

She had given him all she had — but what was it compared to the other gifts life held for him? She understood now the case of girls like herself to whom this kind of thing happened. They gave all they had, but their all was not enough: it could not buy more than a few moments . . .

The heat had grown suffocating — she felt it descend on her in smothering waves, and the faces in the crowded hall began to dance like the pictures flashed on the screen at Nettleton. For an instant Mr. Royall's countenance detached itself from the general blur. He had resumed his place in front of the harmonium, and sat close to her, his eyes on her face; and his look seemed to pierce to the very center of her confused sensations . . . A feeling of physical sickness rushed over her — and then deadly apprehension. The light of the fiery hours in the little house swept back on her in a glare of fear . . .

She forced herself to look away from her guardian, and became aware that the oratory of the Hatchard cousin had ceased, and that Mr. Miles was again flapping his wings. Fragments of his peroration floated through her bewildered brain . . . "A rich harvest of hallowed memories . . . A sanctified hour to which, in moments of trial, your thoughts will prayerfully return . . . And now, O Lord, let us humbly and fervently give thanks for this blessed day of reunion, here in the old home to which we have come back from so far. Preserve it to us, O Lord, in time to come in all its homely sweetness — in the kindliness and wisdom of its old people, in the courage and industry of its young men, in the piety and purity of this group of innocent girls — " He flapped a white wing in their direction, and at the same moment Lambert Sollas, with his fierce nod, struck the opening bars of "Auld Lang Syne" . . . Charity stared straight ahead of her and then, dropping her flowers, fell face downward at Mr. Royall's feet.

XIV

NORTH DORMER'S celebration naturally included the villages attached to its township, and the festivities were to radiate over the whole group, from Dormer and the two Crestons to Hamblin, the lonely hamlet on the north slope of the Mountain where the first snow always fell. On the third day there were speeches and ceremonies at Creston and Creston River; on the fourth the principal performers were to be driven in buckboards to Dormer and Hamblin.

It was on the fourth day that Charity returned for the first time to the little house. She had not seen Harney alone since they had parted at the wood's edge the night before the celebrations began. In the interval she had passed through many moods, but for the moment the terror which had seized her in the Town Hall had faded to the edge of consciousness. She had fainted because the hall was stiflingly hot, and because the speakers had gone on and on . . . Several other people had been affected by the heat, and had had to leave before the exercises were over. There had been thunder in the air all the afternoon, and everyone said afterward that something ought to have been done to ventilate the hall . . .

At the dance that evening — where she had gone reluctantly, and only because she feared to stay away — she had sprung back into instant reassurance. As soon as she entered she had seen Harney waiting for her, and he had come up with kind, gay eyes, and swept her off in a waltz. Her feet were full of music, and though her only training had been with the village youths she had no difficulty in tuning her steps to his. As they circled about the floor all her vain fears dropped from her, and she even forgot that she was probably dancing in Annabel Balch's slippers.

When the waltz was over Harney, with a last hand-clasp left her to meet Miss Hatchard and Miss Balch, who were just entering. Charity had a moment of anguish as Miss Balch appeared; but it did not last. The triumphant fact of her own greater beauty, and of Harney's sense of it, swept her apprehensions aside. Miss Balch, in an unbecoming dress, looked sallow and pinched, and Charity fancied there was a worried expression in her pale-lashed eyes. She took a seat near Miss Hatchard and it was presently apparent that she did not mean to dance. Charity did not dance often either. Harney explained to her that Miss Hatchard had begged him to give each of the other girls a turn; but he went through the form of asking Charity's permission each time he led one out, and that gave her a sense of secret

triumph even completer than when she was whirling about the room with him . . .

She was thinking of all this as she waited for him in the deserted house. The late afternoon was sultry, and she had tossed aside her hat and stretched herself at full length on the Mexican blanket because it was cooler indoors than under the trees. She lay with her arms folded beneath her head, gazing out at the shaggy shoulder of the Mountain. The sky behind it was full of the splintered glories of the descending sun, and before long she expected to hear Harney's bicycle-bell in the lane. He had bicycled to Hamblin, instead of driving there with his cousin and her friends, so that he might be able to make his escape earlier and stop on the way back at the deserted house, which was on the road to Hamblin. They had smiled together at the joke of hearing the crowded buck-boards roll by on the return, while they lay close in their hiding above the road. Such childish triumphs still gave her a sense of reckless security.

Nevertheless she had not wholly forgotten the vision of fear that had opened before her in the Town Hall. The sense of lastingness was gone from her and every moment with Harney would now be ringed with doubt.

The Mountain was turning purple against a fiery sunset from which it seemed to be divided by a knife-edge of quivering light; and above this wall of flame the whole sky was a pure pale green, like some cold mountain lake in shadow. Charity lay gazing up at it, and watching for the first white star . . .

Her eyes were still fixed on the upper reaches of the sky when she became aware that a shadow had flitted across the glory-flooded room: it must have been Harney passing the window against the sunset . . . She half raised herself, and then dropped back on her folded arms. The combs had slipped from her hair, and it trailed in a rough dark rope across her breast. She lay quite still, a sleepy smile on her lips, her indolent lids half shut. There was a fumbling at the padlock and she called out: "Have you slipped the chain?" The door opened, and Mr. Royall walked into the room.

She started up, sitting back against the cushions, and they looked at each other without speaking. Then Mr. Royall closed the door-latch and advanced a few steps.

Charity jumped to her feet. "What have you come for?" she stammered.

The last glare of the sunset was on her guardian's face, which looked ash-colored in the yellow radiance.

"Because I knew you were here," he answered simply.

She had become conscious of the hair hanging loose across her breast, and it seemed as though she could not speak to him till she had set herself in order. She groped for her comb, and tried to fasten up the coil. Mr. Royall silently watched her.

"Charity," he said, "he'll be here in a minute. Let me talk to you first."

"You've got no right to talk to me. I can do what I please."

"Yes. What is it you mean to do?"

"I needn't answer that, or anything else."

He had glanced away, and stood looking curiously about the illuminated room. Purple asters and red maple-leaves filled the jar on the table; on a shelf against the wall stood a lamp, the kettle, a little pile of cups and saucers. The canvas chairs were grouped about the table.

"So this is where you meet," he said.

His tone was quiet and controlled, and the fact disconcerted her. She had been ready to give him violence for violence, but this calm acceptance of things as they were left her without a weapon.

"See here, Charity — you're always telling me I've got no rights over you. There might be two ways of looking at that — but I ain't going to argue it. All I know is I raised you as good as I could, and meant fairly by you always — except once, for a bad half-hour. There's no justice in weighing that half-hour against the rest, and you know it. If you hadn't, you wouldn't have gone on living under my roof. Seems to me the fact of your doing that gives me some sort of a right; the right to try and keep you out of trouble. I'm not asking you to consider any other."

She listened in silence, and then gave a slight laugh. "Better wait till I'm in trouble," she said.

He paused a moment, as if weighing her words. "Is that all your answer?"

"Yes, that's all."

"Well — I'll wait."

He turned away slowly, but as he did so the thing she had been waiting for happened; the door opened again and Harney entered.

He stopped short with a face of astonishment, and then, quickly controlling himself, went up to Mr. Royall with a frank look.

"Have you come to see me, sir?" he said coolly, throwing his cap on the table with an air of proprietorship.

Mr. Royall again looked slowly about the room; then his eyes turned to the young man.

"Is this your home?" he inquired.

Harney laughed: "Well — as much as it's anybody's. I come here to sketch occasionally."

"And to receive Miss Royall's visits?"

"When she does me the honor ——"

"Is this the home you propose to bring her to when you get married?"

There was an immense and oppressive silence. Charity, quivering with anger, started forward, and then stood silent, too humbled for speech. Harney's eyes had dropped under the old man's gaze; but he raised them presently, and looking steadily at Mr. Royall, said: "Miss Royall is not a child. Isn't it rather absurd to talk of her as if she were? I believe she considers herself free to come and go as she pleases, without any questions from anyone." He paused and added: "I'm ready to answer any she wishes to ask me."

Mr. Royall turned to her. "Ask him when he's going to marry you, then — " There was another silence, and he laughed in his turn — a broken laugh, with a scraping sound in it. "You darsn't!" he shouted out with sudden passion. He went close up to Charity, his right arm lifted, not in menace but in tragic exhortation.

"You darsn't, and you know it — and you know why!" He swung back again upon the young man. "And you know why you ain't asked her to marry you, and why you don't mean to. It's because you hadn't need to; nor any other man either. I'm the only one that was fool enough not to know that; and I guess nobody'll repeat my mistake — not in Eagle County, anyhow. They all know what she is, and what she came from. They all know her mother was a woman of the town from Nettleton, that followed one of those Mountain fellows up to his place and lived there with him like a heathen. I saw her there sixteen years ago, when I went up to bring this child down. I went to save her from the kind of life her mother was leading — but I'd better have left her in the kennel she came from . . . " He paused and stared darkly at the two young people, and out beyond them, at the menacing Mountain with its rim of fire; then he sat down beside the table on which they had so often spread their rustic supper, and covered his face with his hands. Harney leaned in the window, a frown on his face: he was twirling between his fingers a small package that dangled from a loop of string . . . Charity heard Mr. Royall draw a hard breath or two, and his shoulders shook a little. Presently he stood up and walked across the room. He did not look again at the young people: they saw him feel his way to the door and fumble for the latch; then he went out into the darkness.

AFTER he had gone there was a long silence. Charity waited for Harney to speak; but he seemed at first not to find anything to say. At length he broke out irrelevantly: "I wonder how he found out?"

She made no answer and he tossed down the package he had been holding, and went up to her.

"I'm so sorry, dear . . . this should have happened . . . "

She threw her head back proudly. "I ain't ever been sorry — not a minute!"

"No."

She waited to be caught into his arms, but he turned away from her irresolutely. The last glow was gone from behind the Mountain. Everything in the room had turned gray and indistinct, and an autumnal dampness crept up from the hollow below the orchard, laying its cold touch on their flushed faces. Harney walked the length of the room, and then turned back and sat down at the table.

"Come," he said imperiously.

She sat down beside him, and he untied the string about the package and spread out a pile of sandwiches.

"I stole them from the love-feast at Hamblin," he said with a laugh, pushing them over to her. She laughed too, and took one, and began to eat.

"Didn't you make the tea?"

"No," she said, "I forgot—— "

"Oh, well — it's too late to boil the water now." He said nothing more, and sitting opposite to each other they went on silently eating the sandwiches. Darkness had descended in the little room, and Harney's face was a dim blur to Charity. Suddenly he

Why You Should Have a KOHLER Sink in Your Kitchen

KOHLER Sinks have the same *quality* distinctions that make KOHLER Bath Tubs and Lavatories first choice for the well-planned home.

The patterns are varied, to suit every requirement, and the designs have the hygienic features that are characteristic of all

KOHLER WARE

always of one quality—the highest

"It's in the Kohler Enamel"

KOHLER Sinks are made for right and left-hand corners and for open wall spaces. They have right, left or double sloping drain-boards, and are made with and without aprons.

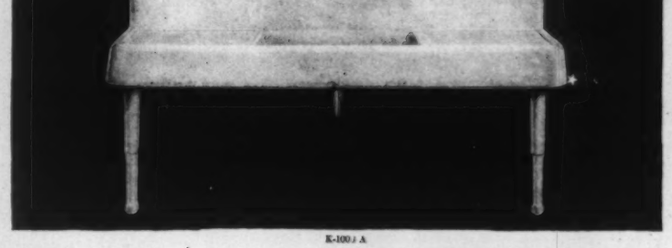
The *whiteness* of the enamel is notable in all KOHLER products, each of which has our permanent trade-mark—a guarantee of its *high quality*.

If your plumber has no specimens of KOHLER WARE on display, write us, and we will send you our interesting book, "KOHLER OF KOHLER." Address Dept. M-6.

KOHLER CO., *Founded 1873* **Kohler, Wis.**

Boston · New York · Indianapolis · Philadelphia · St. Paul · Los Angeles · Atlanta · St. Louis · Seattle · Pittsburgh · Houston · London · Detroit · San Francisco · Chicago

★ The KOHLER permanent trade-mark in faint blue appears on end of sink shown by star.



K-1001 A

His Parents Happy Now!

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor and Drug Using

THOUSANDS of fathers and mothers endorse the Keeley Treatment for what it has done in removing a son's craving for liquor or drugs. Experienced, kindly physicians. No dangerous drugs; no nausea. Pleasant surroundings. 32 years' success. Both sexes. Correspondence confidential.

Write for confidential information to any of the following Keeley Institutes

Buffalo, N. Y. 799 Niagara St.	Lexington, Mass.	Portland, Me.
Columbus, Ohio	Los Angeles, Cal. 2400 W. Pico St.	Salt Lake City, Utah
Crab Orchard, Ky.	Marion, Ind.	San Francisco, Cal. 2430 Webster St.
Dwight, Ill.	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Louis, Mo.
Grand Rapids, Mich.	1424 Girard Ave.	2603 Locust St.
735 Ottawa Ave. N.W.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Waukesha, Wis.
Hot Springs, Ark.	4246 Fifth Ave.	West Haven, Conn.
Kansas City, Mo. 3594 Euclid Ave.	Plainfield, Ind.	London, England

Reduce Your Weight

You *CAN do it* in a dignified, simple way in the privacy of your room and surprise your family and friends.

I *know* you can, because I've reduced 35,000 women from 20 to 85 lbs., and what I have done for so many I *can do* for *you*.

Don't reduce by drugs or diet alone. You'll look old if you do. You should have work adapted to *your* condition.

No woman need carry one pound of excess fat. It is so simple to weigh what you should, and you enjoy the process. My cheerful letters and *your* scales keep you enthused.

I build your vitality, strengthen your heart and teach you to stand, walk and breathe correctly, as I reduce you.

Don't endure fat when it is so easy to reduce.

If you send me your height and weight I'll tell you just what you should weigh. No charge—and I'll send you a 24-page illustrated booklet FREE. *Write* me. Ask for Booklet 23. I'd like to tell you my wonderful experience.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 95 624 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

TYPEWRITER PRICES SMASHED

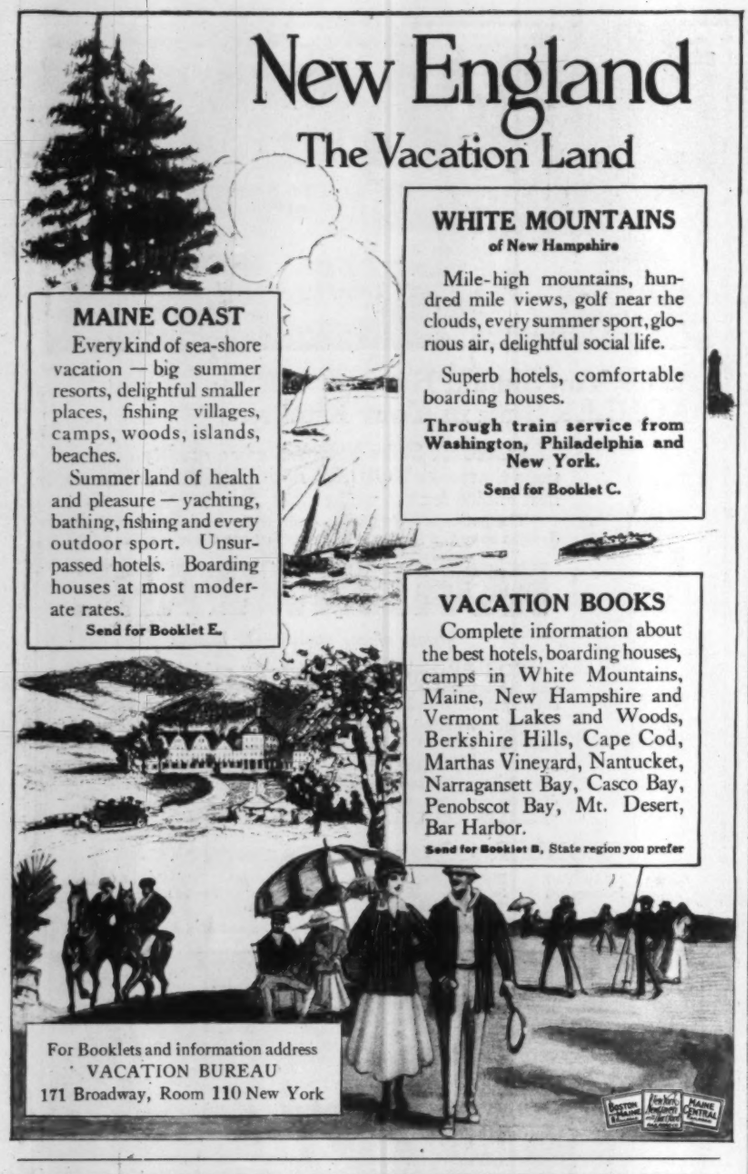
We will sell you Underwoods, Remingtons, Royals, L. C. Smiths, Monarchs, etc., at a saving from 50 to 70 per cent discount. Your choice of any standard new built machine at a bargain. Every one perfect and guaranteed for five years including all repairs. Write today for our free circulars and wholesale price list.

DEARBORN TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. E7.18 Chicago

$10 AND UP

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to get your Patent and your Money"

RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 50, Washington, D.C.


New England
The Vacation Land
WHITE MOUNTAINS
of New Hampshire
Mile-high mountains, hundred mile views, golf near the clouds, every summer sport, glorious air, delightful social life.
Superb hotels, comfortable boarding houses.
Through train service from Washington, Philadelphia and New York.
Send for Booklet C.
MAINE COAST
Every kind of sea-shore vacation — big summer resorts, delightful smaller places, fishing villages, camps, woods, islands, beaches.
Summer land of health and pleasure — yachting, bathing, fishing and every outdoor sport. Unsurpassed hotels. Boarding houses at most moderate rates.
Send for Booklet E.
VACATION BOOKS
Complete information about the best hotels, boarding houses, camps in White Mountains, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont Lakes and Woods, Berkshire Hills, Cape Cod, Marthas Vineyard, Nantucket, Narragansett Bay, Casco Bay, Penobscot Bay, Mt. Desert, Bar Harbor.
Send for Booklet B, State region you prefer
For Booklets and information address
VACATION BUREAU
171 Broadway, Room 110 New York

leaned across the table and laid his hand on hers. "I shall have to go off for a while — a month or two, perhaps — to arrange some things; and then I'll come back . . . and we'll get married."

His voice seemed like a stranger's: nothing was left in it of the vibrations she knew. Her hand lay inertly under his, and she left it there, and raised her head, trying to answer him. But the words died in her throat. They sat motionless, in their attitude of confident endearment, as if some strange death had surprised them. At length Harney sprang to his feet with a slight shiver. "God! it's damp — we couldn't have come here much longer." He went to the shelf, took down a tin candle-stick and lit the candle; then he propped an unhinged shutter against the empty window-frame and put the candle on the table. It threw up a queer shadow on his frowning forehead, and made the smile on his lips a grimace.

"But it's been good, though, hasn't it, Charity? . . . What's the matter — why do you stand there staring at me? Haven't the days here been good?" He went up to her and caught her to his breast. "And there'll be others — lots of others . . . jollier . . . even jollier . . . won't there, darling?"

He turned her head back, feeling for the curve of her throat below the ear, and kissed her there, and on the hair and eyes and lips. She clung to him desperately, and as he drew her to his knees on the couch she felt as if they were being sucked down together into some bottomless abyss.

[*To be continued*]

McClure serials are always the best. "The Lifted Veil" is a big seller in book form; and "Summer" is a sensation. Watch for "Wild Apples," by the author of "The Straight Road"

A Palm Beach Movie

[*Continued from page 13*]

¶ On the same day other *Herald* headlines were as follows:

(A) "Prussian Raider Sinks 10 Vessels, Captures 6; 400 of Crews of Prey Missing; Feared Dead."

(B) "Pope Intercedes for the Belgians."

(C) "Mr. Wagner Upholds Illiterate Voters. Democratic Senate Leader Assails Mr. Brown's Proposal for a Literacy Qualification."

(D) "Pork Attacked by Mr. Calder."

¶ On January 19th, the heading of the *Herald's* Palm Beach dispatch was, "Coasting in Ocean is New Diversion at Palm Beach."

The story contained the following interesting information: "The new contrivance . . . is a floating mattress with large pneumatic tubes covered with canvas. When the waves strike it the mattress is sent forward . . . toward the shore. Mrs.—— who rode on one of the mattresses this morning with her children said, 'The sensation is novel.'"

¶ Among other headlines on the same day were these:

(A) "Fear Switzerland will be Invaded in Alsace Drive."

(B) "Warns Nation (meaning the United States) its Neutrality May Bring War Here."

¶ On January 20th the *Herald's* Palm Beach story mentioned that "diving into the ocean from an aeroplane is a new fad introduced here this morning."

Also, telegraphed the correspondent, "Palm Beach is 'toddling.' This is a new step — something of an osteopathic foxtrot . . . Stoutness or a skirt any longer than sixteen inches from the ground makes the dance practically impossible."

¶ And on the same day:

(A) "Swiss Preparing to Defend Neutrality."

(B) "Americans to be Saved from Death in Syrian Famine."

(C) "Three Neutral Vessels Sunk by Prussians."

(D) "Canadian Member of Parliament has Two Sons and Two Sons-in-Law Fighting for Allies."

¶ On January 26th news items laid emphasis on preparedness as viewed in Washington and in Palm Beach.

"President Feels Tide of Opinion on Defense Need," was one headline.

¶ The other:

"Swagger Sticks with Hats and Bags to Match Imported for Palm Beach."

¶ On February 13th the *Herald* stated that a Palm Beach jewelry store was "Robbed of $36,000 in Gems," while another Palm Beach dispatch declared:

¶ "Keeping the anniversary of Lincoln's Birthday, sojourners today had parties of many descriptions. It was a gala day in sport, and the women contributed their share of brightness to it with their gorgeous costumes."

And on the same day:

(A) "Americans are Re-imprisoned in Germany."

(B) "American Commission Withdraws from Relief Work in Belgium."

(C) "End Submarine Piracy First, then Peace Parley Will Be in Order, President Tells Berlin."

¶ On February 22nd, Washington's Birthday, Palm Beach celebrated with a fancy-dress ball, and a photograph of an over-exposed lady who participated in the ball was printed in an early issue of the *Herald*.

¶ This day was celebrated by food riots in Philadelphia, where, according to *Herald* headlines, "2,000 Starving Men and Women Fought Police for Two Hours." On the same day another *Herald* heading gave the information that German submarines had sunk, in the preceding 18 days, 304,000 tons of shipping.

¶ On March 10th, the wife of a celebrated multi-millionaire arrived at Palm Beach in her private car. The *Herald* story of this event informs us that "she wore black tulle over her taffeta of color to match. Her large brimmed sailor hat was a material and color to match the dress and was trimmed with uncurled ostrich feathers. Her ornament was a double string of large pearls."

¶ The front page of the paper, on that day, carried the following headlines across the entire page:

"Believes America is on the Verge of War; President Decides to Arm Vessels against U-Boats; Special Session of Congress is Called."

SO much for my Palm Beach movie. I do not mean, in setting forth these contrasts, to imply a belief that people should not have a good time. I only mean that they should not have a good time to the exclusion of everything else; that they should not have too good a time; that they should not be so sunk in a good time that they cannot look out, over the top of it, and take note of what is going on in the world.

There are times to think of other things than floating mattresses, double strings of large pearls, white Samoyed dogs named Delos, and black tulle over taffeta, because thinking of just such things, exclusively, for a long time, is what has changed the fashions in England. For women of what might be called England's "Palm Beach class," the present style of costume is a red cross uniform or black crepe over a broken heart.

Listen to Captain Ian Hay, in his fine little book, "Getting Together."

"On this great subject of Preparedness," he writes, "I can refer you to the case of my own country — not as an example, but as a warning. *We* were caught unprepared. In consequence, we had to sacrifice our very best, the kind that can never be replaced in any country, just because they hurried to the rescue and allowed themselves to be wiped out, while the country behind them was being aroused and prepared. That is the price that we have paid, and no ultimate victory, however glorious, can recompense us for that criminal waste of the flower and pride of our youth and manhood at the outset."

Porter Emerson Browne is a McClure feature, always. In July he will return to his inimitable satiric vein, in a fine article, "Please Right Face!" —a plea for universal military service. Illustrated by Peter Newell

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF McCLURE'S PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1917.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared, Arthur S. Moore, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of The McClure Publications, Inc., Publishers of McClure's, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publisher, The McClure Publications, Inc.,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Editor, Frederick L. Collins,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, Charles Hanson Towne,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Business Manager, Arthur S. Moore,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stock-holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

The McClure Publications, Inc.,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Frederick L. Collins,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Cameron Mackenzie,
61 West Tenth Street, New York, N. Y.
Arthur S. Moore,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Horace W. Paine,
676 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Estate S. H. Moore,
27 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y.
Frederic P. Warfield,
185 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Elizabeth Collins, Scarsdale, New York.
Holland S. Duell, Yonkers, New York.
Mabel H. Duell, Yonkers, New York.
Estate F. M. Lupton, Brooklyn, New York.
George Kibbe Turner, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Douglas S. Moore, Cutchogue, Long Island.
Dorothy M. Miller,
13430 Graham Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.
S. S. McClure Company,*
251 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(* Stockholders holding 1% or more of total amount of stock—The S. S. McClure Corporation, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York City: S. S. McClure, 203 Broadway, New York City, A. L. Hollingsworth, Boston, Massachusetts, Mary C. Hurd, Galesburg, Illinois, and The McClure Publications, Incorporated, 25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.)

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
ARTHUR S. MOORE, Secretary.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1917.

[SEAL] Edwin Brown, Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 35. (My commission expires March 30, 1919.) (Certificate filed in New York County, No. 119).

Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please enclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

How California Exposes Food Frauds

ENTHUSIASM for one's product is always commendable — if it is a good product. If it possesses real merit, it has no need of unfair, lying comparisons with any competitor. That food demonstrators often wax over-enthusiastic concerning their own goods, and bitterly denunciatory of their neighbor's, personal experience and letters from McClure readers strongly attest. California has taken up the fight against this evil, and wages it by wide publicity. The California State Board of Health in its monthly bulletin says:

The Calumet Baking-Powder Co., of Chicago, has a corps of women in California who demonstrate at food-shows in stores, and also make a house to house canvass. The printed literature distributed by this company is carefully worded in order to avoid violating the food laws. The demonstrators, however, in the particular instance investigated, made statements and construed facts in a way which was clearly misleading and deceiving to the public.

The conversation reported by the representatives of the State Bureau runs like this:

Are you familiar with Calumet baking-powder? Here we have the purest and best baking-powder made. I will show you why, and you can make this test yourself. Take a dry glass and place two teaspoonfuls of the powder in the glass; always use a dry spoon and never shake off the powder. Just take the lid off the can, and brush off the surplus. In this way you will have a level spoonful. Now take the same amount of water and mix it thoroughly. Note the action of the powder. It rises at once, and no matter how you shake the glass you cannot shake down the powder. This is exactly what occurs when you use Calumet baking-powder in your cake. No matter how much you jar the oven door the cake will not fall, if you use Calumet baking-powder. Calumet baking-powder is twice as strong as any other baking-powder, and requires only half as much. No other baking-powder on the market today can stand such a test. Cream of Tartar baking-powders are injurious and should never be used. We have a very small per cent of alum in Calumet baking-powder. This alum is only used to preserve the powder; and in baking, the heat dries it out of your cake, leaving no alum whatever. Alum in the small amount that it is used in this powder would not be harmful in any way, but as I said, the heat of the oven dries it out so there is none left in the finished product. The Rumford baking-powder is a phosphate powder, made from bone phosphate, and if people knew this they would not use it. It is not a nice idea to most people. The Calumet baking-powder people also use phosphate, but not bone phosphate.

It is said that at this demonstration the following sign was displayed:

CALUMET BAKING POWDER
Makes Cake Raise better than other Powders
4 x Stronger than Royal

As a matter of fact Calumet is not stronger than all other baking-powders. In point of strength it compares unfavorably with several others. The small per cent of albumen it contains makes it possible to effectually perform the fallacious foam test, but does not make the cake rise better nor cause it to be more stable than any other similar without albumen powder. The alum is not driven off by heat, but is changed through chemical action into the objectionable aluminum hydroxid. That Calumet is "four times as strong as Royal baking-powder" is a myth. We have never seen a sample that was even twice as strong. Royal has the advantage of being entirely free from alum or any other injurious alum compound. Cream of Tartar baking-powders are not injurious. That Rumford baking-powder is objectionable because of its acid-calcium phosphate is pure fiction. Every ingredient of this widely used powder is perfectly wholesome and healthful.

It is manifestly the duty of every food manufacturer to curb any lying tendencies discovered in his demonstrators. Many housewives refuse to purchase from demonstrators of the "knock" type. In doing this they show excellent judgment.

Coffetone

CAN you tell me if Coffetone, made by the Coffetone Mfg. Co., of Chicago, is pure? What are its ingredients? How much coffee is in it? Is there enough to hurt?
C. A. B., North Carolina.

This compound consists of various roasted cereals, slightly sweetened, and in the samples examined carried about 20% of coffee. It contains no caffeine, except that natural to the small amount of coffee present. Unless a person is abnormally sensitive to the effects of coffee, we do not believe that harm could possibly result.

A Confusion of Terms

WE buy the Hotel Astor package rice marked "Uncoated." Is this the unpolished rice containing the natural food elements of which we read so much, or is the term "uncoated" misleading? If so, where and what brands can I buy that will give me a natural rice? *G. A. C., Connecticut.*

The term "uncoated" rice does not mean the natural brown rice. It refers to rice which has not been covered with a mixture of talc and glucose or some allied substance. In short, it is rice from which the outer covering containing practically all of the proteins, vitamines, and mineral salts have been removed. *Unpolished rice*, on the other hand, contains the natural food elements to which you refer. Probably the term "uncoated" is misleading. What you evidently desire is unpolished or natural brown rice. This may be secured in any quantity from the Seaboard Rice Milling Company, Galveston, Texas, or the Great Valley Mills, Paoli, Pa.

The Peanut Shell Story Again

AS you have put Whole Wheat Shredded Biscuits in your pure food column, I judge you take no stock that ground peanut shells enter into their composition. Do they fully answer your requirements? My family uses them freely, myself particularly, but I prefer my flour and peanut shells separately.
T. A. T., Massachusetts.

You are right; we take no stock in the report that ground peanut shells enter into the composition of shredded wheat biscuits. We know for a fact that nothing of the sort enters into their composition. They are composed of the entire wheat cooked, shredded and baked. The operation throughout is conducted in a most cleanly and sanitary manner. No adulteration or substitution is employed. There is no reason why your family should not continue the use of this valuable article of diet.

IMPORTANT: If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., with your name and address plainly marked. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

The New Oliver Nine

Was $100 Now $49

A TYPEWRITER REVOLUTION

New Machines for Half the Former Price

At the very height of its success, The Oliver Typewriter Company again upsets the typewriter industry. Just as it did in 1896, when it introduced visible writing and forced all others to follow. Now this powerful Company—world wide in influence—calls a halt to old expensive ways of selling typewriters. It frees buyers of a wasteful burden.

A company strong enough, large enough and brave enough to do a big, startling thing like this, deserves a hearing.

The full facts are set forth in our amazing exposure, entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and The Remedy." One copy will be mailed to you if you send us the coupon below.

HOW WE DO IT

Henceforth The Oliver Typewriter Company will maintain no expensive sales force of 15,000 salesmen and agents. Henceforth it will pay no high rents in 50 cities. There will be no idle stocks.

You, Mr. User, will deal direct now with the actual manufacturer. No middlemen—no useless tolls. We end the waste and give you the savings. You get the $51 by being your own salesman.

And we gain economies for ourselves, too. So it isn't philanthropy. Just the new, efficient way of doing business to meet present-day economic changes.

Note this fact carefully. We offer the identical Oliver Nine—the latest model—brand new, for $49, the exact one which was $100 until March 1st.

THE LATEST MODEL

Do not confuse this offer of The Oliver Typewriter Company itself of a brand new, latest model 9 with offers of second hand or rebuilt machines.

This is the first time in history that a new, standard $100 typewriter has been offered for $49. We do not offer a substitute model, cheaper, different or rebuilt.

Read all the secret facts in our document, entitled, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and The Remedy." The coupon below mailed today will bring you one copy.

SAVE $51

This Oliver Nine is a twenty-year development. It is the finest, costliest, most successful typewriter we ever built. It is yours for 10 cents per day in monthly payments of $3.00. *Everyone* can own a typewriter now. Will any sane person ever again pay $100 for a standard typewriter when the Standard Visible Oliver Nine sells for $49?

Send today for your copy of our book and further details. You'll be surprised.

MAIL TODAY

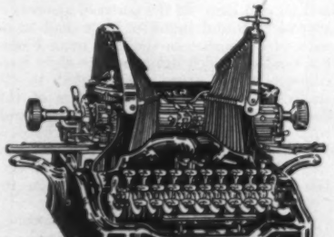
FREE TRIAL

No money down—No C. O. D.

After you read our book you may ask for an Oliver for five days' free trial. Be your own salesman. Save yourself $51. You decide in the privacy of your own office or home, as you use the Oliver. Then if you want to own an Oliver you may pay at the rate of 10 cents per day.

Mail the coupon now for "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and The Remedy." It rips off the mask. Cut the coupon out now.

The Oliver Typewriter Company
1576 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



Over 600,000 Sold

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1576 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago.

Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and The Remedy," your de luxe catalogs and further information.

Name .....
Street Address .....
City ..... State .....

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone applied directly upon a tender, aching corn stops the soreness at once and soon the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off with the fingers without even a twinge of pain.

Freezone

Removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Does not irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or tissue. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a small bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the U. S. or Canada

THE EDWARD WESLEY CO. Cincinnati, Ohio

TRY BEFORE YOU BUY

Select the bicycle you prefer from the **44 styles** colors and sizes in the famous **"Ranger"** line. We send it on approval and **30 DAYS TRIAL**, *freight paid to your town.* Return it if not pleased and the trial costs you nothing.

Write at once for large illustrated catalog showing *complete line* of bicycles, tires and supplies, and particulars of *most marvelous offer ever made* on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our ***low prices*** and *remarkable terms.*

RIDER AGENTS Wanted —Boys, make money taking orders for Bicycles, **Tires** and Sundries from our big catalog. **Do Business** *direct* with the leading bicycle house in America. **Do not buy until you *know*** what we can do.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. W-32 CHICAGO, ILL.

You Can Have Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes

by applying "Lash-Brow-Ine" nightly. It nourishes the eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and luxuriant, adding wonderfully to your beauty, charm and attractiveness. "Lash-Brow-Ine" is a guaranteed pure and harmless preparation, used successfully by thousands. Send 25c (coin) and we will mail you "Lash-Brow-Ine" and our beauty booklet prepaid in plain sealed cover. Beware of worthless imitations.

Maybell Laboratories, 4008-58 Indiana Ave., Chicago

IF YOU KNEW HOW

TO REDUCE YOURSELF without drugs, sweating or starving and with real protection to health

YOU WOULD DO IT

willingly and gladly. Send name and address to-day, and I will tell you FREE how I did it.

R. D. BURNS, 14 W. 37th St., New York

$2,000,000

California Hotel Co.

First Mortgage 6% Bonds

(Safeguarded Under the Straus Plan)

Secured by

Huntington, Green and Maryland Hotels

Pasadena, Cal.

Dated March 15, 1917. Interest Coupons Due May 1 and Nov. 1. Denominations $5,000, $1,000 and $500.

SECURITY — The land and buildings comprising the Huntington, Green and Maryland Hotels, Pasadena, California. These three hotels are owned and operated by the California Hotel Co., and form one of the most firmly established, most popular, and most profitable hotel properties in the United States, known all over the country.

LOCATION — Pasadena is one of the nation's garden spots and a mecca for thousands of visitors to California each year, assuring constant patronage of these hotels.

VALUATION — $4,287,000, based on appraisals by independent real estate experts and banks.

EARNINGS — Placed at $445,000 net annually, more than four times interest charges.

SERIAL MATURITIES — The bonds mature in annual serial installments from one to ten years. Monthly sinking fund payments required.

INCOME TAX — Normal Federal Tax paid by mortgagor.

We offer these bonds with our unqualified recommendation as a thoroughly safeguarded investment for the funds of institutions and individuals. Orders may be telegraphed or cabled at our expense.

Price, Par and Accrued Interest

Write or call for Circular No. F-704

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

Est. 1882 Inc. 1905

NEW YORK 150 Broadway
CHICAGO Straus Bldg.
Detroit Cincinnati Minneapolis
Kansas City San Francisco

35 years without loss to any investor.

Since 1865 Investments

ELEVEN YEARS before Alexander Graham Bell showed the first telephone at the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876, Hambleton & Company were advising investors and selling bonds to banks, insurance companies and individuals. For over fifty years we have been patiently building and perfecting an organization for the purpose of better serving our customers and giving them experienced and sound advice in regard to investments.

Write for a copy of our book "Investing $100 to $10,000," which is a primer on investments and gives much valuable information. You may receive a copy without charge by writing to Department "K", 47-49 Exchange Place, New York City or 8 South Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Hambleton & Company

ESTABLISHED 1865

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

BALTIMORE WASHINGTON NEW YORK

Judging by Appearances

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Editor of McClure's Monthly Financial Department, "Your Money and How to Make it Earn"

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of ten cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. A very attractive library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made because of the great number of inquiries received. Mr. Atwood cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

IN view of the flood of worthless stocks now pouring out upon the country it may not be amiss to recall to our readers that the Financial and Insurance Department of McClure's has struggled for more than three and a half years to protect them from the snare of the financial shark. Clearly enough this is work which any one publication, or many for that matter, can do only imperfectly as compared with the possible operation of governmental agency or of the better element in the financial world itself.

But government, in this country at least, has thus far found the task too difficult, or perhaps has had larger ones, and finance likewise has gone on its way, not heedless or indifferent, but too intent upon other pursuits to drive the blacksheep from its midst. So the magazines and a few of the newspapers have done what little they could.

In this magazine many of the financial articles and many of the personal answers to several thousand inquiries have had to do with precautions. In the McCLURE Financial booklet, which has gone into eight large editions, three pages are devoted to the subject. As time goes on readers of this department show a steadily increasing knowledge of and interest in the higher classes of investments, and if conditions had remained what they were in 1913 there would be very few occasions now to comment upon the "cats and dogs" of finance.

Unfortunately the spectacle of enormous profits made by a number of companies in the last few years has resulted in such a tidal wave of cheap, flashy, ill-begotten, quack imitators, the advertisements of which so far exceed in alluring and audacious — if lying — appeal anything which has gone before, that even experienced persons are inclined to be stirred and moved by such blandishments. It is time to reinforce and supplement a few warnings that may not be altogether new to readers of these pages.

Now the fundamental fact to be born in mind is that responsible, reliable investment bankers — the sort that will be doing business at the same old stand several years hence — do not engage in the business of selling stocks which are pretty certain to make the purchaser fabulously rich. Concerns of this description do not as a rule go to either bankers or the general public for funds. They do not need to. They would be foolish to pay liberal commissions to bankers. Money is not given away in the business world and it pays to be suspicious of those who pretend to give it away. The only concerns that should go to the public for funds, either directly or through investment bankers, are those which can promise a fair and reasonable return and have something to back up their promises with, earnings statements, balance sheets, etc., something tangible and concrete rather than mere vague promises.

Neither the thousands upon thousands of mere ventures, gambles, risks, that never amount to anything, or the few hundred concerns that turn out excessive profits, like Union Sulphur and New Jersey Zinc, should seek the public's money. And the second class practically never do.

I am not denying there are opportunities, many of them, relatively speaking, to become rich from a single lucky investment. But the truth is that these come from being on the ground. And being on the ground does not mean taking the mere say-so of some fly-by-nighter who calls himself a broker, who has come from Lord knows where and shortly will depart hence. Being on the ground means just exactly what it seems to mean. It means being right in the business or right up close to someone who is. It means personal contact, first-hand investigation, weeks', perhaps months', of the hardest kind of inquiry, and then a gamble at the end of it. The vast majority of people have not the knowledge, acquaintance, experience, expertness or numerous other gifts and qualities to seize opportunities in this fashion. And it is manifestly silly to expect that a broker or investment banker or financial writer can or will discover them. It is the business of these men, if they are honest and intelligent, to discover ways of making money earn a reasonable return and be safe. If they could discover "gold mines" they would not be offering stock at a few cents a share to Tom, Dick and Harry or writing for newspapers and magazines at a moderate salary. No indeed! They would be doing exactly what Rockefeller, the du Ponts, Schwab, Ford and others have done, make huge fortunes and keep them to themselves and their few trusted associates.

I defy any one of the thousands of shell game share peddlers who now infest the country like an epidemic to prove, despite their columns of "space" in careless newspapers and their millions of circulars, telegrams and "house organs," that companies which have become marvelous successes ever went out into the byways and hedges to find shareholders. Fabulously profitable concerns are never the ones which spread broadcast over the country, screaming appeals to buy their stock.

Even more suggestive is the other side of the same proposition. Although thousands upon thousands of companies whose stock has been peddled in a widespread and noisy manner have passed into oblivion, I doubt if a single instance can be found where a company financed in this cheap and discreditable way has been a conspicuous success. The simple truth is that the louder the shouting and publicity at the birth of a new enterprise the more certain it is that its later years will be deathly quiet. In the same way a modest, quiet, private beginning often brings fame later on. Dividends shout for themselves. They need no announcement plastered clear across a newspaper page.

Thus it follows that legitimate stock promotions, those conceived in good faith, are free from flashy, flamboyant, sensational, "flossy" and red ink literature. Legitimate stock propositions are advertised, if not always in a cold, dry and formal manner, at least in a dignified, respectable, decent manner. Always does the legitimate proposition stick to facts and values which can be demonstrated rather than to vague generalities. The legitimate is always concrete and specific, the illegitimate is vague, glowing, enthusiastic and merely expectant rather than actual.

In the McCLURE booklet twelve rules are given for avoiding worthless stocks, that is, those worthless from the beginning. Of course, the most honestly conceived enterprise may fail. It is not intended to repeat these rules here, but three of them may be amplified in the light of many events and tendencies which have developed since the booklet was written.

First and foremost, naturally and obviously, avoid stock offerings in which unusual profits are either promised or hinted at. Even where a corporation honestly and intelligently expects to pay dividends of 10, 15 and 25% or more, it is not in the habit of openly and blatantly advertising that fact beforehand. It may assure the investor of 7 or 8% and lay facts before him from which he himself can draw the inference that speculative opportunities for even larger returns are not lacking. But that is all.

Beware the concern whose literature contains anywhere or in any connection such general statements as this: "$100 Grows to $30,000." Be suspicious even if the promoters are careful to avoid a direct promise that this particular stock will pay that much. Hints of the rabbit-like fecundity of money are nearly always a danger sign in promotional literature.

The least experience in financial affairs is enough to set one dead against a stock offering in which a leading argument has to do with the profits made by other companies. That is a sure danger sign. Finally the oldest and most certain sign of danger is the statement that the price of the stock will be "immediately advanced." Twenty-five years ago John Hill, a member of the Chicago Board of Trade and

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
Lists of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks, and Mortgages
Lists of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial-Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
First Principles of Life Insurance
Investment Opportunities of the War

Booklet will be sent for ten cents in stamps. See announcement above. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

A New Era in American Finance

We have prepared a summary of the recent evolution of United States Commerce and Finance, discussing:

1. The growth of our trade balance
2. Our industrial expansion
3. Our greater international banking responsibilities
4. The importance of foreign investments

This booklet also contains tabulations showing the various foreign loans placed in the United States since the beginning of the war.

A copy of the booklet MC-58 will be sent to investors upon request.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building
New York

ESTABLISHED 1865

DIVERSIFIED INVESTMENTS FOR YOUR PRESENT FUNDS

Successful, experienced investors agree that for utmost safety, it is advisable to select investments secured by properties of varied character and location.

We have an exceptionally broad list of diversified 5½% and 6% securities in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, suitable to the most exacting requirements. We offer and particularly recommend for your present funds four bond issues secured by these different classes of property: Established Industrial Property; Farm Land; Improved Chicago Real Estate; Natural Resources.

Recommendations are based on long experience, complete investigation by our experts, and outright purchase. Write for Circular No. 982CM, giving details.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(ESTABLISHED 1865)

10 South La Salle Street, Chicago

ESTABLISHED 1865

The Statistical Department of a Reliable Brokerage Firm

CAN HELP YOU

We issue Statistical Books on the

Copper
Standard Oil
and Motor Stocks

and will send you copy of any one free on request.

Orders executed in Listed and Curb Securities for cash. Conservative margin or Partial Payment Plan.

L. R. LATROBE & Co.

111 Broadway New York

chairman of its committee to clean up bucket-shops, warned the public against this particular trick of the sharks. I have in mind two buncombe oil companies which for the last ten years have been selling their stock almost daily through the columns of certain complaisant newspapers, and almost every day they have announced an advance in price although both stocks are still selling at a few cents a share and paying no dividends. Of course, this type of stock, the kind which will advance in price immediately, never has any real market at all. You can't sell it on the curb, and the Stock Exchange authorities wouldn't "list" it any more than they would a German bomb. Several months ago thousands of people were induced to buy stock in a couple of automobile companies that existed on paper. Each advertisement contained the promise of an immediate advance in price, but now you cannot sell the stock anywhere and very little is being heard of these companies.

It seems almost superfluous to warn people not to buy stock on the partial payment plan unless there is demonstrated value behind the shares and a known, open market. Yet strangely enough vast quantities of doubtful stocks have been sold either on margin or on the partial payment plan. The very essence of the margin system and the partial payment plan is the ability of brokers to borrow on them at the banks, and banks do not lend on new, untried, unseasoned, uncertain, questionable stocks. Thus any broker who pretends to sell such stocks except outright for cash is open to suspicion.

One of the worst features of the present situation is the large number of men formerly connected with bucketshops who have become "brokers" in new oil and automobile securities. One authority states that the present enormous output of the showy, tawdry, misleading type of financial advertising is due not so much to the presence of swindlers in the "game" as the ignorance of many well-meaning persons who have lately entered Wall Street as brokers. Led on by enthusiastic "ad" writers, knowing nothing of the decent way of doing things, and anxious only to sell stock, their sheer ignorance has trapped them into using suspicious methods. But a little careful study of the history of most of the new "brokers" quickly upsets any such generous theory.

The hardest thing that human beings have to do is to make a decision. Irresponsible brokers have a great advantage in that they are not afraid to make decisions for you. They are quite willing to make promises and tell you just what to buy. The more responsible a broker or investment banker is, the less willing you will find him to tell you what to buy. He is glad to give you information, but unlike the fly-by-nighter he has to consider the future, and knowing that all business is hazardous, he must play safe. The very nature of the investment business thus gives the irresponsibles a colossal advantage. The Stock Exchange recognizes this principle by absolutely forbidding any of its members to put what is called "allurement" in their advertisements.

In the main McCLURE'S has been successful, I think, in keeping out of its financial pages advertisements of brokers and stocks that do not conform to the standards laid down in this article. Certainly we have tried hard and conscientiously enough. Gradually the experience and investigations of the Stock Exchange, the Investment Bankers' Association of America, the Farm Mortgage Bankers' Association and the Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs are evolving standards of conduct and advertising which it will become increasingly the business of this department to present to its readers.

Books About Stocks and Bonds

The Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York, will be pleased to send upon request an exceedingly interesting book dealing with the history of foreign war loans and war loans of the United States. Send for booklet entitled "War Loans and the United States."

Investors desiring to take advantage of the unusual opportunities which are now presented to purchase high-class investment securities on an exceptionally favorable basis, due to necessary foreign liquidation, will be interested in a special letter No. 1-M issued by Morton Lachenbruch & Co., Investment-Bankers, Equitable Bldg., New York City, describing bonds of an attractive issue yielding 6½%.

Investors are invited to send their names and addresses for insertion on the mailing-list of The Tillotson & Wolcott Company, Cleveland. This house specializes in 5 to 6 per cent First Mortgage Bonds secured by

"War Loans and the United States"

The Story of War Financing and Its Bearing on National Growth

HISTORY proves that the sacrifices and discipline of War have served to increase thrift, create efficiency and develop resources. The financial record of American Wars is one of patriotism and vision. War obligations have been readily met and economic progress made.

For the first time in its history, the United States has now become a creditor nation, and by meeting the needs of other nations is able to strengthen its own financial and commercial position.

Every citizen is concerned in the situation presented and its relation to his own affairs.

How American Wars since 1776 have been financed and these War debts discharged; the economic effect of War loans in this country and in Europe; lessons taught by experience and the opportunities offered for the future are described in a booklet entitled "War Loans and the United States," issued and sent upon request by the

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

140 Broadway

Capital and Surplus - - - - -	**$40,000,000**
Resources more than - - - -	**$500,000,000**

Invest Your Savings in Municipal Bonds

Make your surplus funds yield a *good* return in an investment that is absolutely safe and easily convertible into cash, if necessary.

We offer Municipal Bonds in $1,000, $500 and $100 amounts paying 4 to 5⅜% interest and free from Federal Income Tax. Start *now* with a bond or two and add others from time to time. Build for an assured income, for independence! Small monthly payments, if desired,

Satisfactorily serving investors for over 27 years gives us complete confidence in our ability to meet your most exacting requirements. Booklet C6, "The Premier Investment," telling of our Municipal Bonds, is yours free for the asking. Gives complete information.

William R. Compton Company

New York
14 Wall Street

Chicago
105 S. La Salle Street

Municipal Bonds

"Over a Quarter Century in this Business"

St. Louis
408 Olive Street

Cincinnati
102 Union Trust Bldg.

T&W

Steamship Bonds

Steamship bonds, secured by first mortgage upon the big freighters that play so vital a part in the commercial life of the nation, have an admirable record for prompt payment of interest and principal.

The market for these bonds is firmly established, with the demand always in excess of the supply. Nevertheless, as specialists in steamship bonds, we are from time to time able to secure new issues that we offer at par and accrued interest, yielding 6%.

We unqualifiedly recommend investment in this class of bonds. They are surrounded by every safeguard, including full insurance against all perils, which is lodged with the Trustee for the protection of the bondholders.

Write for Booklet on Steamship Bonds and Descriptive Circulars of the Several Issues

The Tillotson & Wolcott Co.
Investment Bankers
CLEVELAND
NEW YORK: 115 Broadway
CINCINNATI: Mercantile Library Bldg.

DISCERNING INVESTORS

DESIRING { Safety / Liberal Yield / Potential Enhancement

may receive valuable suggestions, based on our mature judgment, by writing us their requirements.

Address Dept. M.

Morton Lachenbruch & Co.
Investment Bankers
EQUITABLE BUILDING NEW YORK

BONDS
In A Crisis

A detailed analysis of a class of bonds which yield higher interest than the average with equal or better security is given in our booklet "Is Interest Return an Index of Safety?" We'll gladly send you a copy—also the current issue of our 12 page monthly, "Bond Topics."

Please specify Combination C. L. 315

A.H.Bickmore & Co
Investment Securities
111 Broadway, New York.

THE man who can save $10, $20, $50, or maybe $100 or more a month need not wait several months to accumulate a larger sum before investing in bonds or dividend paying stocks.

Instead of looking forward to the purchase of securities six months or a year hence, buy them through us now, pay for them with your monthly savings, and draw your interest or dividends from the date you open your account.

Send for booklet No. 49

HARRIS, WINTHROP & Co
Members New York Stock Exchange
The Rookery, Chicago 15 Wall Street, New York

improved industrial and commercial property in Cleveland and vicinity.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co., 10 South La Salle Street, Chicago, have just published a new booklet [free] which describes a wide variety of attractive securities in established sections of the United States and Canada.

"The Premier Investment" is the title of an excellent booklet (free) on Municipal Bonds published by the Municipal Bond House of William R. Compton Co., of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati.

The National City Company recently issued a booklet (free) containing the official list of bonds legal for Savings Bank and Trust Fund investment in the State of New York.

"Bond Topics," published monthly by A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, contains many interesting discussions on bonds in general, with particular references to Public Utility Bonds. Copies free.

"How to Invest in Standard Securities by the Partial Payment Method" will be sent upon request by Harris, Winthrop & Co., 15 Wall Street, New York.

The Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., furnishes weekly reports and charts which help its subscribers to anticipate the larger movement in security, commodity, and labor prices.

Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broad Street, New York City, will send upon request booklet K-10, describing a number of new foreign securities.

On account of the unusual situation in the copper market a book just issued for free distribution by L. R. Latrobe & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, which gives capitalization, earnings, dividends, high-low prices, etc., on about 150 different copper companies, should prove of timely assistance to investors.

The "Seal of Safety" is the newest booklet issued by S. W. Straus & Co., describing the merits of first mortgage serial real estate bonds. This house also publishes the "Straus Investors' Magazine," issued monthly, in the interest of sound investment. "Sound Investment Bonds," another Straus booklet, traces the history of real estate bonds back for nearly three thousand years, and pictures an interesting mortgage of the ancient Babylonians. All of this literature will be sent on request to S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago.

McClave & Company, 67 Exchange Place, New York, publish a leaflet on systematic saving which they will mail on request.

Hambleton & Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York, will send upon request an elaborate booklet dealing with various classes of high-grade investment securities. Send for booklet "Investing One Hundred to Ten Thousand Dollars."

A booklet has recently been issued by The F. B. Collins Investment Co., Oklahoma City, Okla., which gives valuable information to prospective investors in Farm Mortgages.

"A Long Look Ahead" is the title of an analysis of present market conditions with predictions as to the course in the future which has been issued by John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York. Illustrated by a chart which outlines the logical trend as influenced by prospects of peace, effects of war destruction and possibilities of peace profits, it affords a basis for clear thinking which is designed to clarify the opinion of the individual investor. Copies sent on request.

"Booklet T," issued by E. J. Lander & Company, Grand Forks, N. D., tells about 6 per cent farm mortgages on rich agricultural lands in the Northwest.

An interesting booklet is being distributed free by The Citizens' Savings & Trust Co. of Cleveland, Ohio, which is of particular interest to people desiring a steady income of 4 per cent interest and no worry. Ask for book D.

Bankers Loan & Investment Company, 63 Wall Street, New York City, will send upon request an interesting booklet entitled "Safety of Savings." Address Department B.

C. I. Hudson & Co., 36 Wall Street, New York City, will be pleased to send upon request an interesting booklet dealing with their partial payment plan. Send for booklet 36 Mc.

Perkins & Company, Lawrence, Kans., will be pleased to send upon request an interesting list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

Sheldon-Morgan & Company, 42 Broadway, New York, publish an interesting book, D-2, explaining their plan for the purchase of standard securities in any amount.

No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S until after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

ASSETS OVER 65 MILLION DOLLARS

WE have established a "Banking by Mail" department by means of which we accept deposits in any amount from residents in all parts of the civilized globe, affording them the same protection for their savings and the same rate of interest as we do to our local patrons.

The corner letter box, the smallest cross roads post office or the rural free delivery carrier becomes a receiving teller, assuring safe delivery of the deposits and the return of a formal acknowledgment from the bank.

Send TODAY for our free Booklet "D."

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS 6 MILLION DOLLARS

Stocks and Bonds IN ODD LOTS

Whether you wish to purchase securities of leading Railroad, Industrial and Public Utility Companies in 100 share lots or in lesser amounts—"odd lots"—your mail or telegraphic orders will receive careful individual attention.

We will suggest a list of investments which at present prices yield a liberal income. It will simplify matters if you give an approximate idea of amount you contemplate investing and whether you wish to purchase outright or otherwise.

Write for List D-2, "Investment Suggestions"

SHELDON-MORGAN & Company
42 Broadway New York City
Members New York Stock Exchange

Partial Payment Combinations

Detailed New York Stock Exchange investment combinations to fit any saving capacity from $10 up. Outlined in Circulars M-12 and T-12.

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots
Members N. Y. Stock Exchange
Main Office, 61 Broadway, N. Y.
New York, N. Y. Brooklyn, N. Y. Newark, N. J.
Bridgeport, Conn. New Haven, Conn.

GOVERNMENT BONDS

UNITED STATES
ENGLISH ARGENTINE
FRENCH CHINESE
RUSSIAN JAPANESE

All issues quoted and information supplied on request

HARTSHORNE & BATTELLE
Investment Securities
Members New York Stock Exchange
25 BROAD STREET NEW YORK CITY

SMALL SUMS

invested in standard Stocks and Bonds on our

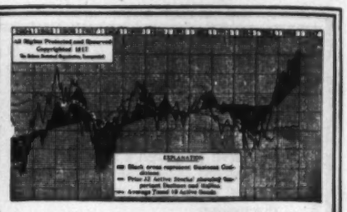
PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN

will make you an income and safeguard your savings.

Descriptive booklet on request

C.I. HUDSON & CO.
66 Broadway - - New York

6% NET! For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods First mortgage loans of $500 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 710 $25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.
PERKINS & CO Lawrence, Kans.



Europe's War or Our War?

Have you changed your investments and investing policy to meet the new American-Hohenzollern War conditions? For two years you have invested on a European War basis. What now?

Remember, investing when Europe is at war is vitally different than investing when *we* are at war.

Our latest report on the Investment Situation will be sent gratis upon application. Address Dept. M-50.

Babson Statistical Organization
Engineering Offices Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Largest Organization of its Character in the World

REAL ESTATE GOLD BONDS $100, $500, $1000 — TIME-TESTED INVESTMENTS — FIRST FARM MORTGAGES $500 and up

Our First Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds have stood the test for more than A Third of a Century without the loss of a dollar.
We're Right On The Ground.
And most fully protect your interests. Send for descriptive pamphlet "I" and current offerings.

ESTABLISHED 1883

E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks North Dakota
Capital and Surplus $500,000

6% FIRST FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS 6%

We close all loans with our own funds. Our corps of examiners investigate every detail, and when our mortgages are placed on the market, they have measured up to our high standard.
We collect and remit the interest to the investor without charge; see that taxes are paid and insurance kept in force.
Write for our free booklet, and current list of offerings.

THE F. B. COLLINS INVESTMENT COMPANY
Oklahoma City Oklahoma

A Chart showing investment opportunities created since 1903 by the changing relations between money rates and investment returns will be mailed on request.

McClave & Co.
MEMBERS · NEW YORK · STOCK EXCHANGE
MEMBERS · NEW YORK · COTTON EXCHANGE
67 Exchange Place, N.Y.City

To Banks and Investment Houses

Your advertisement in The Financial Department of McClure's will introduce your house to thousands of investors who are constantly buying securities.

It will give you the right kind of publicity among representative people throughout the country.

You will secure new accounts all over the United States, which will make you independent when conditions are bad locally.

If you are in doubt, write to the

Financial and Insurance Department, McClure's Magazine
25 West 44th Street
New York, N. Y.

High Explosive

[*Continued from page 29*]

people who opposed him, I'm free to say that I wouldn't weep to read his funeral notices."

"Women are gentle creatures," began Hooper, ironically.

"You *bet* they are," declared his wife.

That was the first conversation that let me see where they stood; and the thing about it that interested me most, youngster that I was, was that they didn't fool themselves about anything — they knew their abilities and their possibilities and their difficulties, and there was no great man bunk lurking in the mind of either of them. That's the kind that goes far — mark my words. That's the kind of Americans we ought to breed — and don't, always.

Ryerson I'd hitherto known about only vaguely. He was a state boss of the old type — he belonged to the time of Platt and Quay and Cal Brice, but he was worse than any of them. Boss Tweed was his nearest prototype, I should say. He was an astute organizer — he played a long, waiting game, and with this he had a certain ferocious elemental strength that most men shrank from combating. A grizzly-bear sort of man, morose, violent, always on the defensive, and as cunning as a grizzly when he attacked. And they said he had Indian blood.

Gathering all this about Ryerson, and desperately grateful to Geneva Hooper, you can imagine with what partisan ardor I threw myself into the cause of Cyrus Hooper. I was his slave, his pack-horse — in so far as he'd let me be. Nothing was too much, nothing too difficult. Old Tammas Carlyle knew what he was talking about when he said that "Great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company." Hooper was a great man, in many ways, and knowing him and making him my hero, I steadied myself to work and study and decent living as nothing else had ever steadied me.

There was plenty of work for me, too, for the appointment to the two committees so nearly at the same time, made Hooper a man much talked of, and a man much in demand by all the various party interests. His appointment served notice on the world that Ryerson intended that he should be re-elected, and that he was to be reckoned with in a big way. His future was made — if he went right. Right meant Ryerson's way. Very few people suspected Hooper of determined powerful honesty, and most of them would not have trusted him so much if they had suspected him of it. A mad world, my masters! Yes.

He made no parade of his inner self. He went his way, cautiously and decently, as he always had done, and very, very cannily. And, in the meantime, he and Geneva and I and Junior — a nice boy the youngster was — lived in the little unfashionable, homelike house in the wilds of Washington, given over to cheap department clerks and the little shopkeepers. We didn't mind. We had a good time. I had a desk and a decrepit old typewriter in the back parlor — the place where Geneva had carried me the day I fainted before the house — and that was Hooper's office.

I WAS sitting there pounding away one day, with a lot more energy than skill, when the door opened and Hooper came home from a session at the House. I didn't look up, and he came in and stood beside me. Then, through my work, I got the feeling that there was chained lightning in the room. The place was filled up with beating waves of violent human anger and combativeness. My hands dropped off the keys and I looked up to see Hooper's face, torn and ravaged by all the emotions, with which he had so electrically charged the room, and yet implacably still and set. He just stood there a minute or two and then he lifted his head and he called "Geneva" — and though he didn't call loud, it went all through the house.

She came downstairs instantly. She didn't even stop to lay down her sewing, but carried it in her hands, a piece of red stuff, like blood —and she held it clasped to her breast in a frightened way. "Yes — yes — what is it?" she called, before she got into the room. She knew something had happened.

Hooper sat down suddenly, as though the mere sight of her had relaxed all his tension. "The fight's on, Gen," he said. "Ryerson's here."

"Oh-h," she answered, and that warm rippling voice of hers fairly sighed with relief, "*Ryerson!* And I thought you had hurt yourself — or were sick." Her hands dropped down again and she began, calmly, to hunt for her needle in that piece of red sewing stuff. Women are wonderful, say what you will — and married women most of all — when they happen to love their husbands.

"I expect I'll be sick enough before the thing's over," he said, grimly; but he relaxed, too.

"Tell me about it," she said, dropping down on the sofa beside him. "When did he come?"

"I don't know," said Hooper, "but I think this morning. He had a session with Senator Titcomb, and another with Brush — he's chairman of the Public Lands Committee, you know — and then he came after me. He's up to bigger game than I thought."

"What is it?" asked Geneva, and tightened her lips.

"It's the whole of the Ulfland Hills district," said Hooper. "He's got it all sewed up in a sack, ready to carry off. The committee has merely to report favorably on his bill, and before you can say Jack Robinson he'll have hogged the whole thing — sixty thousand acres. You know the people that went in there — you know how they've sweated and dug, and stewed in summer and froze in winter —— "

"But, Cy," she interposed, "he can't get the part where the settlers are!"

"That's the diabolical part of it, honey," said Cy. "Not one of those folks has got a clear title. They don't own their own homes — no — their own homes, that they've literally made, bit by bit, any more than you own the middle of the street out there. I won't go into the technicalities of it, but the long and short of it is, that Ryerson's found that there are good mining prospects there and so he's asking Uncle Sam to turn out this little band of pioneers and practically give the lands to him. That's all. The preliminaries are all framed up. As I said, the committee has only to report favorably and the way's been greased in the House and I dare say in the Senate, since that old gray rat, Titcomb, is in it."

"What are you going to do?" asked Geneva; but I knew she asked only for the joy of hearing him say it, not because she was in the least uncertain.

Cyrus Hooper got up and pulled himself to his full height. He crowded that little back parlor when he did it. He held up his right hand, like a man taking an oath, and he looked past and over Geneva and me as if we didn't exist.

"As sure as God made little apples," he said, "I'm going to fight Ryerson every inch of the way, in the Committee, in the House, in the papers, and in the State. If he licks me, I'm done. I might as well leave the State. Yes, and I *will* leave the State if a skunk like that can rule it. But it's going to be one grand big ruction."

"And you're going to win," said Geneva, sewing on, mechanically, and smiling, just the way she smiled at Junior when he said he was going to be a good boy.

"I'm not afraid for myself," said Hooper, as if he were arguing with someone. "He can't get anything on me. And yet, I dread the man. I own it. I'm not afraid for my future. Even if I was, I hope I wouldn't be such a scoundrel as to stand by and see a legal crime like this committed. But —— "

"What are you afraid of, then?" asked Geneva.

"Oh, I don't know — it's intangible. But when you're after a man like Ryerson, you don't go into a decent, straightforward, stand-up and knock-down fight. You fight slime — and vileness — and unspeakable things. If he does anything either to you or Junior, I'll —— "

"*Junior!*" said Geneva, and every protecting mother that ever lived, human or beast, was in her voice and in her eyes. "Let him dare to try to hurt Junior!"

Hooper gave his big shoulders a little shake. "Oh, well," he said, "we're probably getting all wrought up over nothing. Anyway, you know what I'm going to do."

"I knew you'd never do anything else," said Geneva. So proud! So splendid!

That was the prelude to the Homeric battle of Ryerson and Hooper, for Cyrus kept his word. He fought the boss in Committee; he

FOR their sake, so that no matter what happens to you, their little faces will smile and their little bodies will grow strong and they will have all that they need.

Now they're safe. Now you can give them everything. But suppose one day pneumonia or appendicitis, or some accident should strike you out of a clear sky—**what would happen to them then?**

It is your wife who tells you all this. She knows that **one man in seven is hurt or killed in an accident each year** and that sickness comes to even the most careful. For your sake, for your wife's sake, for your children's sake—

ÆTNA-IZE

For an annual premium of $60 on the Accumulative Disability Policy, if you are in a "Preferred" occupation, and under 51 years of age, we will pay you $50 a week for as long as you are totally disabled by a railway, steamship or burning building accident, or $25 a week if you are disabled by an ordinary accident. And we will pay you $25 a week up to 52 weeks, if you are totally disabled by sickness. We will pay hospital charges or for a surgical operation.

If you are killed by accident, we will pay your estate from $5,000 to $15,000, depending on the character of the accident and on the number of years you have carried the insurance. If you lose two limbs or both eyes by accident, we will pay you the same amounts. One-half of these amounts will be paid if you lose one hand, one foot or one eye by accident. In addition to weekly payments while you are disabled between date of accident and time of death or any one of the other losses named. It takes so small a thing to put you in bed and stop your income.

Tear off this coupon and mail it today. It will be the best thing you ever did.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Drawer 1341 HARTFORD, CONN.

The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance

Agency opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding lines
An Ætna Agent has a national advertising campaign working for *him* all the time

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD, CONN.
Drawer 1341
I have marked the kinds of insurance I wish to know about: Accident ☐ Health ☐ Disability ☐ $25 Life Certificate ☐ $50 Life ☐
My age is ..... Years.
I am in good health.
Name .....
Occupation .....
Bus. Address .....
21-A
McCl. 6-17.

A 20,000 WORD LOVE STORY BY

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

IS PUBLISHED *COMPLETE* IN THE JUNE

Metropolitan

Other features in the June Metropolitan

Theodore Roosevelt on "Doing Your Bit." Sir Oliver Lodge on Spiritualism. William Hard, England at War. Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis. Congress as seen by Art Young. The Indian Drum by Edwin Balmer and William McHarg. Books, People and Things by Clarence Day. Pictures in Rotary Gravure. Six color cover design by Haskell Coffin.

ALL NEWSSTANDS TO-DAY!

—If the dealer has not sold out his supply.

John Ruskin
BEST and BIGGEST CIGAR VALUE 5¢

Some men smoke high priced cigars because they believe a good cigar cannot be made for less than 10 cents or more.

A great many men smoke ordinary nickel cigars because they haven't been introduced to the JOHN RUSKIN cigar.

MEN WHO KNOW—SMOKE
John Ruskin
HAND MADE CIGAR AT— 5¢

JOHN RUSKIN cigars are made of the same quality tobacco that goes into 10c and 2 for 25c cigars. They are *Mild, Big, Fragrant* and *HAND-MADE*, and will satisfy any cigar taste.

Buy a few to-day and convince yourself that JOHN RUSKIN is the greatest value for your money—later you'll buy more.

JOHN RUSKIN CIGARS are recommended and sold by every dealer who wants you to get the most for your money.

I. LEWIS CIGAR MFG. CO.
Newark, N. J., U. S. A.
Largest Independent and Most Progressive Cigar Factory in the World.

They Could be Smaller but not Better

If you cannot get JOHN RUSKIN CIGARS from your dealer—Please send this coupon. We will send you a box of 5 for 25c prepaid.

I. LEWIS CIGAR MFG. CO., Newark, N. J. D
Enclosed find 25c. Send me a trial box of 5 JOHN RUSKIN CIGARS.
Please state whether light, medium or dark shade.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

HOUSE PLANS FREE!

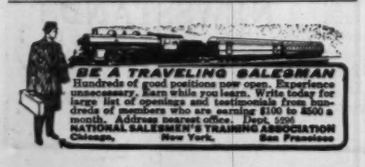
What would you have to pay for a set of House Plans measuring up to the quality we furnish—$100. Yes, probably $250, or more. Do you want such a set of architect's working drawings ABSOLUTELY FREE? We will publish two or three House Plans each month in our magazine—THE TOUCHSTONE—and you can secure any one of them FREE OF CHARGE by subscribing to THE TOUCHSTONE—a magazine devoted to Art, Music, Fiction, Poetry, Architecture, Gardening, Education, the Stage, Home Making and the Crafts, as well as planning Houses. Any man or woman of culture in town or country, will enjoy it so much that after a year's reading the interest will be permanent. Bear in mind that we give a set of Complete House Plans ABSOLUTELY FREE. When you get your first copy of TOUCHSTONE MAGAZINE, study the plans for ten minutes and you, too, will be a convert to their idea of comfort, simplicity and beauty. Select the home that suits you, any time during your subscription, and we will send you the plans *free*. These houses represent all that is modern, artistic and economical. Try getting a set of REAL HOUSE PLANS elsewhere and see what they will cost you.

Send six cents in stamps for book showing 14 HOUSES with exteriors and floor plans.

WRITE WHILE THIS OFFER LASTS

THE TOUCHSTONE MAGAZINE for a year $4.00
THE TOUCHSTONE MAGAZINE 3 mos. free 1.00
Your own selection of any Touchstone House Plan published during year, value at least - - - - - $100 to $250
All For $4.00

The Touchstone Magazine, Room 121, 118 East 30th St., N. Y. C.


BE A TRAVELING SALESMAN
Hundreds of good positions now open. Experience unnecessary. Earn while you learn. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of members who are earning $100 to $500 a month. Address nearest office. Dept. 5096
NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Chicago, New York, San Francisco

fought him in the House, though they tried to gag him; he fought him in the papers and he fought him in his home State. If he had been a prominent man in the public eye before, you can judge how much he was in it now. It was a dull day that there wasn't a cordon of reporters sitting in the back parlor and crowding my typewriting machine, and Cyrus and me in the middle of it giving out stuff at the rate of a mile a minute.

He had some unexpected assistance, too. Another Congressman from his own State developed a little backbone — more to share the limelight than anything else, I suspect — but, at any rate, he gave Cyrus a moral support and some real aid locally back home, and both were more than welcome.

Moreover, the plain people, the farmers and miners and people who live in the little bare towns, who knew all about the folks in the Ulfland Hills district, began "to get their dander riz" — in a James Russell Lowell manner of speaking. They rallied to Hooper. Two or three of the little county papers in his State came out boldly against Ryerson and said that the time had come to throw him, once and for all. Then one of the papers in the State capitol, owned by a man who had a grievance against the Boss, published an editorial called "The Handwriting on the Wall," in which it prophesied the downfall of Ryerson and the rise of Cyrus Hooper as the big political power of the State. It made quite a sensation, that editorial, and was copied all over the State, with bitter comments by the Ryerson press and joyful ones by the Hooper faction. Both kinds made for publicity and therefore helped. Then one of the Washington papers happened to have a traveling man out that way and he went in and investigated the Ulfland district and sent on some sob stuff, with photographs, about the poor, horny-handed settlers, with their gaunt, pathetic wives and little golden-haired children, who would soon be forced, because of the greed and rapacity of Ryerson, into losing their homes — their all. One of the New York weeklies took it up, with a special story or two, tears and righteous indignation oozing in every paragraph. Naturally, there was an outburst of sympathy from those whose pocketbooks couldn't possibly be affected. Elderly spinsters wrote letters to the papers and signed them with initials, to make the readers think that the voting population had risen to back the splendid fight of Cyrus Hooper.

Of course, the real brunt of the thing fell on Cy. And he was perfectly magnificent — a regular berserker. He wasn't on the defensive for a moment — no trench warfare for him! No, he took a grenade in each hand, stuck his pistols in his belt, and with a bowie knife between his teeth, he was hot foot after the enemy every minute. It was beautiful!

Yes, it was beautiful — but it didn't get so very far. I'm not saying that Cyrus hadn't got farther than any human being would have thought possible, but he was a new man, and nobody alongside of Ryerson. Ryerson was one of the old guard, known to the whole party, and had affiliations everywhere. Many a man who would have been glad to vote with Hooper was warned by interests in his own State not to interfere with Ryerson. Yet, as I say, Hooper put up a fancy fight, and, for a young 'un, he accomplished miracles.

The situation finally resolved itself into a deadlock. Ryerson had pulled every wire he knew, and he had a good line-up. Hooper felt pretty certain that the greater part of the minority party would stand by him, if for no other reason than to harass and annoy the majority. And, of course, he had friends in the majority party. But did he have enough? We counted and recounted, discounted all the possible waverers, and there was still that fatal doubt. But it was going to be far too close a vote for Ryerson's comfort, and the one thing we were sure of was that Ryerson himself was bitterly uneasy. He had come on to Washington to direct his campaign in person. He was spending money like water. He was throwing every ounce of his influence into the scales. He was probably counting noses and checking lists as desperately and as doubtfully as we were. Yet, that was cold comfort, for the bill would reach its place on the calendar on Thursday and we had come to the Monday before, still in this parlous state.

Hooper came home tired and discouraged that day. "There's been a sudden suspicious lull in Ryerson's activities," he said. "That looks mighty bad. Either he's bought over a safe majority, or else he's got a new weapon. It's a favorite move of his, to spring some low-down trick at the last minute. I wish I was fighting a man — not a pirate and a thug."

Junior had been listening to all this. "Will he use his snickersnee, father?" he asked, solemnly, for he had lately learned, from me, that the snickersnee was the favorite weapon of pirates, and he liked the word amazingly.

"There'll be snickersnees flying about as thick as snowflakes," his father assured him, "from old Grandpa Snickersnee down to the little Snickersnee twins — the whole family'll be there."

Junior was charmed with the notion of the Snickersnee family, but after the boy had left the room, Cyrus said, grimly: "That's no joke, what I said to the boy. You both want to be very, very careful. I think Ryerson's going to try to cook my goose in these last two days. I'm uneasy."

"Oh, what *can* he do, Cy?" asked Geneva, a little impatiently. "You're just worn out with this whole miserable business. It's on your nerves."

"Yes, it's on my nerves," said Hooper. "It's bound to be, Gen. Ryerson's got plenty of men who'd swear that I'd committed any crime in the calendar, from murder to mayhem, if it would get his bill through. All I ask is — be careful."

BUT even Hooper had not anticipated the way in which the attack from Ryerson would come. None of us had. If Ryerson had not been in such desperate haste, he would never have made it in the form he did. For he employed that device which is the last resort of scoundrels like him. It has been done over and over again and is as familiar — in certain circles — as the badger game. The two belong to the same class. Let us call it, briefly, the O. W. device — the device of the Other Woman.

The next day, when Hooper was at the House, and Junior was out, a woman called at the Hooper home — a woman almost as large and fine-looking as Geneva herself, as far as figure went. You could not see her face. She was veiled three deep. Of course, you know that Washington is full of odd fish that float about on queer quests — charities, little private-interest bills, war claims — all that sort of stuff. They go to see Congressmen and try to get their help and influence. When Geneva came down to her parlor, she instantly decided that this veil-secluded female was one of the usual whimsicalities. As for me, I was in the back parlor behind the curtains, boning away on my law books, and didn't pay any heed to anything until I heard this:

"Simply because he married you is no reason why he should fling me away and refuse to do anything for me — and for my child."

I sat up with a jump and inclined my ears toward the front parlor instanter. Then I heard Geneva, at her softest and silkiest.

"Is there a child?" she asked.

"There's a boy — two years older than yours, and he's Cyrus Hooper's oldest child," came back the woman's voice again, defiantly, yet with a dreadful breaking sob in it. "I've got papers to prove it — and I've got Cy's letters — and everything. The wedding certificate that he tricked me with, and the letters he's written me since — I've even got the letter he wrote me when he said he was going to marry you — that he'd never been really married to me. And I tell you, I won't stand it! I'm going to have my rights — I'm going to let the whole world know what sort of man Cyrus Hooper is." Her voice got higher and higher — always sobbing, hysterical, tortured.

"Is that so!" came Geneva's voice, still quiet and soft. There was the sound of a light scuffle and then Geneva called out: "Jimmie — come here — quick!"

I was in that door with one bound. Geneva was holding the woman, with her arms pinioned to her sides, by the simple trick of turning her coat back and down — it's one of the first *ju-jutsu* movements — very effective. Policemen use it, too, I believe, on refractory prisoners.

"Tear off one of this woman's veils and tie it across her mouth, so she can't make a noise," said Geneva; and, somehow, I did it — in about half a second. "Give me your cord," commanded Geneva — I always kept some stout rope in the office — and with that she tied the woman's hands behind her back.

"Sit down," she said, forcing her prisoner into a chair. Then she looked her over and quite coolly unbuckled a leather belt she was wearing. She used that to buckle the woman's feet to the chair.

When she got this done, Geneva straightened up and looked the creature over. She walked deliberately over to the little coal

Get This Percolator FREE

By Accepting This Off-Season Magazine Offer

Throw away your old-fashioned coffee pot. Coffee made in a percolator is the very best because it has all the richness and flavor and aroma there is in the bean, and almost none of the caffeine. The liquid is clearer because the water is not boiled with the grounds. It is economical because less coffee is required to give the desired strength.

It is not complicated—just as easy to use as a coffee pot. The inner compartment — the percolating device — comes right out in your hand to be cleaned. No crusts of old coffee grounds, no discoloration from coffee being constantly boiled into the metal.

Made of solid aluminum, 99% pure. Instead of a metal handle to burn the hand, it has a black, hardwood, rubberoid-finish handle. It shines like silver and wears better. It is the equal of the expensive kinds sold in first class stores.

The top is surmounted by a double knob of glass through which you watch the coffee boil without lifting the lid.

Make coffee the new way. The old-fashioned coffee pot is *expensive* because of the large quantity of ground coffee required to secure the proper flavor; *unhealthy* because the water absorbs all the caffeine; *unsanitary* and *unclean* because of the crusts of old coffee grounds which will form on the sides and bottom of the pot.

Only 281 Left— FREE While They Last

There are just 281 of these percolators left—the last of a lot eagerly snapped up by our customers last Winter. By this off-season magazine offer, if you are in time, you may get one of these percolators absolutely free. Merely send in now your subscriptions to

McCLURE'S for One Year
METROPOLITAN for One Year
MODERN PRISCILLA for One Year
PEOPLE'S HOME JOURNAL for One Year

If you were to buy these magazines on the news-stand, they would cost you $6.60 per year. By our offer you actually pay less money for the magazines; you get the same advantage of easy monthly payments; and you get, free of charge, the two-quart aluminum percolator. If you are already a subscriber to any of these magazines, do not hesitate, (for your subscription will be extended. Merely clip the coupon and mail it with ten cents — coin or stamps. Enclosed is 10 cents. I accept your offer. Send me, all charges paid, the two-quart solid aluminum percolator, free of charge, and enter the following subscriptions: McClure's, Metropolitan, Modern Priscilla, People's Home Journal, each for One Year for which I agree to send you $1.00 for six months. (Cash buyers pay $5.75 with order.)

McC. 6-17
McCLURE BOOK CO.
76 Fifth Ave. New York

Name.....
Address.....
.....

grate and laid the poker in among the hot coals.

"Wha-what are you going to do?" I stammered.

"Put her through the third degree," said Geneva, quite amiably. "Go get a notebook and pencil, Jimmie. You must take down every word."

The woman was writhing around and trying to get her hands free. Her eyes were rolling at us wickedly above her gagged mouth.

"Better sit still," said Geneva. "You can't get that knot untied — not to save your life."

And then she looked at me,— I had come back with notebook and pencil by this time, — and my hands were shaking dreadfully. "Give me the notebook," commanded Geneva. "You get that poker out of the coals — it's red hot by now."

And with that she turned and faced the tied-up, gagged woman.

"Now," she said, "if you'll answer my questions truthfully, I'll untie your mouth and let you talk. If you yell, or make the least bit of unnecessary noise, however, Jimmie here will burn you with this hot poker. I'm not going to take a single chance, and I'd just as soon burn you as not. I don't believe you'll complain to the police, either. What do you say? Will you talk sensibly if I untie your mouth? Nod your head if you mean yes."

The woman sat stolid. "Better burn her first on her arm, Jimmie," suggested Geneva, mildly, to me. "Or on her hands there, where I've tied them!"

The thought of that red-hot poker advancing behind her, ready to touch her flesh where she could not see it, was too much for the woman. She didn't have much nerve, anyway. She began to nod her head, feverishly.

"Never mind about burning her then, Jimmie," said Geneva, "but put the poker back in the coals where it'll keep hot." With that she untied her captive's mouth and walked around in front of her.

"Ryerson sent you?" she asked.

"Yes," said the woman, and with that she slid into a string of oaths and expletives against Ryerson such as I've never heard from that day to this.

"That'll do," said Geneva, sharply, "you make me sick. Now — what have you got — and what's the plan?"

Bit by bit it came out, and as it unfolded, Geneva wrote it down in her neat, methodical hand. Once or twice the woman turned sullen and had to be threatened with the poker. The plot was very simple, but a good bit of work had been spent on it.

Her name was Tillie Fletcher. It was true that she had, in her youth, known Hooper. She was the niece of a woman who had kept a students' rooming house in the western university town where Hooper had taken his degree — worked his way through, I might mention. She was a bold, silly sort, I take it, as a girl, and had always loved excitement, no matter what it was. She ran away from her aunt and went to the city and there, somehow, she got to know Ryerson, and he'd recognized her as a possible tool. He'd employed her to do just this same thing various times before, but never on such a man as Hooper, and I don't believe Ryerson would have been incautious enough to use her on Hooper if it hadn't been for the fortuitous circumstance of their early acquaintance. There, you see, he thought he had him.

She had forged letters in her possession — a perfect sheaf of them — and by advancing her boy's age a year or so, he might have been Hooper's child. Oh, yes, she *had* a child. She was prepared to give these forged letters to the Washington newspapers and to go to any length, as she said, to prove her claim. Can you imagine the furore it would have made and how absolutely dead it would have killed Hooper, politically?

The only thing Ryerson hadn't counted on was Geneva Hooper.

"I suppose," Geneva said, after she'd extracted all these facts just told you from the Fletcher person, "that when you've done this sort of thing before, the wife whose husband you'd come to injure went to pieces and cried and made a scene, didn't she?"

"They certainly did," said Tillie. "One of 'em told me she'd always suspected her husband anyway and it was no surprise to her. And I'd never seen the man in my life! What do you think of that?"

"It's women like her," said Geneva, "that make your business easy."

"Say," asked Tillie, "what're you going to do with me?"

"I don't know, yet," said Geneva. "I can't make up my mind. First of all, you've got to sign this confession."

"Don't make me do that," she broke out. "Ryerson'll kill me — he'll *kill* me!"

Geneva turned on her fiercely. With her red hair and her blazing eyes, she might have been a Valkyr, bent on vengeance. By Jove, she made me quake.

"*I'll* kill you, if you don't," she said. "I don't care what I do to you, you — you —" She stopped and caught her breath. "I'm going to untie your hands," she went on more calmly, "and let you sign this, and then I'm going to tie you up again and make up my mind what to do with you. And don't you try to get away, or I'll put your eyes out. I'll brand you for life. Here, Jimmie, give me that poker and you hold the paper while she signs."

Hard as she was, Tillie Fletcher shrank before Geneva's anger. She signed the paper, meekly, and submitted to being re-tied.

"Now," said Geneva, turning to me, "you copy that confession as quickly as you can, Jimmie, and make a lot of carbons. And, if you don't mind," she said, turning to Tillie, "I'll borrow your hat and coat and the veils we didn't use to gag you with. I'll have to untie you again to get your coat, but I warn you not to try any funny business. I'm very strong — I could break your arm with a quick twist. It's a Japanese trick. So be careful."

As she talked, she had been taking the coat off Tillie. She slipped into it and regarded herself critically in the mirror. "Not bad," she murmured. She took Tillie's hat and put that on, too, and tied on the veils. They both had black skirts, so when Geneva was ready she might have passed anywhere for her unwilling guest.

"Jimmie," she said to me, sternly, "I rely on you to guard this woman. Keep her here until I come back. If she calls for help, gag her mouth again. If you think she can get her hands or feet loose, go down to the kitchen now and get the clothesline and we'll tie her now so she'll be perfectly secure. Under no consideration let her out of your sight, and if I do not come back within an hour, you are to notify the police and send to the House for Cyrus. Here's the address where I'm going."

"Oh, what are you going to do, Mrs. Hooper?" I burst out, miserably. "Let me go for you, won't you, and you stay here with this woman."

The captive gave me a disdainful look. "I won't eat you, kid," she said. And, to Geneva: "Can you believe it! He afraid of me, all trussed up like this, too!"

"You do as I say, *exactly*," said Geneva to me, "and remember, if I'm not back here in an hour, get Cyrus and the police and come to this address — and lose no time about it. I'm going to see Ryerson."

This news stunned the captive and me alike. "You've got your nerve," admitted the woman, admiringly.

"I have," said Geneva. And with that she departed.

AFTERWARDS, I learned what happened. Geneva, mentally arranging her bluff, went straight to the grubby hotel near the Capitol where Ryerson made his headquarters when in town. Tillie Fletcher was expected and when Geneva came in, all veils, and asked for Ryerson, there was no question. She was taken at once to the Boss's sitting-room. He was busy with a box full of papers, his back to the door, as she came in, and he did not look around.

"Well," he growled, "did you get the noble young reformer and his wife?"

And then Geneva threw back her veils.

"No," she said, "but I've got you!"

The old man wheeled and confronted her. "Who the devil are you, madam?" he asked.

"I'm Mrs. Cyrus Hooper," said Geneva, leisurely, standing there with her back against the door. "And I came to tell you that your game's up. You're caught with the goods this time, Mr. Ryerson. I know the whole filthy business. You sent Tillie Fletcher to my house to tell me the cruelest lie that can be told to a woman. You've done the same to other women. You've banked every time on a wife's inherent suspiciousness of her husband. But you got the wrong wife this time. Tillie Fletcher is at my house, yes; but she's tied, hand and foot, with rope. I've got her signed confession as to why she came there. So I've taken matters in my own hands and turned the trick on you, Mr. Ryerson. I've sent for the head of the Associated Press Bureau, and for every man who represents a really big newspaper in Washington. They're on their way to my house now and when they get there I'm going to show Tillie Fletcher to them and give them

The Witchery of Sandwiches, Transformed

THE lowly sandwich—the mainstay of a thousand emergency occasions—is transformed into a delectable delicacy when passed under the magic spell of Lea & Perrins Sauce. Try it and judge for yourself.

For steaks, chops, fish, cold cuts, in gravies, cheese, eggs, and curries, on game and poultry—to everything good to eat, from soups to salads, it adds a delightful gusto.

Lea & Perrins is the one seasoning sauce with a world-wide reputation. In all first-class hotels and restaurants, in all the world's great kitchens, it is supreme.

100 easily prepared recipes for morning, noon and night, in a handy kitchen-hanger, free from Lea & Perrins, 241 West St., New York

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

The Original Worcestershire

A New Nursery Economy

Away with separate bassinet, crib and play-pen. Save space and money. This Koop combines all their advantages, with special merits of its own, guaranteeing better, easier, safer care of baby from birth to four or five years. It abolishes constant care, worry and footsteps for mother. Doctors, Nurses, "Good Housekeeping," and more than 10,000 mothers endorse it.

Crib, Bassinet, Play-Pen for cost of crib alone

The Economical ★ **KIDDIE-KOOP**

An attractive piece of nursery furniture. Strong, sanitary, comfortable. Safety-screened sides. Noiseless,—wheels anywhere, indoors and out.

Folds instantly, enclosing mattress and springs, to carry anywhere. Keeps baby happier, healthier, safer day and night—and oh! such a relief for mothers.

Write for Free Booklet and 10-day Trial Offer

E. M. TRIMBLE MFG. CO., 12 Ambrose Street, Rochester, N. Y. Lea-Trimble Mfg. Co., Toronto, Can.

MAKE MONEY WRITING — **STORY-WRITING TAUGHT BY MAIL**

MSS. criticised, revised, and typed; also, sold on commission. Our students sell stories to best magazines. Free booklet, "WRITING FOR PROFIT," tells how, gives proof. National Press Association, Dept. 112, Indianapolis, Ind.

"BOW LEGS and KNOCK-KNEES" UNSIGHTLY

Send for booklet showing photos of men with and without THE PERFECT LEG FORMS

PERFECT SALES CO., 140 N. Mayfield Ave. Dept. L, Austin Station, Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS Write for How to Obtain a Patent, List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted

$1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our four books sent free upon request. Patents advertised *Free*. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Patent Attys., 750 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS

Thirty years' active practice. Experienced, personal, conscientious service. All business strictly confidential Book explaining terms free. Address F. G. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Box 7, N. U. Building, Washington, D. C.

Edward Mott Woolley has written a great business article for the July McClure's—an article that reads like romance. It tells the fascinating story of the rubber industry in this country, and how it applies to other manufacturing businesses; what it has done for a certain city; what it will do in the future—a glowing record, a real wonder article. Don't fail to read it. It will open the big July issue.

EVEREADY DAYLO

The light that says
"There it is!"

There are nooks and corners in every home that even daylight cannot reach—

where matches, candles or lamps are positively dangerous. That's why you need an *Eveready* DAYLO* about the house, *for both convenience and safety.*

Nearly all good electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods and stationery dealers display and carry *Eveready* DAYLO'S* in 76 different styles at prices from 75 cents up. And your satisfaction is always assured by the *Eveready* TUNGSTEN battery, the only battery that is long-lived, dependable and really economical. Always specify this make when your battery must be renewed.

Don't ask for a "flashlight"—
get an Eveready DAYLO

*DAYLO is not merely the new name for our product but a mark by which the public will hereafter distinguish between the ordinary "flasher" or "flashlight" and the highest development of the portable electric light.

when a leak in the water or gas pipe must be fixed quickly

when you lose a key, a coin or a ring in the dark

when the watch dog barks his alarm

when all the lights in the house go out

when the wrong medicine bottle may mean a tragedy

whenever you need light—indoors or out—that cannot cause fire or blow out—you need an *Eveready* DAYLO*.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Co. Long Island City, N. Y.
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto

her confession to print. I'm going to have a lawyer there, too, to decide how you can be best and most fully prosecuted. You're going to sweat for this. I'm going to run you out of the State, you dirty dog! You'll never be able to go back there, when they know what you've tried to do to the wife of a decent man. They'd lynch you. Now, you've got just one chance. Do you want to hear it, or do you think you can keep on fighting after this?"

Ryerson stood there, measuring her up and down with his stony old eyes. He knew men and women well enough to know that he'd run up against a new proposition, for him—somebody who'd caught him in his own trap and wasn't afraid of him. At last he dropped his hand heavily to the table:

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"First, those forged letters," commanded Geneva.

"I haven't got them."

"It's a lie. Tillie Fletcher said they were locked up in the table drawer."

He sucked in his breath and stared at her, meditating.

"I'll give you one minute," said Geneva, "otherwise I go back to show Tillie Fletcher and her confession to the newspaper men."

She put her hand back on the knob of the door, as if she were going. The old man looked at her as though she were a worm. But he decided that it would be safer to yield. As Geneva twisted the door-knob, he slowly brought out a key, unlocked the table drawer and produced a big stuffed envelope, tied and sealed.

"Put it down on the table and stand back from it," said Geneva. He did so and she went swiftly forward, picked it up and retreated instantly to her place beside the door.

"Now," said Geneva, "if you want to save your worthless hide, you sit down there and write a letter to my husband. Tell him that you have found yourself in the wrong as about the Ulfland Hills district; that you had no idea that your claim would dispossess so many good citizens of their holdings, which, though not theirs according to the full letter of the law, yet, should rightfully belong to them. Say that later investigations have proved to you that you were in the wrong. Tell him that you authorize him to withdraw your claim before the House Committee and that you have written to Senator Titcomb to do the same before the State Committee. Tell him that you honor and respect him for the brave stand he has taken and that you feel that every man in the State owes him a debt of gratitude for the way he has represented the interests of those poor settlers, who had no protection before the law. Put it on *thick*, d'you hear me? It's your only chance. And don't waste any time about it."

In the end, after more or less futile angry argument, Ryerson wrote what she wanted. Then she demanded that another letter, confirming this one, should be written to Senator Titcomb. She took both the letters when he had finished them.

"I'll give these to the newspaper men instead of Tillie's confession," she said to the old man, who now sat in speechless, glowering rage. "As for you — listen to me. You lift one finger against Cyrus Hooper — you dare to deny one word of these letters — you put just one small obstacle in the way of Cyrus Hooper's future — and I'll go on the stump myself through the whole State and tell this story and show my proofs. You'd better keep this in mind, Mr. Ryerson — you can play politics with the men and get away with all sorts of things, but when you play politics with women you're up against high explosive. I've got you right where I want you and I shall take good care to keep you there. Tillie Fletcher's story will be kept ready to spring on you until you're dead. I shall see to *that*. I'll give it to every big newspaper in this country with directions to print it if you don't keep to your agreement. Remember that."

She put one hand behind her, twisted the door open and got outside. She always declared that she never knew how she got home, but get there she did, a minute or two before the end of the hour. And maybe I wasn't glad to see her come in! Tillie Fletcher had used every word in the English language to persuade me to let her go — ranging through cajolery to threats and profanity. By Jove, she made my blood run cold, some of the things she said. But I wouldn't disobey Geneva's orders.

The rest of my story's soon told. Naturally, Geneva didn't lose any time getting Ryerson's letter to Hooper into his hands and Titcomb's into his, and also in giving out the information to the newspapers. It was a splendid victory for Hooper, of course. Everyone played him up as the coming man, and so on, and so on. It gave him his first big boost upward. He deserved it. He's kept on climbing. A fine chap, Hooper — a real American.

Tillie Fletcher? Oh, that's funny. Do you know, she was horribly afraid of Ryerson, and begged Geneva not to turn her out. And Geneva, who would cheerfully have burnt her eyes out with the poker if it would have saved Cyrus in the pinch, let the woman stay in her house for a week or more, and made her help with the cooking and housework, and finally got her off to New York to a friend of hers who was looking for a matron for a reform school. Geneva said, quite sensibly, that Tillie would make a fine reform-school matron, and I dare say she did. I'm a bit hazy about that.

But you know — the whole business now! How perfectly, how beautifully feminine! Which is to say — elemental. But I have never, since that time, been a very ardent advocate of universal suffrage. Why give the women the vote, I ask? They can always get what they want without it!

Sophie Kerr is writing a serial for McClure's. It will be a knock-out. In the meantime, short stories by Dana Gatlin, Jerome Beatty, Earl Derr Biggers and Holworthy Hall

What has happened in the foregoing instalment of

A King in Babylon

SO many rumors concerning Jimmy Allen, a movie actor, have been spread about, Billy, the camera man of the same company, decides it is only fair to Allen to clear up the mystery.

Just as Creel, their director, is becoming desperate for an idea for his next production, he runs across a clipping of a poem by Henley which suggests a picture that he is sure will be a masterpiece. He is given free rein to work out his idea and arranges to start for Egypt as soon as possible, taking along his wife, Jimmy Allen, Mollie Adams, Digby and Billy, who incidentally is in love with Mollie. At the Metropolitan Art Museum he obtains a great deal of valuable information about Egypt and also gets in touch with an Egyptologist, by the name of Davis, who agrees to procure the natives and other necessary things for the expedition. Just as everything seems to be going along smoothly, Creel finds that the movie actress whom he had hoped to engage as the heroine refuses to go and he has a wild search for one to take her place. At last, after a most discouraging quest, he happens to drop into a little Fourteenth Street Theatre to see a French film and finds just the one he needs for the rôle. He telegraphs Powers, his Paris man, to search for her and in a few days hears that Mlle. Roland, the actress, has agreed to join the party at Marseilles. Powers is on hand when the company reaches the quay and while the others are getting their things transferred to another steamer takes Creel off to meet Mlle. Roland. Much to the astonishment of all, when Mlle. Roland meets Jimmy Allen a little later she stares at him with horror and cries out, "I must go ashore. I cannot go on. It is impossible!" But the engines of the boat have already started.

David Warfield has written for McClure's the story of his stage career. It begins in an early number. He calls it "My Own Story," and what this great actor has to say of the old Weber and Fields days: his early struggles in San Francisco; and his going with Belasco makes interesting and fascinating reading. Richly illustrated with photographs

—small wounds and abrasions should be immediately protected against infection by the use of

LISTERINE
The Safe Antiseptic

7 DAYS Then Practice Brings the Speed

In your own home during the evenings of just one week you can learn the famous Lichtentag PARAGON SHORTHAND

Used in Government service; also in Court Reporting. Adopted by cities for High Schools. Wonderfully easy to READ. Speed capacity practically unlimited. Positive proof before you enroll. Send for it TODAY.

Paragon Institute, 379 Coliseum Pl., New Orleans, La.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Unlimited opportunities—500,000 firms need experts. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. We train you quickly by mail in spare time for C. P. A. Examinations or executive accounting positions. Knowledge of Bookkeeping unnecessary to begin—we prepare you from ground up. Course personally supervised by Wm. A. Chase, LL.M., C. P. A., (Ex-secretary Illinois State Board of Examiners in Accountancy) and large staff of experts. Low tuition fee—easy terms. Write now for free book of Accountancy facts.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept.656-H Chicago, Ill.

The Prophy-lactic Tooth Brush

Ask your druggist for "the brush in the yellow box"—he knows

The Automobile of 1951

by Waldemar Kaempffert

THE old jingling horse-car was the chrysalis out of which the electric trolley emerged. Out of Fulton's old "Claremont" that paddled her way up the Hudson River at the rate of eight knots came the twenty-knot "Mauretania." Ericsson's quaint "Monitor" was the grandparent of the modern superdreadnought. So, every great invention of our time has its outgrown prototype. Its future is dimly revealed in its past. Consider the wonderful mechanisms of today as steps in the development of a mechanical or electrical principle and the future of invention is disclosed.

No one is so drearily conservative, so hopelessly unimaginative as to suppose that the automobile has been brought so near perfection that it cannot be markedly improved. The truth is that the passenger car of our day is to the self-propelled vehicle of the future what the blunderbuss is to a rifle. Study the automobile in the light of its imperfections — they are glaring enough — and you will see in your mind's eye the car of 1951.

Let me show you this automobile of 1951. First of all, you are struck with its sheer beauty of line. There are no abrupt, ugly angles. Curve melts into curve with a grace that you associate with the form of a swan. There is no wall-like windshield; there are no obtruding fenders. By 1912 the designer of aeroplanes had discovered that a large, correctly designed bulk is more easily moved through the air than a mass composed of projecting wires, stays, wheels, arms and legs — that each projection, however slight, rakes the air and leaves an invisible wake behind it. His laboratory experiments proved that if all projections were reduced in number, if the pilot sat in a fish-shaped hull behind which the air closed with hardly a ripple, he could save engine power and gain speed. His work was not lost upon the automobile designer. The stream-line body, as it is called, made its appearance about 1915. By 1951 not only will it have been generally adopted, but it will be far more refined than anything which we can now display. It will part the air as gently, as smoothly as a pike slips through the waters of a lake.

Let me open the door and invite you to inspect the driver's compartment. Where, you ask, are the gear-shift levers? Where are the brake-pedals? Where is the familiar steering-wheel? How is this strange vehicle started and stopped? By what mysterious elements is it controlled?

Sound mechanical principles underlie these distinguishing attributes of the future automobile. Has it ever struck you how tremendous is the power of a modern locomotive, and yet with what marvelous ease it is controlled? By the mere pressure of his two fingers the engineer opens or closes the throttle valve; a turn of the wrist applies the air-brakes. If a six-hundred ton locomotive, the most complicated self-propelled machine in the world, the swiftest artificial creature that man has devised to run upon the land is so obedient to the feeble muscles of the hand, surely we may expect in the automobile of 1951 something akin to push-button control. The guiding of an automobile or a motor truck in these days of the automobile's infancy is no mean physical performance. Arms and legs play far too important a part in motoring. The four million drivers of pleasure cars and motor trucks must pull and push their gear-shift levers dozens of times during a single journey to adapt their speed to the conditions of the moment — must thrust down with all their leg-power on brake-pedals to stop their cars. If a locomotive engineer were thus dependent on his muscles there would be no seventy-car freight trains, no twenty-hour train between New York and Chicago. Think of the physical demands now made upon you and then ask yourself if you have not the right to demand that by 1951 inventors will have tossed gear-shift levers and brake-pedals upon the scrap heap.

The ideal automobile of the future will have just one control-lever and no more. Step into the car and I will show you how simple it is to start and stop, to slow down and to speed up. See, as I pull or push the lever, I turn the power on or off. Did you notice how the engine slowed down and how the brakes were automatically applied as the car slackens in speed? There are no pedals to operate. The speed of the engine determines how hard the brakes shall be applied — in other words in what distance the automobile shall be brought to a full stop. And the speed of the engine is in turn governed by that little lever in my grip. In a sense, the car is its own judge of distances. We are coming to a crossing now. I move the lever ever so slightly. It is as if I speak to the engine and say; "Slow down." Note how the engine obeys. It seems to say to itself: "We are going too fast." And through a series of mechanical and electrical connections it telegraphs to the brakes and commands them to press upon the too rapidly rotating wheels.

Of course the country road of 1951 must be infinitely superior to the wretched highway of 1917, with its mud and ruts. Your arms ache after manipulating a steering-wheel for a few hours in the never-ceasing effort to pick out a valley in an endless series of ruts. In a country threaded with superbly smooth thoroughfares the steering-wheel will be abolished. With a little handle you will guide the car of 1951 to the right or to the left. No tense muscles will be called upon to avoid collisions. Steamships have long had their steering-engines to swerve rudders that weigh many tons. The steering-engine is controlled by the wheel on the bridge. So in this car of 1951 the little steering-handle causes a motor to turn the front wheels to the right or to the left.

There are mechanical reasons why control should be simplified. A gear-set is a crude, mechanical makeshift. It wastes power flagrantly. It offers only three or four vehicle speeds, but the ever-changing circumstances of the road demand several hundred. An automobile should have as many speeds as a man, and it should change its pace as readily and as automatically as you and I break from a slow into a fast walk, from a walk into a trot and from a trot into a run, with countless intervening gradations.

We do it in 1917, but it is wrong, egregiously wrong to drive a vehicle from the rear. Why? Because it is easier to pull than to push. The tugboat pulls its barges; the locomotive pulls its coaches; the freight handler on our wharves pulls his hand truck. Nature seemed to have discovered long ago that pulling is easier than pushing. Unlike the car of 1917, the automobile of 1951 will therefore be pulled by its motor.

And the motor itself — how different from the engine of 1917! Gasoline will cease to be an automobile fuel by 1930. There will not be enough oil in the world from which enough gasoline can be distilled. The alcohol and electric motor will take the place of the gasoline engine. The alcohol car of 1951 will consume far less fuel than the car of 1917. For every dollar's worth of gasoline

MR. KAEMPFFERT will be glad to answer automobile questions that readers of McClure's may ask. This service is free. But it must be understood that, for obvious reasons, Mr. Kaempffert cannot give his opinion of well-known cars or pass upon the merits of competing products. He will give names of manufacturers of different types of cars and accessories, leaving the final selection to the reader himself.

With technical questions on the maintenance and operation of an automobile, the reader is given the greatest latitude. The monthly automobile articles must do more than simply provide interesting reading matter. They must set you thinking — set you to asking questions. They must be of help to you.

Modern factories, turning out maximum production, are usually equipped with Fenestra Solid Steel Windows. Manufacturers everywhere know these windows make possible more and better work, because—

Thoroughly lighted rooms inspire quality with quantity; correct ventilation and proper weather protection build healthy, energetic employes; strength and fire resistance help to increase security and assure continued manufacture.

Knowing architects recommend Fenestra Sidewall Sash for factories and for office buildings Vertically Sliding Sash. Made by Detroit Steel Products Company, 2603 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit, where most of America's solid steel windows are made.

Fenestra
SOLID STEEL WINDOWS

Short-Story Writing

A COURSE of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for years Editor of Lippincott's.

Dr. Esenwein

One student writes: "Before completing the lessons, received over $1000 for manuscripts sold to Woman's Home Companion, McCall's, Pictorial Review and other leading magazines."

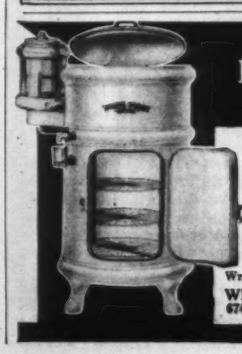
Also courses in Photoplay Writing, Versification and Poetics, Journalism. In all, over One Hundred Courses, under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and other leading colleges.

150-Page Catalog Free. Please Address
The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 145, Springfield, Mass.

WHERE TO PUT YOUR CAR
And REDUCE Your UPKEEP
Get our FREE book "Where to keep the Car." Tells how easy it is to have your own private garage and save rent. Write for this valuable book today—it is FREE.
WHITAKER-GLESSNER CO.
Dept. E, Portsmouth, Ohio

50 Cent TRIAL OFFER FOR 10 Cents
Best Kodak Finishing. Any size roll developed, 10c. Six prints free with first roll. Or, send six negatives, any size, and 10c. (stamps) for six prints. 8 x 10 Enlargements, 30c.
ROANOKE PHOTO FINISHING COMPANY,
(Formerly Roanoke Cycle Company)
61 Bell Avenue, Roanoke, Va.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for 4 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I help you market your invention without charge.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 43 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.



Lend Me Three Feet of Floor Space for Thirty Days

I'll Cut Your Ice Bills

ORDER a beautiful White Frost Refrigerator on a month's trial. I'll show you a *real quality* refrigerator—one that holds the temperature without eating its head off in ice. The only round white enamel refrigerator on earth. Revolving shelves save room inside and out, move-easy casters, cork cushion doors, noiseless and air-tight. Steel walls insulated with granulated cork, crystal glass water cooler, easy to fill. *I sell direct to you—no middlemen.* I pay freight—quick shipments. Easy terms—$6.50 brings a White Frost at once, balance pay as you use. Write today for catalog. H. L. SMITH, Pres.
WHITE FROST REFRIGERATOR CO.
674 N. Mechanic St., Jackson, Michigan
White Frost SANITARY Refrigerator

Come Up To COLORADO

Plan Your Trip Via

Denver The Gateway to 12 National Parks and 32 National Monuments

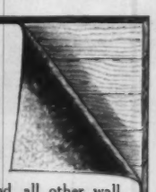
See Denver's New Mountain Parks and Rocky Mountain National Park (Estes). The most wonderful mountain scenery in the world. 38 other Short Scenic Trips by Rail, Auto and Trolley 14 one day trips. Low rates on all railroads.

Write Today For FREE Picture Book

that tells where to go, what to see, what it costs and how to enjoy your vacation in the cool Colorado Rockies. Address

DENVER TOURIST BUREAU
622 17th St., Denver, Colo.

There's A World of Difference



between Compo-Board and all other wallboards.

Compo-Board PATENTED TRADE MARK

is actually in a class by itself. It is the *only* wall-board made with a center core of kiln-dried wood slats.

That's what makes the difference — in strength, in durability, in its moisture proofness, in its ability to keep out cold in winter and heat in summer.

That's why it doesn't warp, shrink, or buckle, even if papered, that's why it saws with smooth edges so you don't have to panel Compo-Board walls to cover unsightly cracks. Use any decorative method or scheme — simple or elaborate.

Look for the wood core when you order Compo-Board — and the name on the surface. Don't accept it unless they're there.

Write for sample and interesting booklet

THE COMPO-BOARD CO.
4513 Lyndale Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

NOW $2.00

$2 down brings brand new Rex (*10 years' guarantee*) built beauty direct to home wanted a better machine. Typewriter prices smashed! Write for "Typewriter Secrets." A revelation!
Rex Typewriter Co., Dept. A-167 Stager Bldg., Chicago

bought for the automobile of 1917, only ten cents' worth of power is delivered at the rear wheels. Think of it! What would you say of a man who throws into the fire all but one hundred thousand dollars of a fortune consisting of a million? Something like that happens when gasoline is fed from the tank of a 1917 car.

This car of 1951 will husband its energy. The motor will be designed with the utmost scientific care. Less heat, which means less power, will be wasted by radiation than is now thought possible; and the mechanism between the motor and the driving wheels will squander very little of the energy that it is called upon to transmit.

It is not to be expected that the automobile of 1951 will be altogether trouble-proof. No machine will ever be devised that will not break down. But in the future you will be deprived of your 1917 privilege of tinkering with engines and transmissions. When your typewriter or your phonograph or your sewing machine needs repairing do you dissect it with a screw-driver? Do you not telephone to the manufacturing company to send one of its skilled mechanics? The same principle will be applied in 1951. The mechanism of your automobile will be completely enclosed. You will not be permitted to pry into its inner mechanism, because the manufacturer will make it as difficult for you to do so as possible.

This car of 1951 will be as useful in winter as it is in summer. You will be able to convert it from an open touring car into a closed limousine almost in the twinkling of an eye. In its closed form, its sweet lines will be more than ever a joy to behold. It will have the parabolic look of an egg in front, and it will taper off pleasingly to the rear. Thus conceived, it will remind you of those romantically designed airships in which imaginative novelists transport their heroes and heroines to Mars and Venus through millions and millions of miles of chilly, interplanetary space.

What has happened in the foregoing instalments of

SUMMER

CHARITY ROYALL had been "brought down from the Mountain" by Lawyer Royall when a child and taken into his home. After his wife's death, seven or eight years later, there had been some talk of sending Charity to a boarding-school, but this did not materialize. For a while Charity took care of the home, until, tiring of this and having a keen desire to earn some money so as to leave the dreary little New England village, she asks to be appointed librarian of the Hatchard Library.

The arrival of Lucius Harney, an architect interested in old houses, is the first real ray of sunshine in Charity's life and she immediately begins to weave a romance about him — a dream which is brought to an abrupt end when Charity learns that complaints have been made about her negligence of the library. Furious at Harney, who, she believes, has started the complaints, she dashes to the library to get her personal belongings and leave the place before she is dismissed. When Harney realizes that his suggestions for improving the ventilation of the library have been misconstrued, he begs Charity to wait until he has seen his aunt, Miss Hatchard, about the matter. This Charity promises to do and she remains at the library.

Wishing to study old houses in the neighboring villages, Harney hires Lawyer Royall's buggy, and Charity drives him around on these expeditions. On one of these trips they go to see a broken-down old house up on the Mountain, but just as they reach the top of the Mountain they are caught in a storm and are obliged to ask shelter of the family living there. The squalid conditions in which they find these people, and the realization that these are the kind of folks she belongs to, completely unnerve the young girl, and when the storm abates sufficiently for them to leave they hurry out and start their drive home, Harney trying to comfort Charity. The following day Mr. Royall informs Harney that he cannot spare his buggy for a longer time, and the architect goes to a neighboring village.

In spite of Mr. Royall's interference, however, the two see each other frequently and arrange to celebrate the Fourth of July together by taking a trip to a near-by village to watch the fireworks. Mr. Royall, accompanied by some rather questionable companions, runs across them as they are about to take a moonlight-sail on the lake and upbraids Charity in a most brutal manner. The next day she leaves Mr. Royall's home to go back to the Mountain, but Harney prevails upon her to return.

Not a Cent in the House

[*Continued from page 23*]

that somehow, I would carry off the situation.

In a city like Reading, where husbands and wives have a few separate interests, it would be very simple. But oh, Hattie-Belle, in our little shack where Jack and I are so close, I'll have to lock this secret way back in my mind. I'll always have to guard my lips, too, when Jerry is around. Just suppose I shou d say, "Jerry, one night at Dr. Walton's —" or, "Jerry, do listen to this letter from Hattie Stevens." And Jack, whose mind works like a steel trap, would begin to ask questions. It's going to be hard, very hard, for us to live in a one-room shack, my husband, the secret, and I. . . .

It was an awful evening, wasn't it, Hattie-Belle? I couldn't even tell you what was happening because my pen wobbled in my shaking fingers. I didn't know whether Jack had been waylaid by bandits or smashed in a runaway. So much can happen between here and King City. And after years of motors, horses seem so dangerous! And they all had to go — Jack, Quito, and Jerry — to see a government demonstration. They left before daybreak so Jack could be back at dusk. But oh, when it turned dark, and then the moon came up, I realized that I was alone on a three-hundred-and-twenty-acre ranch with only a few stars and chickens for company.

I pushed the supper to the back of the stove, and tried to sew, but it was no use. Then I set Jack's best photograph on the table before me, and tried to read. But the light burned dim, and then I remembered — oh, horrors!— that Jack had underscored oil on the grocery list. The can was empty — I would soon be in the dark. I hunted up half a dozen candles and stuck them into bottles. They flickered and cast queer, shivery shadows into the corners, but I managed to read a bit.

Then suddenly I heard it — the most unearthly sound that ever swept the ear of a lonely woman — undertones, like Blanche Bates calling for her dead lover in "The Darling of the Gods"— middle notes like the Indians at the Exposition doing their death-dance,— and high notes — well, words simply fail me there!

I crept to the window, drew aside the curtains, and then, rushing back to the table, blew out the candles. If that wolf, perched a-top our woodpile, his howling mouth pointed heavenward, had any worldly wisdom he would know that a light meant human beings. And hadn't I seen wolves stalking sledges in the movies, with the travelers throwing them a dog at a time?

Jack found me in bed, the comfortable stuffed in my ears. He said that to a tenderfoot, a wolf and a starving dog baying the moon might resemble each other closely. And he didn't laugh. Neither did Jerry. Instead, they built up a roaring fire and insisted on serving supper for me. Only when Jack would stop to pat my hair or grip my hand — for somehow I couldn't stop shivering — Jerry would turn away whistling or charge out for wood that he really didn't need.

It's the first time he has broken bread

Discrimination and good judgment are displayed in homes equipped with a Seeger Refrigerator.

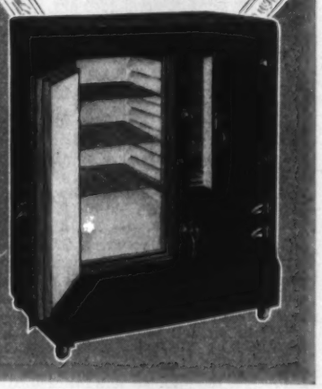
Representatives in all principal cities.

Seeger Refrigerator Co.

768 Arcade St., Saint Paul
101 Park Avenue, New York
82 Washington St., Boston

Catalog on request.

Seeger
THE ORIGINAL SIPHON REFRIGERATOR



80 to 100 Words a Minute Blindfolded!

30 Words a Minute — Hard Work!

The New Way Speed of 80 to 100 words a minute *guaranteed*. Absolute accuracy. Amazing ease in typewriting. Has increased salaries from $8, $10 and $15 a week to $25, $35 and even $40 a week.

The Old Way Speed of 30 to 40 words a minute. Frequent errors. Hard work. Keeps stenographers' salaries down to $8, $10 and $15 a week. Anyone can quickly change from the old way to the New Way in 10 Easy Lessons.

Typewrite The New Way

Employers pay for the amount and quality of FINISHED WORK you turn out. Double or treble your typewriting efficiency and your salary will increase in proportion. The NEW WAY is a revolutionary new method of saving work and time and eliminating errors in typewriting. 80 to 100 words a minute GUARANTEED. Already thousands of stenographers have so vastly INCREASED THEIR VALUE through the New Way, that their salaries have been increased to $25, $35 and even $40 a week!

Learn It at Home; 10 Easy Lessons

Yes — only 10 easy lessons and this wonderful speed and accuracy in typewriting are YOURS. No interference with your present work. Learn at home, largely away from the machine. Not like the old "touch" system. Hundreds of "touch" typewriters have doubled and trebled their speed through the New Way. Based on GYMNASTIC Finger Training — an entirely new idea. Entire Course on trial; no cost to you unless it brings the desired results. Write postal today for 48-Page FREE BOOK which explains the secret principles of this remarkable New Way in Typewriting. Address

The Tulloss School, 726 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

BECOME A **TRAFFIC MANAGER**

Over half a million large shippers and all railroads need trained Traffic Men, those who know how to route shipments, obtain shortest mileage, secure quickest deliveries, classify goods, obtain lowest rates. Everywhere there are big positions and

Big Salaries For Trained Men

Train NOW. We teach you by mail. Course is endorsed by large railroads and industrial shippers. Write for full details, how you can qualify at small cost — easy payments. Write now.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 656-C Chicago
"The World's Greatest Extension University"

AGENTS If you make less than $1200 a year, you should get in touch with us, the largest manufacturers of transparent handled Knives and Razors in U.S. and we will show you how to make more. Special outfit offer,

$100 a Month Sure.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 5 Bar St., CANTON, OHIO

with us. He's always made some excuse. But last night he really couldn't leave his pal until they had found out whether I was "plumb locoed," as Quito thought, or merely hysterical.

We've named the dog Rags. Jack says his hair will be long and silky when he's fed up. And already he has a "cumfy" way of curling up on the hem of my skirt when I sit down to write. One can never be really lonely with a dog in the house. Somehow I feel as if I ought to let Jerry take him over to his shack. Jerry lives all alone.

THERE are times when a wife is justified in eavesdropping. Otherwise a husband may be either too proud or too self-sacrificing, and keep her in ignorance of things she ought to know. Polly, my prize buff hen, has taken to hiding her eggs. I was poking round in the barn when Jack and Jerry rode into the corral. Before long I knew why Jack has lately been given to long silences and a corrugated forehead.

As soon as Jerry rode off, I 'fessed up to listening. At first Jack looked terribly hurt. The average man hates to let a woman think he is not master of the situation. But before we finished our talk, he realized that a man needs a wife for a confidante just as much as I need you for a safety-valve.

At first I thought Jack had let himself in for something any good business man would avoid, and I almost said so. Then I remembered some of the things Uncle Alden had said about big business and how the man on the inside with a lot of money waxed rich by squeezing the man on the outside with a little money.

Jerry and Jack are on the outside with just a little money. The men who own the irrigating ditches which water their land are stockholders in the bank that will not renew Jack's notes. Mr. Fawcett, who owns the only store in King City, and who won't give Jack any more credit for even the necessities of life, owns stock in both the bank and the ditch company. If Jack doesn't pay his notes, the irrigation company gets back his land with all the improvements he has made on it, and of course, if we can't eat, we can't hold the land. So there you are. They get us coming and going. Naturally enough, I suggested writing to Uncle Alden for the money.

Jack came back with a remark about having almost left Reading without proposing to me, because he had heard of my wealthy relatives and the luxury in which I might have lived, if I had not preferred teaching giggling girls to placating relatives who, though perfect dears, are, I must admit, a bit purse-proud and snobbish. And he added that having become accustomed to me, he didn't want to part with me. Naturally, after a hint like that, I abandoned all idea of writing Uncle Alden. And now I realize that Jack was right. Uncle Alden wouldn't miss the money. He'd positively enjoy writing a check for me, but in passing, he'd probably remind me that having made my bed I ought to lie in it without complaint. I've often wondered why people who have more money than other people indulge in such offensive proverbs?

At last I have been to a real wild west dance, with real cowboys for partners. Only it was not in a saloon, as you see it in the movies, nor did a sombre-eyed cowboy with a fickle sweetheart or dreadful past "back home" coax dance tunes from a dilapidated piano. Mr. Blackmore gave the dance to celebrate his election to the state legislature. We danced in both their living-room and dining-room, and a phonograph supplied music. But it was picturesque with great piñon logs blazing in fireplaces as big as an apartment-house bathroom, and Japanese lanterns swinging from the rafters. The cowboys wore their "chaps," flannel shirts and bandanas, though Jack said this was only out of courtesy to Mr. Blackmore who loves all the ranch traditions. When the average cowboy goes courting or a-traveling nowadays he looks like a clerk from a country store wearing a shirt that is too small and a collar that is too large. I like him better as the slouching, hard-riding fellow who stops at our shack sometimes for a drink or a box of matches.

Jerry whispered that the girls and women were dressed in catch-as-catch-can style. It sounds sporty, but the dressing was anything but that. Mr. Fawcett's daughter, as became the belles of King City, wore watermelon pink satin cut shamefully low, with heavy pearl trimming, while dear brown eyed, satin-haired Mrs. Blackmore wore a black and heliotrope silk that rustled, a real point de Venise collar and a cameo, all of which she probably brought over from England twenty years ago. There were women in rusty black, women in tailored skirts and waists of lace, silk and lawn, or fussy evening things that they had bought by mail. Jack held out for a putty-colored afternoon frock of crepe and chiffon, but some good angel told me to settle on a dancing-frock of silvery rose that I had bought for Aunt Lucy Dixon's last dance. It pleased Mrs. Blackmore enormously; the other women liked me for not dressing down to what I might call their level, and the men devoured the frosty thing with their eyes. Only one woman, Mrs. Meagher, took exception to it. They had come fifty miles in a high-power car, but she was one of the women in rusty black with a cheap cotton fichu.

"I don't blame you for wearing 'em while you've got 'em. When your man has the land fever, your wedding clothes are about the last you get till you're too old to care about how you look. Have you come to staring at the mountains yet, crying out against that circle of rock and snow like a bird beating 'gainst its cage? Well, you will — we women all come to it. And when you do, and your man says this country is good enough for him, and calls it God's garden spot, then one dress'll be as good as another to you."

I wanted to pull away from her as from a harpie. Her high cheekbones were sallow, her eyes deep sunk, her lips thin and colorless, her fingers thin and crooked, with thick nails, and her dress was too tight around the waist, too loose across the bust. She stared past me like a woman who had nothing pleasant to live over, no dreams of the future.

Yet her husband is rich and influential, their ranch one of the finest in this mountain valley, and two of their children are away at college. Is hers the price which all pioneer women pay that the second generation may be that envied class, the prosperous, independent farmers?

Jerry came along just then to save me. Jack is an indifferent dancer. Most of the cowboys are too energetic. But Jerry dances divinely. We forgot the uneven floor, the flaring firelight, the rasping phonograph. We were back in Aunt Lucy Dixon's great Empire drawing-room, with debutantes fluttering around the favor table, Sherry's men in the dining-room, a fountain tinkling in the conservatory, the strains of Franko's orchestra floating under and above all other sounds.

"Peggy, can't you see it, and hear it — as if it were only last night? I can even smell the soft, dank odor of ferns and vines growing out of the water, and the hyacinths your aunt loves to raise. I can feel your hand trembling on my arm, and now ——"

The needle must have slipped in the machine, for the music jangled oddly. I stopped at an open window, feeling strangely faint.

"Will you tell Jack I want him?" I murmured, staring out into the night. "We have such a long drive before us — we mustn't stay too late."

Jerry had to help me into the wagon. Jack was having trouble with the horses, all excitement from the cold and the music. But it was Jerry's hand, not mine, that trembled as he swung me up beside Jack.

I MIGHT have known it! Just as soon as I wrote home about the dear little baby that is to be mine some day, family jealousy broke loose. Aunt Lucy Dixon sent a hand-embroidered christening-robe from her favorite *maison blanc*, with a delicate suggestion that the name of Lucy had belonged to one of her ancestors who came over in the *Mayflower*. Aunt Mary Wilson contributed a coat of Japanese silk, padded and embroidered with a reminder that she had never quite forgiven my mother for naming me Margaret instead of Mary. Uncle Alden's gift was a sterling silver porringer, cup and spoon, with the hint that while he didn't go in for psychical research, my late Aunt Amelia had been very strong for it. If her theories proved up, she was even now in touch with the life from which she had passed and no doubt would be highly pleased if I called the baby Amelia. Not that he had any personal feeling about the matter, and so forth. Jack roared over the letters, and consoled me with the thought that the day would be saved if it happened to be a boy instead of a girl.

This morning I laid all those beautiful

Vitralite
THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

UP-STAIRS or down, in bed-room, living-room, or even the kitchen, the porcelain-like white beauty of Vitralite, *the Long-Life White Enamel*, is not fleeting — it gives *service* — long, enduring service.

So durable is Vitralite that it lasts longer than ordinary paint on *exterior* work, and yet it possesses all the delicacy of finish so desirable for the best interior work.

Vitralite covers so much surface, that it is really economical, whether you are just "touching-up" a bit of furniture or having your whole house refinished, be it large or small.

Vitralite may now be had in a number of popular authoritative tints.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

LIKE Vitralite, beautiful, but above all *long-lasting* — that is "61" Floor Varnish. It wears a lustre of refinement that is not dimmed by the passage of many feet.

"61" is not only water-proof but it is heel-proof and mar-proof. Time tells, and it is a long, long time before time tells on "61" Floor Varnish.

A "61" floor needs no attention; wash it whenever you wish, with soap and water — that is all.

Send for Descriptive Booklets and sample panels finished with Vitralite and "61" Floor Varnish.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc.
69 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
In Canada, 11 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

P&L Varnish Products are made for a great variety of purposes and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere. Used by painters, specified by architects. Write us about your varnishing problems.

The Principles and Practices of
A. STEIN & CO.

"An institution is as worthy as its products."

"Judge us by our deeds; not our words."

It's easier to buy when you know something about the manufacturer of the goods you use. This institution has a high standard that has won the hearty endorsement of the public.

Despite higher costs of materials and labor, the quality of PARIS GARTERS is always maintained. Yet the established prices at which these garters can be bought has not been changed.

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

50c 35c 25c

A. STEIN & CO.

Chicago Founded 1887 New York

Wouldn't You Like to be in Shirley Mason's Shoes?

The next best thing to wearing her gowns and boots is to see her wearing them in SEVEN DEADLY SINS

TAKE a peep into the dressing-room of Shirley Mason, the sixteen-year-old McClure star who has captured the hearts of all motion picture enthusiasts.

In the McClure photoplay series, Seven Deadly Sins, Shirley plays the part of a girl who envies a great actress her clothes, but in real life there is no need for her to envy any girl her clothes—as you can tell from the above illustration.

In these plays it would never do for Shirley to wear the same gown on more than one occasion, and so Shirley revels in the smart creations of leading Fifth Avenue costumers.

By actual count she has seven evening gowns, six street gowns, fifteen afternoon gowns, twenty-three hats, twelve waists, twenty pairs of shoes, seven négligées, three evening wraps and five street coats, also scores of accessories, such as parasols, bags, gloves, etc.

Go to see this beautiful young star with her lovely costumes in Seven Deadly Sins. Aside from the beautiful gowns, the plays are full of thrills, laughter, romance and heart-throbs.

Seven Deadly Sins is now being shown in some theatre in your city. Go to see the entire series. It is the motion picture sensation of the year.

SEVEN DEADLY SINS

FREE! A dainty miniature of the youngest and loveliest star of the films.

Write in margin your name and address and name and street of theatre in which you desire to see Seven Deadly Sins. Tear off and mail to Motion Picture Editor, McClure Pictures, 25 W. 44th St., New York. The miniature comes to you FREE.

McCLURE PICTURES

SEE these seven feature plays at your favorite theatre.

Mail coupon for Free miniature of Shirley Mason.

gifts on my bed and glared at them. They cost two hundred dollars if they cost a cent, and what's the good of a christening-robe for a baby who hasn't a shirt, and how far will a sterling silver porringer go to warm sockless feet when the thermometer drops to 15° below, as it does here sometimes? I'll simply have to ask Jack for money and then borrow one of those catalogues from which the women in King City order whatever they can't buy in Fawcett's store, which is ninety per cent of what they need. It isn't that I mind being economically dependent on a man. Anybody can call me a clinging vine and get away with it. It's the look in Jack's eyes that's becoming more sombre every day.

Wasn't it lucky I didn't tell Jack what I wanted it for? You see, I put it off from day to day. Something certainly would turn up. Jerry would be able to borrow some money on his crop as it stood, or some of my people back East would send me one of those complete layettes that you read about, and there would be plenty of shirts, nice long fleecy stockings, everything a baby needs to feel that he's landed in a beautiful world. But instead I'm deluged with embroidered bibs, scalloped jackets, and carriage robes with huge bows of ribbon.

Mrs. Richardson is writing another bully article for McClure's — about New York. It will tell you some things that perhaps you never knew

But as I said before, it was very lucky I didn't tell Jack what I wanted the money for. If it was necessary, he said of course I could have the money, and of course I told him it wasn't necessary. It was just a silly whim. Some fancy paper for my china shelves and a few things like that! Isn't it amazing, Hattie-Belle, how a woman can put such a thing across with a man? And how she is so filled with pride over her success that she forgets her disappointment over what she wanted and didn't get?

I wonder if I could make some little shirts out of my lavender albatross wrapper if I seamed them very carefully?

Only a woman will understand why I cried. You see, Hattie-Belle, after experimenting with newspaper and flour sacking, I took the best parts of that lavender wrapper and made the cunningest little shirts. When they were all finished, I thought I'd wash them and iron down the seams, and would you believe it, Hattie-Belle, they went to pieces under the warm iron,— not small tears here and there, but like the Deacon's one-horse shay, all over. Jack found me weeping my heart out in little bunches of lavender cloth.

I suppose he told Jerry. Anyhow today, when Jack was out tending the ditches, Jerry dropped off his horse, strode into the kitchen and laid an envelope on the table.

"Mail?" I cried.

He flushed and looked away.

"No, it's something — something — well, Jack was telling me about the doo-dads your people have been sending you. Jack's my best pal — I thought — you wouldn't mind — but — but I don't know what to buy for a baby." He pointed to the envelope. "Get something that nobody's thought to send you."

I picked up the envelope mechanically. There it was, a ten-dollar bill, new, crisp! I stared out the window to where Jack, a black line against a green background, was bending to open a ditch; then across the mesa to those cold, blue-white mountains which seemed to stand between me and the stores where they keep everything that babies need. But I laid the envelope down on the table.

"I understand, Jerry, and it's awfully good of you,— just what I might have known you'd do. And if it was for anything else,— but it's for our baby, Jack's and mine."

His lean, brown hand shot out from his side and snatched at the envelope. Then I heard the clatter of his pony's hoofs.

Jack tramped about tonight till he made me nervous. Then it came out.

"Peggy, Jerry must be almost as hard-pushed as we are. He's been over in the offices of the Irrigation Company working day and night on their books. He's always refused the work before. Hating those men as he does, you can just bet Jerry must have needed the money badly."

"What for?" I asked. "Did he tell you?"

"He didn't even tell me that he had done the work. I heard about it from Manuel Sanchez."

Jerry had humbled himself for me, and I had refused the gift he had earned at his hateful task.

"Not a dollar to Jack's credit at the bank. Not a cent in the house."

I have said it over and over again, just to make myself understand it. I thought Jack was joking when he piled about half the groceries I had ordered on the table.

"I did my best, Peggy, with your list. I got the essentials and left out the frills. Don't be cross, old girl; something's bound to turn up. But just now — well sweetheart, the last cent I had in the world went into those groceries."

Have you ever discovered that you had spent all your salary a week before the next quarter is due, and wondered where you could borrow to tide you over?

Have you ever gotten on the trolley or down in the subway, only to discover that you've lost your change-purse or spent every cent you brought downtown with you? And you tell the conductor, who has a kind face and who takes a chance on your honesty, and you take his number and later send him the nickel?

Well, those are dreadful moments. But nothing compared to sitting in a shack with young wheat all around you — and not a cent in the house!

In a city there are people you know — your own kind of people — and there's work to be had of some sort. But here on this ranch, there's nothing to do but wait for the wheat to ripen, and beyond the ranch are men who don't want you to have work.

The funniest idea flashed through my mind. What would happen if a boy brought a telegram collect? Then I remembered that messenger boys don't ride forty-five miles to deliver a message. Then I found that Jack was holding me very close, and asking me whether I was laughing or crying.

"Laughing, of course! It's so funny to think of being in a place where you don't need money. Why, in the city, you can't go downtown without paying carfare or meeting somebody who wants soda or tea, and here — just you and I alone, it doesn't matter at all, and nobody knows!"

But long after Jack slept, exhausted by his ride, I lay awake.

"Not a cent in the house! What happens to people who haven't a cent to their names?"

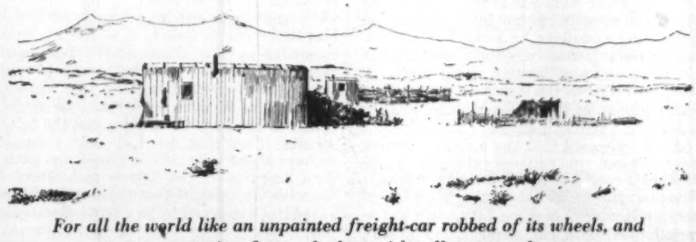
Why, of course, they write for money.

Then, lying there in the dark, I clapped a hand over my mouth. My little brass stamp-box was empty! I had meant to have Jack bring home a dollar's worth of stamps! A dollar ——

I moved close to Jack.

Yes — he was breathing. Both of us must be alive. And it wasn't a dream. He had really said it —"Not a cent in the house!"

[*To be concluded*]



For all the world like an unpainted freight-car robbed of its wheels, and squatting flat on the brownish-yellow ground

MURAD
THE TURKISH CIGARETTE
Everywhere
Why?
MURAD
THE TURKISH CIGARETTE
S. ANARGYROS
"Judge for yourself-"
FIFTEEN CENTS